

where the California road joins the Santa Clara, and then followed up the Santa Clara in the dark of the night—a river upon whose banks many scenes of desperation have been enacted.

About ten o'clock at night, we were surrounded by some hundreds of the natives that were anxious we should stop overnight. They took care of our horses, built us campfires, and roasted us corn, and made us as comfortable as they could; and I never ate better corn or better melons in my life. We stopped overnight with them, and not one of them asked me for a thing; which is remarkable, as the Indians are intolerable beggars. But I was treated as well as if I had been among the Saints, and I never enjoyed a treat better.

We pursued our visit to the Mountain Meadows, and there were kindly treated by the families of the missionaries, who lived at this place on account of the abundant grass for their stock. I then went to Pentecost, and there addressed a houseful of people in the evening, and then proceeded to Cedar the next day. They had heard they were going to have an army of 600 dragoons come down from the East on to the town. The Major seemed very sanguine about the matter. I asked him, if this rumor should prove true, if he was not going to wait for instructions. He replied, There was no time to wait for any instruction; and he was going to take his battalion and use them up before they could get down through the canyons; for, said he, if they are coming here, they are coming for no good.

I admired his grit, but I thought he would not have the privilege of using them up, for want of an opportunity. I also visited the Saints at Paragonah and preached to them, and in every place felt the same spirit. I then came over to Beaver, which is a new settlement; and the

day previous, an Indian came in and told them there were shod horses' tracks at a spring over the big mountains about twenty miles to the east.

Major Farnsworth, supposing that there was a body of men in the neighborhood, and that these were the tracks of the scouts, they immediately went over the mountains and traced the horses' tracks, until they ascertained they came from Parowan. I do not know whether the inhabitants of Parowan intended to whip a regiment of dragoons, or not; but it is certain they are wide awake, and are not going to be taken by surprise. There was only one thing that I dreaded, and that was a spirit in the breasts of some to wish that their enemies might come and give them a chance to fight and take vengeance for the cruelties that had been inflicted upon us in the States. They did feel that they hated to owe a debt and not be able to pay it, and they felt like an old man that lives in Provo, brother Jameson, who has carried a few ounces of lead in his body ever since the Haun's Mill massacre in Missouri; and he wants to pay it back with usury; and he undertook to preach at Provo, and prayed that God would send them along; for he wanted to have a chance at them.

Now, I never felt so; but I do not know but it is on account of my extreme timidity; for I would a great deal rather the Lord would fight the battles than me; and I feel to pray that he will punish them with that hell which is to want to and can't; and it is my prayer and wish all the time that this may be their doom. This is what I want to inculcate all the time; and at the same time, if the Lord brings us in collision with them, and it is his will, let us take hold—not in the spirit of revenge or anger, but simply to avenge God of his enemies and to protect our homes