

Utah Historical Quarterly  
Vol. XII      January-April, 1944      Nos. 1-2  
Utah State Historical Society  
(pg. 68-102)

Journal of Thales H. Haskell

(Prepared for Publication by Juanita Brooks)

[This song was written by Thales H. Haskell and was sung often among the pioneers. I have never seen the music written but have heard the song many times.—J.B. ]

Exploring  
We bid farewell to Gould's place  
Exploring we were bound  
Instead of taking a straight course  
We circle round and round  
The rocks they are so high  
The hills they are so steep  
We can hardly find a level place  
To lie us down to sleep.  
When we find a level place  
In rains so like sin  
You might as well be in the creek  
At least up to your chin  
And when the rain is over  
There comes the deuced guard  
Who calls you out to duty  
I think its rather hard.  
This thing they call exploring  
Looks pretty in a book  
But if you follow it up boys  
You'll wear a disappointed look  
For the country is wilderness  
There are no Indian signs  
We have no trail nor guide, boys  
We have to go it blind.  
We've clambered up the clay hills  
The compass we have boxed  
We have traveled over mountains  
And canyons full of rocks  
This trip would try a Quaker  
It cannot be denied

For the old gray horse of Pocketville  
Has tumbled down and died.  
Our bugler found a hornet's nest  
Which caused him to retreat  
But everyone acknowledged  
He performed a quite a feat  
For like a broncho rider  
The saddle he did stick  
While the mule was whirling off with him  
And seemed inclined to kick.  
We have crowded thru the quaking asp  
And over fallen pine  
We have bursted up our cracker sacks  
And strewed our flour behind  
Our animals got off the track  
The boys politely swore  
That they never drove a pack mule  
In such a place before.  
When we got to Cedar  
The Bishop took us in  
And gave us all our supper  
And bid us call again  
But when we got to Parowan  
The Bishop gave a bow  
And said its not convenient  
To entertain you now.  
I wish I had a clean shirt  
I wish I had some shoes  
I wish my old mule was fat  
And I didn't have the blues  
If ever I get home again  
Contented I'll remain  
And never go exploring  
Till called upon again.

—Thales H. Haskell  
1865

This fragment was found at the top of a page, the bottom part which was torn off. It was evidently set to the tune, "Come, Let Us Anew."

And our country improve  
By the patience of Job  
And no rain from above  
Our life on the stream  
The Old Virgin I mean  
Glides swiftly away  
But the contrary ditch  
Still refuses to stay  
The ditch has broke down

The waters are gone  
And the mineral so salt. . .

## Introduction

This diary of Thales H. Haskell covers the second trip made by Mormon missionaries to the Hopi Indians of northern Arizona. The Mormons called these natives Moquitches or Oribes [Oraibi], referring to lesser tribes of the Hopi race. The first mission was made in the fall of 1858, when twelve men went presumably in search of a surviving child from the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Of that trip, Jacob Hamblin gives a detailed account in his autobiography, while the second venture he dismisses very briefly. For that reason, this day-by-day chronicle is interesting, while its vivid, racy style gives the venture color and life.

At the time of this journey, Thales Haskell was twenty-five years old and had lived among the Indians of southern Utah and Nevada for five years. He had come, an unmarried youth of twenty, with the first group of Indian missionaries who were called south in 1854. He married Maria Woodbury on October 4, 1855, but she was accidentally shot and killed by an Indian boy in June 1857. Late in the fall of the same year Thales married Margaret J. Edwards, an emigrant girl from Wales.

He lived all his life on the Indian frontier, moving to Kanab, later to Arizona, and finally to Manassa, Colorado, where he spent the last years of his life. There are many legends of his fearlessness in dealing with the Indians, and of his willingness to undertake dangerous assignments. His account of his experiences on the Muddy, along the San Bernardino trail during the winter of 1857-1858, is another illuminating sidelight on the life of the Mormon Indian missionary among the Piutes.

The original diary from which this copy was made is a notebook with blue ruling, 8- by 6 inches in size. It has lost its outside covers and several pages have been torn and portions of them lost. All are wrinkled on the margins. It is written in a clear, legible hand. The first fourteen pages are in the Deseret Alphabet.<sup>1</sup> Some of this has been transliterated and found to be substantially the same as the script.

In the editing no changes have been made in the spelling or construction of the sentences, but paragraph indentations of the daily entries have been made to facilitate reading, and periods and capital letters inserted at the obvious sentence stops. The material is self-explanatory.

The original was secured from Mrs. Irene Haskell Smith, and is now in possession of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.—J.B.

## Journal of Thales H. Haskell

October, 1859

October 4, 1859—I started from Pinto Ranch (according to the request of Br. Jacob Hamblin, press. of the Southern Indian Mission) to make a trip to the Moquitch Indians. Traveled 6 miles to the Meadows [Mountain Meadows], put up at the house of Jacob Hamblin. Staid there till the next morning on the account of an ox that was missing.

Wednesday 5th—Could not find the ox, sent my mules ahead to the Clara [the Santa Clara River] by Br. Benjamin Knell, yoked up another in place of the stray and started, load consisting of rawhides, rolls, provisions, water kegs, and other articles. Traveled all day and part of the night. Broke my wagon hounds and fetched up in a sand bank. Chained the cattle up to some trees and concluded to spend the rest of the night in sleep.

Thursday 6th—Tied up the broken hounds the best I could and started again. Arrived at an Indian camp about noon. Got some corn fodder of the Indians, fed the cattle, ate some bread and cheese, and rolled on; arrived at Fort Clara about the middle of the afternoon—found some of the folks sick with the ague. Ate supper with Ira Hatch.<sup>2</sup>

Friday 7th—Spent the day in getting ready. Boarded with Lucious Fuller. That night I got to thinking of my misfortunes, could not sleep and finally I believe had what some people call the blues.

After a short time the scene changed and I was happy. The riches of this world and the ups and downs, disappointments and sufferings of this life seemed like nothing compared to the work of God. It seemed to me that it was the Lord's will that I should be one to tarry with the Indians, still I was happy though a few minutes before I had dreaded to go having once before suffered many hardships.

Saturday 8th—Finished getting ready. Wrote a letter to my wife, and in co. with br. Knell started, brs. Young and Riddle having left a short time before with the cart and 2 yoke of cattle which we intended taking as far as the Colorado—We overtook them at the springs some 4 miles from the fort [Now St. George], unsaddled and camped for the night. Br. Young went ahead to Washington [3 miles] to try to raise more hands to go with us.

Sunday 9th—Went down into the Virgin Field [by the Virgin River, from which the area was watered]. Met on the road brs. Young and Thomas Adare, Tom having concluded to go with us but afterward for some cause or other did not go. Spent the day eating melons and enjoying ourselves the best we knew how, at br. William Young's molasses machine.

Monday 10th—We rolled out again, br. Knell officiating as bull driver. Got along fine till we came to the clay hills a short distance from the Virgin field. James Pierce [Pearce] having joined us made us 5 strong. We now set about hunting a road through the hills with uncommon vigor. At length we managed by considerable whipping, trooping, yelling &c to get up some three or 4 hills, but in going down one the Cart capsized plumb bottom up with br. Riddle and myself hanging to the stern. We righted her up, gathered our things together, loaded up, and tried it again— we went about 30 steps and capsized again. Our faith in regard to the art going to the Colorado now began to weaken, however after some labor we got started again and finally got through the hills and into the deep sand. Here the cart rolled heavy. As it was getting late br. Young and myself rode ahead in search of water. Traveled until 10 or 11 o'clock at night but found none—tied up our mules and camped being both hungry and thirsty and no feed or water or the mules, our camp ground looked gloomy.

Tuesday 11th—After going a short distance on the tracks we turned to the left and found a small pool of standing water. I stopt, built a fire, and raised a smoke while br Young went in search of the other boys and the cart. Found them about two miles back. An Indian came to me from their camp and brought me some breakfast which was very exceptable, having fasted since the morning before. The Indian said that he had found water about midnight for the other boys. I went with him to their camp. We all thought best to move on to the little pool and wait there for br Hamblin and the rest of the company, br Hamblin being detained on account of a lost mule—brs Riddle, Young, and myself went ahead a short distance to look at a mountain as we had some doubts as to the possibility of getting the cart up. Found it the next thing to impossible. Went back to camp and expressed ourselves accordingly. Along in the evening br. Shelton<sup>3</sup> came into camp aboard of a pack mule with the lash rope for stirrups. Said br Hamblin and Tailor [Taylor] Crosby would be there shortly. They soon arrived. Br Hamblin thought we looked rather low spirited. We told him the cart was a bad egg and that we did not think it would make the rattle.

Wednesday 12—Got up and took a look for the animals. Discovered that they had all taken the back track except the rattle and 2 horses. These were soon mounted by brs Knell and Crosby who started back on their track, followed by brs Pierce and Riddle on foot, Brs Hamblin, Shelton and Young rolled out with the cart for the mountain leaving me to keep: camp. The Indians that had started to go with us here weakened and went back. The boys returned about noon with the animals—said they found them some 10 miles back on the trail. We now packed up and took after the cart. Found it at the foot of the mountain where the thing refused to climb, so we took our plunder and had a good time displaying our ingenuity in the art of packing. br Hamblin detailed brs Knell and Shelton to go back with the cart and get some more mules. One yoke of cattle was sent back. The other yoke we kept with us for beef and went on our way rejoicing. It was dark by the time we got to the top of the mountains [Hurricane Fault?] and some of our packs getting loose we had enough excitement in repacking, hunting the trail, &c to make it interesting. br Crosby had one mule named Devil, which I considered

very appropriate as he seemed to take great delight in all kinds of mulish deviltry—for instance, jumping stifleged, turning his pack, getting tangled in the riging &c. Crosby's riding mule also bucked a while but getting pretty well acquainted with a pair of American spurs concluded to give up and be gentle. br Hamblin's horse threw off a sack of beans and burst the sack so we had to leave them untill morning. We finally got to Rock Canyon all safe and sound and camped for the night.

Thursday 13th—Remained in camp and rigged pack saddles, balanced our packs &c, and brs Hamblin and Pierce went back for the beans and some rawhide which was left at the foot of the mountain.

Friday 14th—Remained camped. Went down the Canyon a short distance and found a place which we called Niageria falls, a place where the water falls over the rocks some 2 or 3 hundred feet in times of high water.

Saturday 15th—Still in camp waiting for brs Knell and Shelton. In the evening br Knell arrived with 2 animals. Said that br Shelton had gone to the Rio Virgin to try to get a riding horse and did not know when he would come. Br Riddle was taken sick at this place. Kept getting worse and finally had to go back. Left his pack horse and trade with us.

Sunday 16th—Br Hamblin thought it best for him to wait for Shelton and for the rest of us to start across the 40 mile desert [to Pipe Springs]. We accordingly started. Got about half mile when some half dozen pack animals stampeded and put in their time running, jumping, kicking, & leaving saddles, spades, axes, shovels crackers, beans, rawhides, etc., scattered in all directions behind them. br Riddle's horse which at first was the most gentle and had the spades & axes packed on him now appeared to be the worst. He threw his pack, turned the saddle, and kicked it into slivers, and finely cut his legs so bad that he ruined himself for the trip. Several others turned their packs and things got so had to go back to Rock Kanion to repair—fixed up the best we could and concluded to stop till the next morning. br Shelton arrived in the evening in company with Sidney Littlefield who came with him to [get?] the horse which Shelton had borrowed to ride out there. Finally concluded to send the crippled horse back and take the one along with us.

Monday 17th Got up at daylight, packed up and started again, leading the worst animals. Got along fine untill when the fun commenced again. brs Knell, Crosby, and myself having stops behind to fix a pack were some distance from the rest of the company when the mule that Knell was leading laid down. In getting up he frightened his riding mule which commenced jumping and getting Knell tangled in the rope, threw him off, turned the saddle, scattered the fragments behind him as he left. This frightened Crosby's riding mule and the pack mule "Devil" which snorted and plunged madly and getting loose went tearing off into the darkness, nobody knew where. This was all the work of a moment. I asked Knell if he was hurt. He said no but his saddle was lost. Crosby and myself now started in pursuit of the mules and Knell in search of his saddle. We found 2 of the mules not far distant, but Devil was not to be found. br Crosby soon rode ahead and overtook the rest of the company. They camped and struck up a sage brush fire. I stopped with the mules. Crosby soon returned to hunt his pack mule, Shelton also came back and had the luck to find the mule with the pack and everything all right. We now went down to camp, tied up or hobbled all the animals except the 2 beef cattle. Formed a circle around the fire and gasing, smoking, spinning yarns about old times &c when Shelton who had been taking a walk around among the animals came to the fire and said the cattle had left—all hands was struck out with torches to hunt them. brs Hamblin, Crosby and myself followed them back on the trail some 3 or 4 miles, but it being so dark we could not follow their tracks long enough to overtake them. Started to camp. Got lost—fired off a pistol—heard the report answered at camp—arrived at camp—kept one man on guard at a time the rest of the night. Just before daylight the guard sung out for help—said the mules had stampeded. All hands jumped out of bed and took after them—succeeded in getting them all back but Devil.

Tuesday 18th—Brs. Young and Crosby started back after the mule and cattle. br Knell found his saddle this morning. I put the pack of my lost mule on my riding mule and struck out afoot with the

balance of the company for Pipe Springs. Arrived there about noon hungry, tired and thirsty. I now treated myself to a good drink of water, took breakfast, & rested myself. We found several Piutes at this place. They seemed friendly and glad to see us. Plenty of feed and good water at this place.

Wednesday 19th—Bros. Crosby and Young arrived at 10 o'clock, tired, hungry, and glad to see water. We fixed them some breakfast which they partook of with good appetite and thankful hearts. Remained in camp that day. In the afternoon br Crosby and I went to the Indian camp and traded for a squaw basket which by considerable scrubbing we manufactured into a pan to nix bread on, having forgotten to bring one with us. The Piutes aid that the Indian that we had expected to get to go with us or a guide was off in the mountains on a hunt. br Hamblin tried o get one of them to go with us, but none seemed willing. br Hamblin cached some provisions at this place. br Knell was elected cook and we all agreed to do his share of standing guard 2 hours each during the night.

Thursday 20th—Got up, took breakfast, packed up, and tarted. Traveled 12 miles to a dry wash [Kanab Creek] where the Indians told us we could find water, but we found none. We stopt an hour then traveled on. Went about 15 miles. Came to a patch of cedars and camped for the night without water. Tied our mules to the trees, ate supper and all lay down and went to sleep.

Friday 21st—Got up at daylight, packed up, and started, following an Indian horse track, the Indians having told us that it would lead us to water. We traveled on till we came to a place where the track turned to the right down a steep ledge of rocks where it was almost impossible for our animals to go. We counseled together a few minutes whether it was best to take a straight course to where we supposed the water would be or to follow the track. Finally concluded to follow the track. We had the luck to get down the rocks safe. Continued to track the horse in search of water. In vain. Got off our course and rather bewildered. As it was very hot some of us began to get very thirsty. Others got to quoting Shakespeare when one of the boys remarked that he wished Shakespeare was in hell and he was with him if they had such a commodity as water there. I write this to show how savage men feel traveling in the sand without water. At length we got scattered out one or two in a place hunting for water. Finally came together at the mouth of a kanion which headed in the Buckskin Mountains. [Kaibab Plateau]. Here concluded to unpack and take a rest on the subject in the shade of the cedars. brs Hamblin and Shelton now started up the kanyon to hunt for water. I an hour or 2 Shelton came to us with a canteen of water and treated the crowd. He said that they had found a small spring up the Kanyon about 3 miles. The water and the idea of finding a spring where we could water our animals cheered us up amazingly and we pakt up and started up the kanion in the best of spirits. We soon arrived at the springs—watered—took supper and all felt well. Plenty of wood, water, and grass at this place.

Saturday 22nd—Remained in camp and had a good rest. br Pierce went on to a high peak and made a big smoke thinking to raise some Piutes, as we were anxious to get one for a guide, but none came.

Sunday 23rd—Got up, took breakfast, packed up, and started. Went down to the mouth of the kanyon—turned to the right 4 or 5 miles—turned to the right again up a kanyon—traveled on to the top of the mountain—stopped to bait [let the horses graze]— took dinner—packed up and went on. br Pierce having stops to fix his pack got some distance behind. His pack horse got stubborn and the timber being so thick he soon got off the track and got lost and fired his pistol which we heard and answered, and br Shelton stops to wait for him. Traveled on till sundown and camped. brs Shelton and Pierce not having arrived we began to feel uneasy about them and were afraid they were both lost. We were just preparing to fire a gun when they came in sight. We now got supper and after satisfying our appetites stretched ourselves on the ground before a big pine fire. While spinning yarns, br. Shelton's pants caught fire, causing him to jump and dance in such a manner as to set the rest of us into roars of laughter. He however burnt his hands so bad in putting it out that we had to let up. br Hamblin while on guard killed a badger and roasted it, and we managed to eat it, one after another, as we came on guard. Plenty of feed and good timber at this place but no water. Called it 20 miles from Mountain Springs to

this place.

Monday 24th—Packed up and started before breakfast. We went too far to the right and wandered some time around in the timber when br Shelton struck it out alone to the left. At last we turned down a kanyon to the left. After toiling and plunging over rocks and oak brush for 2 or 3 hours managed to find our way out. After we got down we repacked, ate a bit of dried muskmelon and cracker dust and went ahead. Arrived at a small spring about an hour by sun and killed one of the beef cattle and were beginning to feel somewhat troubled about Shelton when he drove in sight as we were skirting the beef. The cook now fried meat, made cakes and called all hands to supper, which we destroyed with uncommon zeal. Hobbled the animals and went to bed.

Tuesday 25th—Spent the day cutting and drying meat, which we hung on our lariats and lash ropes.

Wednesday 26th—Remained in camp. Br Young went back after the ox, he having taken the back track during the night. Found him some ten miles distant on the side of the Buckskin Mountain. This ox seemed to know that his mate was killed and for several days refused to eat and from that time on acted stubborn and revengeful. brs Hamblin, Crosby and myself dug out and walled up this spring and named it Jacob's pool. That night we were aroused shortly after midnight by some Piutes who stood off at a distance and sung out to know if we were Mormons. I being awake answered them and told them to come into camp which they did. They seemed very glad to see us. Rained considerably during the night.

Thursday 27th—Remained in camp. Traded some with the Indians. They said that the Indian that we wanted to guide us across the Colorado was off on a hunt. We therefore concluded to go to the old Ute trail [the Crossing of the Fathers]. If we could have got a guide we had been thinking of making a boat or raft and going a more direct route and missing some 4 or 5 days of hard traveling. br Hamblin gave the head and entrails of the beef to the Indians and stuffing themselves to their hearts' content, they all left except one old gent who honored us with his presence over night.

Friday 28th—Remained in camp, the rain having set us back on our meat drying operation. We hung the meat out again, greased our saddle rigging, guns, &c., and got ready to start the next morning. Old Indian loaded himself with bones, scraps of raw, hide, & left. Shortly afterwards a young Indian came to camp with antelope skins to trade. br Hamblin I think gave him some amunition for them. Traveled 18 miles from mountain camp to this place. Good feed and water here but not much wood.

Saturday 29th—Got things together and started, leaving several Piutes on the campground. br Shelton stops behind to drive up the ox. We traveled a short distance when an Indian came running and said that Shelton could not drive the ox and wanted help. br Crosby went back to help him. After a good deal of racing they succeeded by pelting him with rocks in getting him turned once more towards the Moquitches. Traveled 18 miles and camped on a small saleratus creek. Hobbled our animals, ate supper and talked about the propriety of standing guard when br Young offered for a chew of tobacco to insure the animals all safe in the morning. That weed was getting rather [scarce] in camp, however br Crosby sheld out the required chew for the benefit of the crowd. Tied the ox and all went to bed. Grass scarce, water bad, very little cottonwood at this place.

Sunday 30th—Br Young brought up the animals according to contract, took breakfast, packed up and started about sunrise. Had a good view of the Colorado, the trail leading us in close to it in this place. Came to quite a large creek emtying into the river [Paria River]. Traveled up it 5 miles and camped. Saw considerable beaver sign. Spread out our meat—ate a hearty supper —sang songs—hobbled the animals and went to bed. Plenty of water, grass and cottonwood at this place 19 miles from saleratus creek.

Monday 31st—Got up, took breakfast, packed up, and started. Went a short distance further up the creek. Turned to the right and climbed a very steep, sandy, rocky mountain some 2 miles from the bottom to the top. Very hard on our pack mules, and in some places very dangerous. We however had no bad luck. As we were traveling along we saw a smoke rise and then the fire was suddenly put out.

We concluded that we were discovered by Indians. br Hamblin stops and made a smoke in answer to the signal and the rest of us went on a short distance where we found a hole in the sand which by cleaning out with our spades furnished enough water for the animals. We stops to rest and eat dinner, As we were eating some Indians made their apearance, one of which had never seen a white man before. He acted very wild and timid. We gave them some meat which they seemed to relish very much. They apeared to be friendly and one agreed to go with us as pilot. Packed up and traveld on till after sundown. Arrived at some holes in the rocks where we found plenty of water. Camped, hobbled, took supper and went to bed. Midling good feed; wood scarce. 22 miles from beaver to this place.<sup>4</sup> November 1st, 1859

Tuesday—Got up, took breakfast and packed. Traveled a mile or 2 and came to the Utah trail. Went on some distance farther and came to a small creek of alkali water and a camp of Indians. Traveled on. Came to a pass in a mountain just wide enough for the mules to single file, perpendicular rocks very high on each side. Traveled on. Came to a deep, muddy, nasty ravine leading to the Colerado. Had all we could do to get the animals down into it and after we got down had to unpack several mules before we could get through the river, it being so muddy. We however, after wading through much tribulation in the shape of mud, water, willows, bulrushes, &c., succeeded in getting down to the ford where our 2 Indian guides said that the river was too high to cross and refused to take the lead. We however concluded to try it and bro Hamblin and myself started in. The Indians having provided themselves with long willows anchored themselves to br Pierce, he holding to one end of the willows and they to the other. We got out a short distance when our guides got frightened and went back to the shore, yelping and powowing, telling us all to come back or we would be drowned. We however went ahead, got into deep water, floundered around a while, and finally took the Indians advice and went back—not in very good humor by the way, as we were all wet up to our middle—packs, blankets, guns &c most all wet—and a devil of a cold night in the bargain. I gave the Indians quite a lecture for being cowards and good-for-nothing skunks for not taking the lead, they being acquainted with the ford. They only said they were afraid. We unpacked, built up a fire, took supper, burnt up all the wood we could find trying to dry our blankets and clothes, gased about the probability of getting across tomorrow, Spent the evening wishing we were on the other side of the river, and went to bed.

Wednesday 2nd—Got up and looked wishful at the other side of the river. br Hamblin and some of the other boys unwell from exposure the night before. Guide said there would be an Indian in camp that lived on the other side and knew the ford and would not be afraid. He arrived in due time with several others. They stood on the bank and jabered awhile and finely said that the water was too high. Said we had better wait 8 or 10 days till it got lower. br Pierce discovered an old raft made of a couple of poles with bulrushes lashed across. This we supposed had been made by the Utes. We talked some of fixing it up, ferrying our things over and swimming the animals. bro Hamblin thought that a couple of us had better try the ford again horseback to see if we could not ford it. The Indians by this time had all left. I saddled up my mule, strips off everything but shirt, garments, and hat and in company with br Shelton started in, expecting a long swim in cold water. We however had the luck to get across safe without swimming. I had some matches in my hat with which I made a fire, took a smoke, and waited with some anxiety to see the rest of the boys come across. One mare had followed us across which left us minus a pack animal. They packed up the rest and started in. Then about half way across the ox refused to go any further and they had to let him go back. They got pretty near across but bearing a little too far to the left got into deep water where the small mules had to swim. One mule of br Crosbies being heavily packed with meat got off his balance and went rolling over and over down the stream. He finely struck bottom and lay with his feet sticking up and kicking and was given by all hands as dead, when he suddenly made a desperate struggle, raised up, and come to shore much to the satisfaction of all concerned. One pack and the ox still remained on the other side. brs Shelton and Pierce volunteered to go over after them. They got over safe and part way back when the ox turned and went back in spite



of all br Pierces efforts to head him. Got over safe with the pack—Concluded to let the ox go till tomorrow. Pitched the tent as it looked like rain. Built a fire, took supper, and all felt fine, wishing however that the ox was on this side. Saw no more of the Indians.

Thursday 3rd—Got up and spread out our things to dry. Took breakfast—wandered lazily over the rocks a while and gazed at the Colorado and the high rocky cliffs on each side through which it wound its zigzag course. Began to think about getting the ox over, and went back to camp. bro Hamblin told me to choose someone to go with me and go over and get the ox, so I chose br Young he being a good swimmer in case of accident. We rigged up a long pole with a spike in the end and a rope to tow him and started over. Got him safe over this time, bro Young leading him and me behind brightening up his ideas with the spike pole. He took to the water splendid. Prepared to start the next morning. In the evening we sung songs and felt in fine spirits. 16 miles from honeycomb rock to this place. Plenty of wood, water, and grass on the east bank of the river.

Friday 4th—Got up, took breakfast, packed up and started. Got about a mile and stops—hunted up and down through the willows quite a while for the ox and could not find him. br Crosby followed his tracks back to the ford and found that he had crossed back over the river in the night. bro Hamblin and Young went back after him and the rest of us traveled on over a very rocky, uneven country to cottonwood creek, a place where the rocks are so high and the brush so thick that we had to look straight up to see out. Here we camped and just as we were striking a fire bro Hamblin and Young came in with the ox. They said that he had swam the river and came very near drifting down stream below, landing the other side, as the rocks were upwards of a hundred feet high perpendicular a few rods below where he went out. Plenty of wood and water at this place—feed scarce—distance from the Colorado 23 miles.

Saturday 5th—Got up and prepared to start. 2 mules missing, one of mine and one of bro Hamblins. Thought that the company had better go on and two of us stop and hunt the mules. Br Young and myself stopped to hunt the mules. I struck out not in a very good humor however as in case we did not find them I did not fancy being left afoot behind the company not knowing how far ahead it was to water. bro Young went one direction and me in another—if either found them we were to fire a pistol to let the other know. I hunted some time and climbed up on a high peak of rock. I soon saw the smoke of a pistol and directly heard the report, looked in that direction a few moments and saw br Young coming with the mules. Got better natured all at once. Went down, saddled up and soon overtook the company. Traveled 27 miles and camped by the side of a big rock. Got there after dark. Saw a big fire to the right of us. Bro. Hamblin and Pierce went onto a high rock and struck up a big light thinking to raise some Indians. In a short time four made their appearance. Said there was plenty of water at their camp which was only about a mile from us. bro Hamblin, Crosby and myself went to water the animals and fill our canteens. Found plenty of standing water in a rock basin plenty of wood and grass at this place.

Sunday 6th—Remained in camp till about 11 o'clock to let the animals rest and fill themselves. Watered, packed up, and started. Traveled 22 miles and camped just after dark in some cedars without water. Let the animals feed a while and tied them up. Heard something yell. Some pronounced it a wolf and some an Indian. I thought it was an Indian. Went to bed. Had not fairly got to sleep when 2 Indians came to camp. Said there was plenty of water at their camp a short distance to the right of the trail. They lay down awhile but soon got so cold that they got up and went to their own camp.

Monday 7th—Commenced packing at daylight. Soon discovered another Piute coming. He led out and we followed about a mile and a half to water where some four or five of them were camped. We traded for some antelope meat and took breakfast. Remained in camp and let the animals rest. bro Young traded his gun for a pony and blanket with an Indian. bro Shelton went a hunting and discovered some ancient ruins<sup>5</sup> which consisted of two stone walls some 3 or 4 miles long and 15 feet high in some places. They were not far from camp. All hands but the cook went to see them. They looked as though they might once have enclosed a street but now only a decaying mass of rocks in the middle of

a desert. We went back to camp meditating—who could have built those walls and who once lived there were questions none could answer. Plenty of water in a rock basin good, and plenty of wood at this place.

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

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

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

Friday 11th—Got an Indian to herd the animals and all except brs Hamblin and Young went down to finish cutting up the meat. Went back to camp and found brs Hamblin and Young surrounded by something less than a thousand Indians trading. Got the Indians thind out a little and took dinner, after which br Hamblin said he would like to talk to me a few minutes. He said that I had been among the Indians so much that he hated to ask me but if I was willing he would like me to stay with bro Shelton one year among those Indians. I told him that I was willing to stay and do the best I could.

Eastern court of Oraibi

Site of Thales Haskell's mission—Said to be the longest continually inhabited village in the United States. Peaches and other fruit may be seen on the roof in the foreground. Note that not a single modern stovepipe or glass window was in use when this photograph was taken (1921), and not a door from the buildings to main plaza. All entrances were made by climbing on ladders.

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

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

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

Tuesday 15th—This morning as we were eating breakfast br Hamblin and company returned from the Moquitches. They had 4 animals packed with wood for us. As we were unpacking I saw by the looks that something had gone wrong. I asked them if they had bad luck. They said that some Indians had stolen brother Crosbys saddle, revolver, and knife, and several other things belonging to

the rest of the boys. I have learned that it was a Navajoe that got them. They unsaddled, got an Indian boy to herd the horses and spent the day with us. In the evening the Indians said that there would be a company of American soldiers here in the morning. br Hamblin concluded to have the boys start out at daylight and he would stay and see if they come.

Wednesday 16—The boys started as soon as it was light enough to see to pack. br Hamblin remained with us. He spent the day trading for peak6 [peek], dried peaches, &c. In the evening we took his horse and went after the meat which we had spread on some high rocks about half a mile from the village to dry. I do not think that a piece was missing, though every Indian in the village must have known where it was. We brought it up and packed it away in the house of our old friend.

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

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

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

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

Monday 21—This morning we went to see Aripene. Found that gentleman seated in his lodge looking as grave and important as possible. After giving us a systematic tongue lashing for telling the Piutes that he stole their children, he wound up by pulling out a piece of tobacco and offering us a smoke which we accepted with pleasure, having been without several days. We smoked and chatted with him some time when he got in an uncommon good humor and when we left gave us some coffee and two plugs of tobacco. We packed home some wood, took supper and went to bed.

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

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

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

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

Saturday 26th—Br Shelton and myself went down to old Thuringwa's shop to see the Indian dance as this was a day set apart for that business. Old Thuringwa took a serious kind of a smoke. Then a lot of peek and dried peaches was brought in. The Indians now stood up and formed a half circle

around the food and danced while old Thur drummed. Shortly he hit the drum a hard lick, dropped it, and all hands picked into the provision. We spent the day and part of the night seeing them dance.

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

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

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

Wednesday 30th—While we were eating breakfast an Indian came in and invited us to go down to a shop called Wicoluppi and card for them. br Shelton went and I not being acquainted with that branch of business took a walk around town. After a while met Shelton and remarked that I thought the Indians acted rather distant. He said he thought so too. In the evening I traded a piece of rawhide to a Naviho for a mountain sheep skin, spent the evening singing songs and trying to enjoy ourselves.  
December, 1859

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

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

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

Sunday 4th—This morning we talked of the propriety of giving the Indian who we call Alma something to induce him to learn the desert alphabet. For some cause or other he has refused to receive instruction. I commenced writing as usual on top of the hut but br Shelton proposed that we make a trip to the Moquis village some 10 miles from this place to see a man who talks spanish. I agreed and we left our hut in charge of old Thur and started. As we were starting we met a Navijoe who we did not like the looks of. Went some 2 or 3 miles—did not feel right. Came back. It is reported here that the Navijoes are fighting the troops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Monday 12th—Spent part of the day in the workshops of the Indians seeing them spin and weave. It looks curious to see naked Indians spinning and weaving so patiently from morning till night when all the neighboring tribes get their living by hunting, fighting, stealing, &c. Come home, strips off, and put in my time awhile in the highly respectable and exciting sport of louse tinting—succeeded in capturing several. We find it impossible keep clear of them. Took dinner and supper with the natives.

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday 18th—Cold cloudy windy day, heat some water, had good wash and changed my clothes. In the evening the Indians painted and rigged themselves out with rattle boxes which consist of gord and turtle shells, the turtle shells they have tied to the right leg just below the knee. These shells have sheeps hoofs so attached to them that every time the person steps in dancing they rattle

scandalous. The gords they have in their hands. They sang and danced sometime, trying as they said to raise a snow storm as they thought the earth was getting dry.

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

Tuesday 20th—Took breakfast with an Indian. br Shelton traded some ammunition for some salt. I worked some on my garments then went down into a shop to see the Indians who were preparing for a big dance. We fixed the hut as safe as we could and thought we spend the night with them and see the performance. I staid until along in the evening a while when I began to feel rather uneasy about leaving our hut too long as there were several Navijoes in the village so I came home and went to bed. br Shelton staid all night and has a full discription of the performance. He tells me that they went through some very misterious operation which was this: four Indians came in. 3 seated themselves and one went to diging the dirt away from around a rock about 2 feet wide and three feet long which formed part of the floor. This he raised then dug down about 5 inches and raised another smaller than the first, then they threw in some feathers and sprinkled in some meal. They then replaced the rocks with great gravity and went out. None were allowed to see into the hole except the said four, it seems a strange performance.

Page from Thales Haskell's journal  
(December 21-25, 1859)  
Written in the Deseret Alphabet

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

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

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

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

Sunday 25th—Went down to the wolf trap but had caught wolf. Came home. Found br Shelton preparing Christmas dinner. Got it ready and invited three of the head men of the village eat with us. Had boiled mutton, stewed peaches, suet dumplings, pancakes, and peek. After dinner we smoked then

sung a hymn and had some conversation with our Indian friends. They appeared enjoy themselves very much. In the afternoon we saw another Indian performance which took place in second story of old Thurs house. 15 or 20 young bucks naked to the breechclout went up there while the old woman and her two girls stood by and dashed cold water over them. They went into the back part of the house and got melons and other nicknacks which they threw down to crowd below, yelling at the same time scandalous.

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

Appearance of snow.

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

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

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

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

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

January, 1860

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

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

Tuesday 3rd—Went and fixed my wolf trap and brought back a load of wood. Shelton having got his fiddle done, we spent the evening in diferent shops playing the fiddle and singing to the Indians much to their amusement as they had never seen a fiddle before.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday 22nd—Made me a book and copied Journal. Got tired of staying in the village all the time and take a walk. Did not see any Navajoes. The Indians all over town are planting beans in earthen



dishes which they keep in their cellars or shops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

February, 1860

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 7th—Feast day. It is customary on this day to go from house to house eating a bit of soup and sweet mush at each place till you can hold no more. I have eaten at 5 different places this morning and do not at present feel very hungry. Br Shelton talked of the propriety of going out some 30 or 40 miles to a creek to make arrangements for putting in a small crop in the ring. In the evening had a

long talk with an Indian telling him out our manners and customs which seemed to please him very much. Took a smoke on the subject and went to bed.

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

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

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

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

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

Monday 13th—Went over to the Suponerlow Village.

Tuesday 14th—Came back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

March, 1860

March 1st—Unwell all day. Windy weather.

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

Wednesday 3rd—Got ready to go to the Movincapy [Moen-copi].

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

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

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

Sunday 7th—Started back to the village.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday 18th—Arrived at Jacob's pool.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the Navajo Country far, far, from our friends  
We were camped on a bluff by the side of a band  
Of Navajo robbers, right fresh from the plain  
Where American soldiers their brothers had slain  
We gave them some presents and tried to make peace  
Told them we were friends of the Indian race  
They offered to trade, but told us that we  
Must saddle our horses tomorrow and flee.  
We numbered but nine, and could not contend  
With a force of two hundred desperate men  
To abandon our purpose all thought it was best  
To quietly obey their savage request  
About two o'clock we thought we would bring  
Our horses and let them drink at the spring  
When a mare, by an evil spirit possessed  
Broke away from the band and ran off with the rest.  
Young George caught a horse, got leisurely on  
And quietly went for the mare that was gone.  
He had not gone far before he was met  
By five or six of the treacherous set  
Who robbed him, then shot him, and when he was killed  
Devilishly laughed at the blood they had spilled  
At this very instant a hideous yell  
Burst from the throats of these demons of Hell.  
The Redskins at camp now down the hill dash  
Each one to his horse plies the tortuous lash  
In a moment they vanished, then on every hill  
With dare devil horsemen the country was filled.  
Now what shall we do. Young George must be found  
And if he's not dead must attend to his wound.  
Shortly we find him, Great God it is true  
With bullets and arrows he's pierced through and through.

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

"Journal History," Nov. 30, 1859  
Oriebe Village  
Nov. 30, 1859  
George A. Smith  
Dear Brother:

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

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

proceeded to the Moquis and Moshaminel villages.

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

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

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

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

Bro. Hamblin leaves a lot of things with Bro. Haskell for them to trade. These people need spinning wheels and looms very much, and a small horse Mill would be an advantage to them. They lay out a great deal of labor grinding their corn on a stone. They twist their yarn in a stick with their fingers and weave blankets with few strings and a stick. You would have to see it to understand it.

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

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

Give my love to the family, and clerks and oblige me by handing the enclosed as directed with my regards, and believe me,  
Your brother in Christ,  
Marion J. Shelton

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

M. J. S.

H. B. Y.

## Endnotes

1See pp. 84, 87, 93, 97, 99-102.

2This was before St. George, Utah, was settled.—Ed.

3Marion J. Shelton, see pp. 31, 71-94, 97.

4Compare Escalante's Journal, November, 1776, Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. XI.

5Near the trail from the Colorado River across the Shato Plateau and Black Mesa, Arizona, to the village of Oraibi, ruined villages and farmlands mark sites once occupied by ancient Pueblo tribes. The particular ruins mentioned by Haskell seem not to have been described by archaeologists.

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

7Bean dance. One of the many (there are more than 400 known), Katchina or ceremonial dances

which the Hopi Indians still perform.

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

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

## The Deseret Alphabet

Utah, during her period of colonization and long afterward, was a meeting place of many languages. Her settlers and immigrants spoke in several tongues, and the local problem of establishing a common medium of speech was not easily solved. Few, however, save those very familiar with her history, know that during her early years a serious attempt was made to devise an original alphabet and spelling system that all could learn and use more quickly and conveniently. A number of the Mormon leaders became convinced of the need for such a system, and over a period years strove to popularize it among their people. The charters of this phonetic experiment were known as the "Deseret Alphabet."

Its history extends, roughly, from 1853, when a committee consisting of Parley P. Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, and George D. Watt, was appointed by the regents of the University of Deseret to undertake the preparation of this new alphabet and orthography, to 1877, when the death of the great Mormon leader, Brigham Young, robbed the movement of its guiding inspiration. From first to last, Governor Young took a keen personal interest in its formulation and development. In his message to the Territorial Legislature, December 12, 1853, he stressed the value of the proposed innovation, and there is no evidence that ever thereafter changed his mind on the subject.

It appears to be well established that George D. Watt, an English convert to Mormonism, was the man chiefly responsible for the Deseret Alphabet. As a youth in his native land, he had acquired some familiarity with the system of "phonography" designed and advocated by Isaac Pitman, whose influence on the development of shorthand methods is commonly acknowledged. In 1842 Watt came to the United States and was periodically employed by the Church officials at Nauvoo, Ill., a reporter and as a teacher of the Pitman method. Brigham Young was one of those who evinced interest in the Alphabet and it is possible that even at this time he conceived the idea of introducing phonetic spelling and writing among his people. Circumstances, however, forbade immediate execution of the plan, and it was not until the Great Salt Lake valley had been settled for a few years that it was taken up in earnest. Watt was recalled from England, where he was fulfilling a mission, and was appointed a member of the committee designated to compose the new alphabet.

Early in 1854 the commission produced its work, an alphabet of 38 characters, apparently based in part upon Pitman's phonography, in part upon a system of stenography which Watt had suggested. Some critics add that Greek and Ethiopic symbols are traceable in the characters. The Deseret News, official Church organ, promptly editorialized on the new projects issue for January 19, 1854,

The Board of Regents, in company with the Governor and heads of departments, have adopted a new Alphabet, consisting of 38 characters.... The Board have held frequent sittings this winter, with the sanguine hope of simplifying the English language, and especially its orthography. After many fruitless attempts to render the common alphabet of the day subservient to their purpose, they found it expedient to invent an entirely new and original set of characters.

These characters are much more simple in their structure than the usual alphabetical characters: every superfluous mark supposable, is wholly excluded from them. The written and printed hand are substantially merged in one.

We may derive a hint of the advantage to orthography, from spelling the word eight, which in the new alphabet only requires two letters instead of five to spell it, viz: AT. There will be a great saving of time and paper by the use of the new characters; and but a very small part of the time and expense will be requisite in obtaining a knowledge of the language.

The orthography will be so abridged that an ordinary writer can probably write one hundred words a minute with ease, and consequently report the speech of a common speaker without much difficulty.

As soon as this alphabet can be set in type, it will probably be furnished to the schools of the Territory for their use and benefit; not however with a view to immediately supersede the use of the common alphabet—which, though it does not make the comers thereunto perfect, still it is a vehicle that has become venerable for age and much hard service.

In the new alphabet every letter has a fixed and unalterable sound; and every word is spelt with reference to given sounds. By this means, strangers can not only acquire a knowledge of our language much more readily, but a practiced reporter can also report a strange tongue so that the strange language when spoken can be legible by one conversant with the tongue. . .

Acting upon the request of Governor Brigham Young, the Territorial Legislature, in 1855, voted a sum of \$2500 for the casting of type, an order for which was fulfilled by a St. Louis foundry a year later. The Utah War caused some delay in shipment, but in 1857 it was delivered and set up in the old Lake Council House.

In the meantime, however, sporadic efforts were made, largely under the enthusiastic direction of Brigham Young, to acquaint the Mormon people with the alphabet. Classes were organized in several communities, and a degree of success was attained, as is witnessed by the appearance of the new script in a number of pioneer journals which have survived. The Journal of Thales Haskell, printed herewith, is a typical example.

The new type, oddly enough, was not used by the Deseret News until early in 1859, when, beginning with the issue of January 9, and continuing for a period of about six months, excerpts from the Bible or the Book of Mormon were printed. Interest lagged, apparently, in spite of Brigham Young's repeated insistence on the wisdom and utility of the system. From 1860 to 1867 it dropped out of sight. In the latter year, possibly as a reflection of a new wave of interest in phonetic spelling then sweeping the country, it suddenly revived. Strong attempts were again made to replace the English alphabet with this experimental creation, and the board of regents of the University of Deseret, responding to President Young's urgings, took up the matter and in voted \$10,000 for the printing of text books to be used in "editorial common schools.

Robert L. Campbell, superintendent of public instruction, identified himself as an ardent advocate of the Deseret Alphabet repeatedly called the attention of the Legislature to its advantages. Thus, in his report dated February 19, 1868, he wrote:

The Superintendent takes great pleasure in seconding the efforts of President Brigham Young and the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret in the introduction of the Deseret Alphabet. That English orthography needs reform is patent to all who have given the matter the slightest consideration. To follow in the footsteps of our venerated fathers in a system of orthography so inconsistent and ridiculous and which has never helped to make the comers thereunto perfect, is unworthy of a people whose constant and highest aspirations are to be associated with truth and intelligence, and who discard error in whatever form it is presented.

A year later (Feb. 16, 1869), he returned to the subject:

. . . The inhabitants of these mountains are pre-eminent for reform. They hail every invention and discovery as a blessing from Heaven to man, and fail not to acknowledge the Source whence all blessings emanate.... The design of the Deseret system is to teach the spelling and reading of the

English language in an easy manner. The principal feature is to reduce to simplicity English orthography, and to denude the words used of every superfluous character....

To discuss further this matter . . . would be inappropriate, but as the subject of orthography meets us at every step in the schoolroom, and as laudable efforts are being put forth to introduce this important and indispensable reform, the Superintendent could not do less than endorse a movement which augers so much good to the cause of education.

The "laudable efforts" referred to in Superintendent Campbell's report were the Deseret First and Second Readers, printed New York in 1868 and employed briefly in the public schools the Territory. These were small primers based on the famous McGuffey manuals. They were however, discontinued almost as soon as introduced.

Sometime later, Orson Pratt was commissioned to transcribe the Book of Mormon into the alphabet, and a small sized edition of this was brought out in 1869, together with a large-type printing of the Book of Nephi. These volumes, with Readers, occasional alphabetic printings in the Deseret News, a few card announcements and copies of the alphabet itself—all now collector's items—form the sum-total of printed works in the new type. Whatever plans were entertained for transcription of other Mormon scriptural works were shortly abandoned.

The almost total lack of popular response spelled the doom the movement. Superintendent Campbell, in his report for 70, was still hopeful, and opined that "but a few years will pass until the News, the Instructor, the Ogden Junction, and a of other intellectual lights, will spring up, clothed in the unique, novel, and simple dress of the Deseret character." It was his last word on the subject, however, for his later reports do not mention it, and as the years went by the alphabet faded from memory.