

asked a man—I think his name was Edwards—to go to Cedar City and say to President Haight, for God's sake, for my sake and for the sake of suffering humanity, to send out men to rescue that company. This day we all lay still, waiting orders. Occasionally a few of the Indians withdrew, taking a few head of animals with them.

About noon I crossed the valley north of the corral, thinking to examine their location from the west range. The company recognized me as a white man and sent two little boys about 4 years old to meet me. I hid from them, fearing the Indians, who discovered the children. I called the Indians, who wanted my gun or ammunition to kill them. I prevailed with them to let the children go back into camp, which they very soon did when they saw the Indians. I crept up behind some rock, on the west range, where I had a full view of the corral. In it they had dug a rifle pit. The wheels of their wagons were chained together, and the only show for the Indians was to starve them out, or shoot them as they went for water. I lay there some two hours, and contemplated their situation, and wept like a child. When I returned to camp some six or eight men had come from Cedar City. Joel White, William C. Stewart and Elliot C. Weldon were among the number, but they had no orders. They had come merely to see how things were. The Meadows are about fifty miles from Cedar City. Thursday afternoon the messenger from Cedar City returned. He said that President Haight had gone to Parowan to confer with Colonel Dame, and a company of men and orders would be sent to-morrow (Friday); that up to the time he left the Council had come to no definite conclusion. During this time the Indians and men were engaged in broiling beef and making their hides up into lassoes. I had flattered myself that bloodshed was at an end. After the emigrants saw me cross the valley, they hoisted a white flag in the midst of their corral.

Friday afternoon four wagons drove up with armed men. When they saw the white flag in the corral they raised one also, but drove to the springs where we were and took refreshments, after which a council meeting was called of Presidents, Bishops, and other Church officers and members of the High Council, Societies, High Priests, etc. Major John M. Higbee presided as Chairman. Several of the dignitaries bowed in prayer—invoked the aid of the Holy Spirit to prepare their minds and guide them to do right and carry out the counsel of their leaders.

Higbee said that President J. C. Haight had been to Parowan to confer with Colonel Dame, and their counsel and orders were that "This emigrant camp must be used up." I replied, "Men, women and children?" "All," said he, "except such as are too young to tell tales, and if the Indians cannot do it without help, we must help them." I commenced pleading for the company, and I said though some of them have behaved badly, they have been pretty well chastised. My policy would be to draw off the Indians, let them have a portion of the loose cattle, and withdraw with them under promise that they would not molest the company any more; that the company would then have teams enough left to take them to California. I told them that this course could not bring them into trouble.

Higbee said, "White men have interposed and the emigrants know it, and there lies

the danger in letting them go." I said, "What white man interfered?" He replied that in the attack on Tuesday night two men broke out of the corral and started for Cedar City on horseback; that they were met at Richey's Spring by Stewart, Joel White and another man, whose name has passed from me, Stewart asked the two men their names when they met them at the spring, and being told in reply by one of the men that his name was Aden, and that the other man was a Dutchman from the emigrants' company, Stewart shoved a pistol to Aden's breast and killed him, saying, "Take that, d—n you." The other man, the Dutchman, wheeled to leave as Joel White fired and wounded him. I asked him how he knew the wounded Dutchman got back to the emigrants' camp. He said because he was tracked back, and they knew he was there. I again said that it was better to deliver the man to them and let them do anything they wished with him, and tell them that we did not approve of such things.

Ira Allen, High Counselor, and Robert Wiley and others spoke, reproving me sharply for trying to dictate to the priesthood; that it would set at naught all authority; that he would not give the life of one of our brethren for a thousand such persons. "If we let them go," he continued, "they will raise h—l in California, and the result will be that our wives and children will have to be butchered and ourselves too, and they are no better to die than ours; and I am surprised to hear Brother Lee talk as he does, as he has always been considered one of the stanchest in the Church, now is the first to shirk from his duty." I said, "Brethren, the Lord must harden my heart before I can do such a thing." Allen said it is not wicked to obey counsel. At this juncture I withdrew—walked off some fifty paces and prostrated myself on the ground and wept in the bitterest anguish of my soul, and asked the Lord to avert [t]he evil. While in that situation Counselor C. Hopkins, a near friend of mine, came to me and said: "Brother Lee, come get up and don't draw off from the priesthood. You ought not to do so. You are only endangering your own life by standing out. You can't help it; if this is wrong—the blame won't rest on you." I said, "Charley, this is the worst move 'this people' ever made. I feel it." He said, "Come, go back, and let them have their way." I went back, weeping like a child, and took my place and tried to be silent, and was until Higbee said they (the emigrants) must be decoyed out through pretended friendship. I could no longer hold my peace, and said I, "Joseph Smith said that God hated a traitor, and so do I. Before I would be a traitor I would rather take ten men and go to that camp and tell them that they must die and how to defend themselves, and give them a show for their lives; that would be more honorable than to betray them like Judas." Here I got other reproof, and was ordered to hold my peace.

The plan agreed upon there was to meet them with a flag of truce, tell them that the Indians were determined on their destruction; that we dare not oppose the Indians, for we were at their mercy; that the best we could do for them (the emigrants) was to get them and what few traps we could take in the wagons, to lay their arms in the bottom of the wagon and cover them up with bed clothes, and start for the settlement as soon as possible, and to trust themselves in our hands. The small children and wounded were