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The Life and Missionary Labors of George Washington Hill

Ralph O. Brown
Brigham Young University - Provo

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This book is lovingly dedicated to my
Mother, who is the living embodiment of the highest
ideals of Latter-day Saint Motherhood.
THE LIFE AND MISSIONARY LABORS
OF GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL

A Thesis
Submitted to
The Division of Religion
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

In Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Science

205114
by
Ralph O. Brown
June 1956
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Figure 1

Cynthia Stewart Hill,
Wife of George Washington Hill
Figure 2

George Washington Hill
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Overview

The epic story of the Mormon pioneers is the story of a valiant though persecuted group of people. Driven from their homes in the dead of winter, this courageous band of Saints succeeded in regrouping their forces, and crossing a vast expanse of Indian country to found an empire in the midst of the great American Desert.

Occasionally we become over-zealous, and attribute to these pioneers the distinction of being the first white men to set foot in this western country. This, however, is not the case; the Mormons were home-builders. Their goal was not to discover but to settle. Roberts aptly discusses this distinction in the following paragraph:

These Latter-day Saint Pioneers were not men of the wilderness in the sense that the hunters and trappers of years before them were, such as Peter Skeen Ogden, or Etienne Provost, or James Bridger or the men of Crittenden's volumes of the northwest. Nor were they "pathfinders" or explorers such as the men of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, or Fremont, or Bonneville, or Jedediah Smith. They were Pioneers of the "covered wagon" type and mission. Pioneers of empire founding. They brought with them plows and seeds and families; homemakers, these. They will found settlements, make villages, build towns and cities, create states and civilization. It detracts nothing from their work or fame to say that the Pioneers were not "pathfinders" or "explorers" or men of the wilderness after the hunter and trapper type. To credit men with what they are not detracts from what they are. The thought here is to accredit the men of the Latter-day Saint planting in the wilderness with nothing more than what they were and what they did. This will give them the title of state founders, Pioneer builders of civilization where before it did not exist; making more than "two spears of grass to grow, where but one grew before;" and in
such achievement there is enough of honor and of glory for them and for their posterity.\footnote{1}

Such a man was George Washington Hill. Though but a young man when he crossed the plains with the Mormon pioneers in 1847, his leadership and influence was extended over a large area in this new western empire which the Mormons were building. But George was more than just a builder and a homemaker. Nature had endowed him handsomely. He was a natural athlete, of large and powerful stature, with a dignity and magnetism which drew men to him. He was one of the best marksmen in the territory, and few indeed were the men who cared to face him in a contest.\footnote{2}

A man of his talents was in constant demand in this frontier territory, and consequently he served in many capacities such as hunter, scout, interpreter, body guard to Wilford Woodruff, and Captain of the Militia. Outstanding though he was in these positions, however, his greatest contribution was in yet another field.

George Washington Hill was a man with a mission. Early in life, he had received a manifestation in which he was told that he would yet do a great and mighty work in helping to set a lost and benighted people on their feet.\footnote{3} This promise seems to have been his guiding light throughout life, and it was toward the fulfillment of this promise that he lent his major efforts.

Upon arrival in the great Salt Lake Valley, George found himself

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{1}E. H. Roberts, \textit{A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints}, (Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret News Press, 1930), Vol. III, p. XXIII.
\footnote{3}Ibid., p. 4.
\end{footnotes}
in the midst of a degraded and fallen people, the American Indians. He at once sensed that these were the people who had been spoken of in the manifestation. He therefore exerted every effort to learn their dialects and become acquainted with their customs. He became proficient in four Indian languages and was one of the first to devote his energies to the conversion of the Indians. His courage and honesty soon won the respect and love of the redmen, and his success in teaching the Indians the arts of civilization was a milestone in Western American History.

It is therefore in recognition of his sterling qualities of courage, honesty, love, and service that the author has attempted to gather and organize this material and write the life history of this great pioneer leader.

Method of conducting the study

To this end, the author has devoted many hours in attempting to search out all available material pertaining to the subject. The major portion of this research was conducted in the Church Historian's Library in Salt Lake City and in the Brigham Young University Library, in Provo.

In addition, members of the Hill family were contacted, and interviews held with them. Copies of some unpublished journals were acquired, and many of the intimate details of the life of George Washington Hill have been obtained therefrom. The writer has attempted to exhaust all available material which sheds any light on the activities of Mr. Hill, so that his great contributions in early Utah history could be brought to light.
CHAPTER II
BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS

Birth and Early Wanderings

George Washington Hill, according to his own account, was born on Federal Creek, Ames Township, Athens County, Ohio, March 5, 1822, of poor but honest parents.\(^4\) His father was Richard Hill, and his mother was Sarah Strait Hill.\(^5\) The father, Richard Hill, was a stone and brick mason by trade. This occupation necessitated considerable moving about in search of employment and whither he went, his family went also.

In 1828, the family moved to Sandusky, Ohio, which is on the borders of Lake Erie, between Cleveland and Toledo.\(^6\) Here George's father found steadier employment with good pay, but in so doing, he became associated with a rougher element of humanity, who soon introduced him to the practice of drinking intoxicants. Mr. Hill became addicted to the liquor habit, and as a result, his family was reduced to the depths of poverty.

Finally in an effort to keep body and soul together, they returned to Athens County, and settled down on a small farm. The soil was very poor, however, and soon George's father was restless to move again.

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In 1834, at the suggestion of George’s uncle, William Hill, they moved to Illinois. They settled on the Little Embarrass River in Coles County, where they purchased a farm. George, though still but a boy, was very pleased with the new location as can be gathered from his account as follows:

In the fall we moved out into Coles County on the Little Embarrass River in as beautiful a country as I ever saw and bought a farm. We now imagined ourselves at home. We had as beautiful a place as I ever saw, one-half good timber and the other half as good prairie land as ever laid out of doors. In the spring we set in to making brick with a will, thinking that we had got to the right place at last, but with the commencement of summer came the chills and fever and we were all down with it insomuch that we were unable to make but two small kilns of brick of fifty thousand each in the whole season. We were in this condition when my uncle William came along and advised us to go out to Sangamon County, assuring us we would be healthier.

Taking Uncle William’s advice, the family once more pulled up stakes and moved again in search of a healthier climate. They settled first in Sangamon County, and finding the climate unhealthy here also, they moved on to Clark County, on the banks of the Wabash River. Thus moving from place to place they spent a total of nine years in the state of Illinois. Father Hill was not yet satisfied, however, and eventually (1842) he led his little family into southwest Missouri, Dallas County, in search of the ever elusive goal of prosperity. Here, after some wandering about, they purchased a farm on the Niangua River. George had now entered into young manhood, being 20 years of age, and he therefore

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10Ibid., p. 1.
determined to become self-sustaining and achieve some sort of financial independence. Accordingly, he purchased a farm for himself, adjacent to the family farm, and began to cast his eyes about in search of a mate.

George Meets His Wife to Be

One perfect day in the spring of 1844, he was out in the woods with his gun. He heard a girl's voice--singing a hymn. He stopped, set down his gun, and raised his eyes. "My wife," he said. Although he could see no one, he knew with sudden inspiration, that that was the voice of his wife to be.11

George made his way to where the young woman was and introduced himself. He discovered that her name was Cynthia Stewart. As the acquaintance developed he asked if he might call, but she replied that she was a "Mormon," and that surely he would not wish to associate with Mormons.

George says of this meeting:

I told her I thought Mormons were as other people; I believed Joseph Smith to be an impostor, but for all that, I thought just as much of Mormons as anybody else. She gave me "The Voice of Warning" by P. P. Pratt to take home with me to read and then see whether I would think the same.

I took the book to read, not thinking to find anything in it that would be of any interest to me, but just as I would take any other book to read, for I was always a great hand to read and had always made a practice of reading all kinds of books that I could get a hold of. But what was my astonishment to find that it claimed a perfect organization of the Church of Christ with apostles, prophets, and all other appendages that belonged to the church anciently and I fully believed it would take to constitute the Church of Christ in any age. When I found that they made such bold pretensions and claimed that the church was organized with all the gifts and blessings as was the church anciently I became so interested in the book that I read it over and over again and wondered if I really was living in a day when the gospel was again restored to the earth.

I pondered the matter over in my heart, the spirit all the time bearing witness to me that the work was true. I resolved in my heart that I would go and see for myself. I had always, from a child, wished that it had been my lot to live when there was apostles, prophets, and teachers upon the earth, when there was (sic) men upon the earth that did commune with the heavens,

that could obtain the word of the Lord for men, and when I learned that the Mormons claimed to be that people, I determined to investigate it for myself, and if I found on investigation that they really held the priesthood, that the angel had already visited the earth, I determined to cast my lot with them.

But what should I do now? If I told Cynthia, whom I loved, O, yes, I believed, in Mormonism. She would say, "You're a deceiver; you pretend to believe in Mormonism just to get a Mormon girl for a wife." So I concluded that I would tell her that the book was well written and that it contained good doctrine and so on and pass it off in that way, and that I would conceal my real feelings from her. But I was not allowed to deceive her for any length of time. A circumstance occurred that compelled me to show my true colors.

**Experiences With a Campbellite Preacher**

Sometime before this there had been a Campbellite preacher come into the neighborhood and commenced preaching, and we had attended his meetings regularly every Sunday from the fact we had nowhere else to go. The preacher construed our regular attendance into conviction and had made his brags that he was going to catch that young Hill; that I attended so regularly and paid such good attention that he was sure that I was converted. When I heard of Gorden's bragging it worked up my feelings a little. If treating him with respect, as I had always been taught to treat all denominations, would be taken for conversion, it rather riled my feelings. Still, I attended his meetings, and on the following Sunday between meetings I was seated at the table looking over the Testament when he came over and took a seat beside me and tapping me on the shoulder, "That's right," said he to me. "Study the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, for they are they which testify after me."

He continued in this strain until I became a little vexed with him. Still, I was a little afraid of him, for I thought that a mere boy, and unpracticed as I was I could not think of what I wanted to say and he would have the advantage of me. But his simple, foolish talk finally overcame my fears and I concluded to ask him a question that I knew he dare not answer without equivocating. Says I, "Mister, allow me to ask you one question."

Says he, "A thousand, if you wish."

Says I, "One will do, and that is, when you were preaching today you quoted the Savior's charge to his disciples when he said to them, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' and there you stopped. Now the question is, why did not you go on, quote the charge in full: 'and these signs shall follow them that believe', and so on, in order that when we found believers, those that had the Gospel of Christ, that we might know them, for in these signs there was a
test that we might know beyond the possibility of a doubt when we would find true believers, for the Savior declared emphatically that these signs shall follow then that believed. Rev. Gordon declared them to be two separate and distinct sentences. This I would not allow." This brought on an argument.

He became so excited that he walked the floor and talked the whole time insomuch that I could not get a word in edgeway. This, I told him, was not fair, that if he wanted to argue the case with me that half of the time belonged to me, and on account of my bashfulness I suggested that we retire to the mill to ourselves where we would not expose our ignorance. Here I found out that he was as afraid of me as I was of him, for he took me up in a moment and we retired at once. Here we had our argument to ourselves as we supposed, and I used him up insomuch that he acknowledged to me that these blessings were not in the church and that they (the Campbellites) really were not the Church of Christ, but said that it was the opinion of their head men that they would finally come to the standard and would finally have those gifts and blessings in their church, but said they did not exist on the earth.

On looking at his watch he found that he had argued so long that it was already twenty minutes late, so we were obliged to stop after his acknowledging me to be in the right. When we opened the door to come out, lo and behold, his whole congregation were there. They had been eavesdropping on us and overhearing his acknowledgments, which so disconcerted him that he did not know what to do. They formed a circle around us and marched us to the house in the center. . . Said he, "Mister Hill, I must see you again. Meet me here next Sunday and we will have this matter out in public."

I replied, "All right, Rev. Gordon, I will meet you."

He went into the house and called the meeting to order, sang and tried to pray but could not. He got up and undertook to preach but could not think of anything to say, and a very few minutes he dismissed the meeting.

I now thought I had surely got myself into it but determined not to back down. I went and prayed in secret to my Father in Heaven for assistance and that he would not desert me in time of need and I would defend His cause well. I went to work all the week taking notes and preparing myself for the encounter that I thought was sure to come off on the next Sunday. Having prepared myself as well as I could I appeared on Sunday at the place where I supposed I was to meet the champion. But lo and behold, he never came, although he had been preaching there every Sunday all summer and had baptized about fifty. He deserted his flock and his cause rather than to meet the truth, although in the hands of a mere boy.

This debate served two purposes: One was it served to strengthen me in the truth and to strengthen me in my determina-
for me to try to conceal my convictions.

Marriage of George Hill and Cynthia Stewart

So I resolved to marry and gather with the Church. Although my father had recommended Miss Stewart very highly to me in the first place, yet when he learned that they were Mormons he did everything he could to discourage me by telling me all manner of tales that they were accused of as a Church, although his prejudice against them was all caused by hearsay and lies from their enemies, as he had no acquaintance with them whatever, knew nothing of their doctrines, but allowed himself to arrive at conclusions from reports from their enemies. But I reasoned with myself that it was me that had to live with my wife and that I had to work out my own salvation, if I had any.

I determined to carry out the resolutions I had formed, and on the eighteenth of September, 1845, I was married to Miss Cynthia Stewart, a Methodist preacher by the name of Yeager performing the ceremony. I had gone some twenty miles to get him to marry me, as I did not want a justice of the peace to marry me.

As Yeager and I were on our way in there was an incident which occurred that I shall never forget. He asked me where I got the arguments I used against Gorden in our debate at the meeting, as he was there and heard it. I told him, from the scriptures. Said he, "Did you never hear the Mormons preach?"

I replied, "I did not."

Said he, "You advanced true Mormon doctrine."

I asked him if he had been acquainted with the Mormons. He said he had heard Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon preach. Said I, "Do they preach a good doctrine?"

Said he, "They preach a doctrine that no man can refute."

At the time I was married I was more the subject for the Doctor than for the bridal chamber. I had had the chills and fever and bilious fever and intermittent fever all summer, and the day I was married I had started from home in the morning without eating anything and had rode (sic) on horseback between forty and fifty miles without tasting food or drinking anything but water, and sometimes I almost despaired being able to sit on my horse until I should get home. However, I was able to hold out until we arrived at home, but I was as dizzy headed as if I had drunk a half pint of whiskey, although I had not tasted of liquor for months and I do not know as I had tasted of it for years; in fact, I had become so disgusted with seeing men drunk and wallowing in the mud and quarreling and fighting and abusing their families, bringing ruin and disgrace upon themselves and everybody connected with them that I would not taste the stuff. Although I had made hundreds of barrels of it, I would not taste of it. Still, on this occasion I was really as drunk as if I had been drinking whiskey.12

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE PLAINS TO UTAH

Journey to Meet the Saints

Mrs. Stewart, Cynthia's mother, had been very hesitant about allowing her daughter to marry a Gentile. She had finally given her consent, with the stipulation that after the marriage was consummated, George must take her and her family of nine children and one Negro slave to meet with the body of the Saints. Her husband having died the year previous, George consented to the task, although he confides in his diary that "this was rather more than I had bargained for." Accordingly, George made plans to move to Nauvoo, the headquarters of the Saints. He set to work and sold his farm and other meager possessions, and helped to settle his mother-in-law's business affairs as well. However, before they could depart, word came that the Saints had been driven from Nauvoo, the evacuation commencing on February 4, 1846. Hearing that the Saints were fleeing to a new land, George and his "adopted family" were more anxious to join with the Saints. Accordingly, they pooled their resources, got together sufficient supplies, and in June of 1846 they set out for points unknown. Says George of this event:

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Like Abraham of old, I started forth to a strange land. I knew not where, but determined to find the Church of Christ and identify myself with it, to cast my lot with theirs, come weal or woe. It did not matter with me, if I knew I was right; I did not care what country I got to if I was able to find the Church.

We took our course for Warsaw, thinking that by the time we had crossed the Osage River we should be able to learn the whereabouts of the Church. In this we were disappointed, for we could not learn anything definite about them, only that they had left Nauvoo for the wilderness. I knew they were north of us somewhere, so I determined to steer north until we would strike their trail, and I knew that once on their trail we could follow them up so we turned our course for Boonville, crossed the Missouri River at that place, still getting no tidings of the Mormons. We passed on up by the way of Keytesville. Sometimes we would hear they were up in Daviess County, sometimes that they were already cut on the plains. Getting so many reports, and no two of them alike, we hardly knew what course to pursue.

I was musing on these different reports as we were traveling along in a big plain road when we came to where there was a dim road turned off to the right, like an old wood road that did not look like as though there had been a wagon on it for a year. But I did not want to travel the course we were going any longer, now we had got across Grand River. I felt all of a sudden as soon as we crossed the river that I wanted to go more to the right, and soon as my eye caught sight of this old road, the spirit seemed to say, "Take that road." I turned my team into it and went right along without asking anybody where it went or how far it was to the end of it. After I had taken this road I was satisfied again with our course.

That same evening the little one-horse wagon my mother-in-law rode in broke down, every spoke in one hind wheel breaking. We now seemed to be in a fix. There was no blacksmith nor wagon shop in twenty miles of us, as I knew of, but I thought there had to be a first time to do anything, and although I had never done anything of the kind I knew we could not stop there to hunt for somebody that knew how to do such work. So away I went to a field that happened to be in about half a mile and got a rail out of a fence and went to work with a dull axe, a dull hand saw, and a dull drawing knife, which was all the tools we had, filled the wheel, put on the tire and started on in one day, thinking I had done very well in my first attempt at wagon making. Although I had seen nicer jobs done, still it answered our purpose very well.3

A Remarkable Manifestation

During this time of great anxiety in trying to find the Saints,

George's mind was often drawn out in prayer to God for guidance. On one such occasion while riding far ahead of his little group, seeking for in-
formation as to the whereabouts of the Saints, he became very weary, and
dismounted from his horse to rest awhile. While resting, he had a most remarkable manifestation which was given with such plainness that the mem-
ory of it remained throughout his life.

Two of George's sons record the incident as it was told to them in later years. The two accounts differ slightly, but most of the essen-
tial features are the same. John Joseph Hill indicates that while his father was resting, he fell asleep and the manifestation was therefore a dream. G. Richard Hill insists that the manifestation was not a dream, but that it was an actual vision. Since these two accounts of the mani-
festation are the only records which have been kept of this great spirit-
ual experience, it is difficult to determine whether the Divine message was given by dream or by vision, but by which ever means it came, it was a glorious and comforting manifestation.

As he lay resting, a vehicle of the most modern design appeared in the air above him and gradually settled to earth. George had an intense desire to board the vehicle and journey with it from whence it came. But as he prepared to embark, the Savior himself stood by his side and spoke with him, telling him that he could not yet go into the other world, but that he first had a great mission to perform here on the earth. He was told that he must first "set a nation on its feet", and then he could come to join the Savior.²

Then the manifestation ceased and young George was left to himself

²Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 4; George R. Hill, op. cit., p. 3.
to ponder the meaning of his strange experience. He then mounted his
horse, strangely refreshed, and continued on down the old road in search
of the Saints.

Arrival at Mt. Pisgah

After following this old road some forty or fifty miles it
brought us to Kelsey's Mills. Here we got the first correct in-
formation that we had had at all about the Mormons. We learned
that they had established a resting place about eighty miles from
here that they called Pisgah. We learned also that it was the
council to exchange our horses for oxen as they would travel bet-
ter on grass than horses. This suited me and seemed to be good
council, so we stopped here one week trading our horses for cat-
tle.

Here were the first Mormon elders that I had ever seen. Their
names were Thomas Workman and Samuel Branan. They went with me
all around the country and were of good service to me, assisting
me to trade. Resting here for a week was also of great benefit
to my wife as her health had been very poor for some time.

After having finished our trading, resting one week, and ob-
taining supplies, we resumed our journey. A few days brought us
to Pisgah. This was a place that President Young had prepared
for a resting place for the poor that could not prosecute the journey.
It was a nice looking place situated on Grand River (probably Sol-
dier River now.) Here I rented a log house for a short time, but
I did not feel satisfied. Here I found the heads of the Church
had gone on to the Missouri River. I wanted to get near to where
the heads of the Church were, thinking I would get more information
than I would back in the rear, and then I did not like Grand River
for winter.

Accordingly, in a few days I took James W. Stewart with me and
went on to the Missouri River. Here I found an uncle to my wife,
William Stewart, with whom we stopped a day or two and then re-
turned to Pisgah in time to be at the confinement of my wife on
the twenty-second of August, 1846. My oldest son was born at Mt.
Pisgah, then Pottawattamie County in the State of Iowa. 5

George was restless at Mt. Pisgah. The heads of the Church had
gone to the Missouri River. Hence he must go also. It was typical of the
nature of this hardy pioneer that he must ever be in the vanguard of the
fray. Thus even though poorly outfitted for it, he, together with his wife

and new-born son, and the family of in-laws for whom he had pledged his responsibility, plodded westward to the Missouri River, arriving in the neighborhood of Winter Quarters in mid-October. George had now fulfilled his pledge, and delivered the members of his wife's family to the body of the Church. Here, in Winter Quarters, the leaders of the Church had determined to make camp for the winter. The Saints were spread out clear across the state of Iowa, and it was felt that time must be given for regrouping and rest before they launched forth into Indian country.

Hardships Near Winter Quarters

Accordingly, George and the Stewart family constructed a small log cabin some distance from Winter Quarters, on the Boyer River. George's diary lends a pathetic description of the privations they endured during this winter in the wilderness:

Here we had a very hard winter and were very poorly prepared for it; we had a very hard time. I built a small log house with a chimney, made of sods cut out with a spade. We were very poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly housed, and I think it was the most severe winter I ever experienced. It seemed as if the adversary was determined to leave no stone unturned that would discourage me or that would hinder me in the prosecution of the journey or the accomplishing of the purpose for which I had set out, but I had endeavored to count the cost before starting and I had determined to go through if I had to go alone and on foot with nothing, realizing that the Savior's words were just as true when he said, "He that will not leave father and mother, houses and lands, wives and children, is not worthy of me," and also, "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not worthy of me." So that the exertions of the adversary were all wasted on me, and they never served to discourage me in the least. They had but one effect on me, and that was to make me weep when alone that circumstances were so hard for me and that I could not providg better for those that were dependent on me during this winter.6

Throughout the winter of 1846-1847, the exiled Saints exerted their efforts in making preparations for the westward migration to take place

when spring arrived.\textsuperscript{7}

To this end, George lent his untiring efforts, but still had insufficient supplies and equipment to hazard the long dangerous journey across the plains.

About mid-winter, George's mother-in-law came to him with a proposition. Her old Negro slave had become highly dissatisfied, and desired to return to Missouri. Mrs. Stewart therefore suggested that George take the Negro woman back to Missouri where she would be happier, and sell or trade her for supplies. Accordingly, George journeyed back across the Missouri River to Council Bluffs, and there made arrangements as follows:

I sold her to Captain Whitehead for fifty dollars in cash, two cows, two yoke of cattle and one wagon. The wagon, oxen and cows I had to go to Missouri after. I sent every cent of the money home with the boy that went with me lest I should be obliged to spend some of it for something to eat. And away I went after the cows and oxen, and this was quite a severe job, as I had two cows to drive loose and the oxen and wagon, this giving me plenty of exercise. In fact, it kept me running nearly all the time. The snow was pretty deep and the wind came howling down the Missouri Bottoms, driving the snow in my face for four of the coldest successive days that I had ever experienced.

I finally arrived home with my cows, oxen and wagon without injury except that I had frozen my ears, but I thought I got off well at that. My wife's mother was well pleased with what I had done and promised me one of the cows.\textsuperscript{8}

In mid-February, George and his family, together with his in-laws, moved from their little cabin, and took up residence in Winter Quarters, proper, in order that they might work cooperatively with others of the Saints in final preparation for their westward journey. Apparently George had every intention of going west with the first pioneer company. To this

\textsuperscript{7}Hunter, op. cit., pp. 72-73.

\textsuperscript{8}George Washington Hill, op. cit., p. 17.
and he engaged Mrs. Stewart's oldest son, James W. in conversation, attempting to induce him to assume responsibility for his mother and brothers and sisters, bringing them across the plains in a later company. This he refused to do, however, even though George had fulfilled his pledge to deliver the Stewart family to join with the body of the Saints. George, therefore, felt duty-bound to remain with the Stewart family and see them through to the Rockies. Though his heart was sorely grieved, he bade farewell to the first pioneer company as it marched forth westward bound in mid-April 1847, and he remained to accompany the Stewart family with a later company which was soon formed.

**Baptism of George Washington Hill**

It was during this time of great activity, a few weeks after the departure of the first company that a Protestant minister came into Winter Quarters. He challenged the Mormons to debate, and of course George Washington Hill, though as yet unbaptized, joined in to see the fun. G. Richard Hill, records the story as it was told to him in later years by his father:

About this time a preacher came along and challenged the Mormons to defend their doctrine from the Bible, saying he knew that if he could only get a chance he could convince them they were wrong. So Benjamin L. Clapp accepted the challenge, which debate was to be held in a log house some distance up the river. George took his baby in his arms, and with two of the Stewart girls accompanied the group to the discussion, at the close of which the preacher was so badly used up he declared he would never preach again. The argument of Elder Clapp was so complete, the picture he drew so beautiful, and the promises held out so grand to the obedient, that George handed his baby to the girls saying, "Take him to his mother." Then he approached Elder Clapp and said: "Here is water; I must be baptized."

9*ibid.*, p. 18.
Experiences on the Plains

Shortly after baptism, George Washington Hill, together with his family and in-laws, journeyed forth from Winter Quarters, westward bound. They traveled to the Elkhorn River, at which point they were organized into the Abraham O. Smoot Company, and launched forth upon the plains. George was an expert shot with a rifle, and was therefore appointed hunter for the company. As can well be imagined, his experiences in that capacity were numerous and exciting. A few are here presented as typical of his hunting experiences:

On one occasion George was near the bank of a river without his gun, but carrying his lariat, he saw a deer on the opposite side of the river coming toward it with evident intention of crossing. The stream was lined with willows and trails formed by animals crossing. He stationed himself by the end of the trail; he felt sure the deer would follow it coming out. Rope in hand, he waited. He heard the deer coming along the trail; he made ready. As it emerged from the thicket, the rope swung over its head. Then followed one of the most exciting events of a lifetime. No one who has not had hold of the horns of a live deer knows the excitement of that struggle. The man being strong and active came out victor with the deer's throat cut, but he needed clothing to cover his body to go to camp.

On another occasion, the company halted on the banks of a creek and started making ready for the night, when an old grizzly bear, with two cubs, was observed on the opposite bank of the creek. Somebody said, "Let's go get her." So the men of the camp, all on foot except Captain Smoot started to get the bear, he being on horseback, could look over the top of the brush and see the bear sitting on the top of a large rock. The bear, at the same

10 George Richard Hill, op. cit., pp. 5-6.
time, saw him. The Captain whirled his horse and started back crying, "Run, boys, run! Here she comes!" "She's a fifteen hundreder!" All turned and ran at the captain's command, leaving George W. Hill standing there alone with the gun to face the bear. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of his wife when her sister shouted, "Good Lord, Cynthia! Look at George!" And as she raised up from her task to see him standing there alone with the gun at his shoulder, facing a monstrous bear, and all the rest of the company running for their lives. As the bear emerged from the brush, standing on its hind feet, parting the willows with its front feet, the gun cracked and down she came. At the sound of the gun, the men halted and came back, but George was not through. He caught the two cubs and dispatched them with his knife.12

Another experience which could have ended in tragedy is related by George as follows:

We arrived opposite Scott's Bluffs on Saturday night, and as we always laid by on Sunday to let our animals rest, some of us boys concluded to cross the river and ascend the bluffs. Accordingly several of us went over and ascended them to the top and rambled all over the top, finding some mountain sheep on the top of the bluffs. We chased them, thinking that we could make them jump off the cliffs and kill themselves, but we found out that they could ascend or descend precipitous rocks better than we could. In fact, they would skip up and down cliffs that seemed to be almost perpendicular.

On coming down off these bluffs, I was coming skipping along from one projection to another. I came suddenly on Parley P. Pratt paralyzed on a cliff. While ascending this precipice, he had happened to look down, and seeing the distance so great below him, he became excited and had stuck his fingers in a crack of the rock and held on for dear life, continuing to look below him. He could not control his nerves, but was trembling like an aspen leaf when I got to him. And seeing the condition he was in, I took him in my arms and carried him by force to a place of safety, thus saving him from falling several hundred feet and dashing himself to pieces. I then remained with him until he arrived safely at the bottom of the bluffs.13

**Arrival in Salt Lake Valley**

The Smoot Company traveled parallel with the Platte River, keeping to the north side until they came to old Fort John, near the present site

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of Laramie. At this point they crossed to the south side of the river. Here they called a temporary halt, and a few days were spent in resting the stock and repairing wagons and equipment.

They then journeyed on over the monotonous waste land to Pacific Springs where they met Brigham Young, returning from Salt Lake. President Young addressed them on September 5, 1847, and told them that a place of gathering had been selected. There was truly a time of rejoicing when they were informed that Salt Lake Valley was to be their new home. The remainder of the journey was uneventful except for a scarcity of game which inconvenienced them considerably. Finally, journeying down Echo Canyon, they arrived in Salt Lake Valley on September 18, 1847.


\[15\] George Washington Hill, op. cit., p. 31.
CHAPTER IV

BUILDING A HOME IN THE WEST

Hardships in Salt Lake Valley

Soon after their arrival in the valley, the Stewart family moved north to where Harrisville now stands, but being unsatisfied there, they later moved up near the present site of Ogden, on the Weber River, one mile south of Brown's Fort.1 George, in the meantime, by diligent effort, succeeded in erecting a small log cabin inside the main fort at Salt Lake for his wife and family. The first winter was a light one, in fact the Hill journal indicates that plowing and farm work was done all winter.2

When spring arrived, George and his family moved out to Mill Creek to engage in farming, but just as their crops were doing nicely, down came a plague of crickets. In the course of one day, the crickets had raised utter havoc and the whole crop was completely obliterated. Desperately in need of food for the coming winter, George planted again, but the fall frost descended before the grain had a chance to fully mature. The result was a mushy half rotten residue. Nevertheless, they gained sufficient nourishment therefrom to enable them to stave off starvation through the winter of 1848-1849. During this critical time, George's faithful wife, Cynthia, bore him another child, a girl, whom they named Cynthia Clarinda. She arrived on October 19, 1848. Of this period George's journal records


2George Washington Hill, op. cit., p. 32.
the following:

The spring of forty-nine was the hardest I ever experienced. After we had eaten all the flour and corn meal and shorts that could be got we would sift the bran through a sieve and eat it, and when we could get no more to sift we would eat the siftings, and after all this, I passed some six weeks without the taste of bread of any kind and worked hard every day.3

Brigham Young's Attitude Toward Goldseekers

It was during this period of privation and hardship that word came of the discovery of gold in California. A sizable body of men, including James Stewart, George's brother-in-law, made hasty plans for departure to the gold fields. They had almost persuaded George to go with them in search of the fabulous wealth, but at this moment of great decision, Brigham Young announced from the pulpit that it was his counsel that the Saints remain in Salt Lake Valley, and not go to the gold fields.

Said he: That there is plenty of gold in western California is beyond doubt, but the valley of the Sacramento is an unhealthy place, and the saints can be better employed in raising grain and building houses in this vicinity . . . . The true use of gold is for paving streets, covering houses and making culinary dishes; and when the saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of his people.4

This settled the issue as far as George was concerned. The next day he shouldered his ax and returned to his pioneer duties. Stewart tried in vain to persuade him, but finally gave up, and the gold seekers departed, minus the presence of George Washington Hill.5 It was during this period of trial by nature that the fulfillment of another interesting prophecy was

3Tbid., pp. 32-33.

4Roberts, op. cit., p. 347.

5George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 11.
noted. The journal account of it by George Washington Hill is as follows:

Prophecy and Fulfillment

We now began to realize the fulfillment of a prophecy of Heber C. Kimball's, made the fall before. When President Young and Br. Kimball and others arrived with our second emigration the people were in a very destitute condition. Heber came out on the stand and prophesied in the name of Israel's God that in less than twelve months everything we needed in the provision, grocery and dry goods line should be bought in the streets of Salt Lake cheaper than it would cost in St. Louis. He said himself, afterwards, he was scared for he did not know how such a prophecy could be fulfilled, but said he said it before he knew what he was saying. But it was now being fulfilled, for the emigrants came flocking in by thousands loaded down. Why they had loaded so heavy they did not know, but now they were in a hurry to get to the gold mines before the gold was all got, and they would pay fabulous prices for ponies and would sell anything they could for just what they could get. In some instances they would give a new wagon and three or four yoke of cattle and outfit for a pony that one month before could have been bought for twenty five dollars. It was just as Heber said it would be—read made clothing, calicos, domestics, flour, bacon, powder, lead and almost everything that we wanted, sold at less than St. Louis' prices. And they brought the money along for us to buy their goods with and gave it to us for a few ponies, a little garden sauce, butter and milk and so on, so that by the time the emigration was over, the majority of the people were quite comfortable and Heber's prophecy had been fulfilled to the fullest extent.6

This great influx of gold seekers was truly an economic God-send and supplied the Saints not only with the necessities of life, but also with some of the luxuries.

Return to the East

In September of 1849, George received a letter from his parents in Missouri indicating an interest in the Gospel. He was undecided as to what to do, so he sought out President Brigham Young who informed him that a company of missionaries would be leaving for the east in a few weeks, and

advised him to journey east with them in an effort to convert his family. Accordingly, George made arrangements to leave his wife and children with Cynthia's mother near Ogden. In addition he promised to attempt a final settlement of the Stewart estate in Missouri while in the east, for which service, the Stewarts proffered him 1/3 of whatever portion of the estate he could salvage. The missionary company left Salt Lake City on October 15, 1849.

Not much of interest occurred to break the monotony of the long journey, except for an encounter with Indians which might well have been disastrous, except for the quick thinking of Jedediah M. Grant.

When we got down to Flatte River Canyon, we stopped at noon at the lower end of the canyon. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, the Cheyennes, about two hundred strong, made a charge on us. Jedediah Grant, who was sergeant of the guard, instantly took command. Dinner was left on the ground; every man ran to arms. The horses were brought in and tied up and a line formed before the Indians got to us. The Indians evidently intended to run right over us; they were well mounted and armed, their guns cocked. Those that had bows had their hands full of arrows. Several had swords; they were drawn. They came on in splendid style, about twelve abreast, and made about as handsome a sight as one would wish to look at; still, one does not see a more dangerous sight often in a lifetime. Every man made his horse do his best, for they saw our movements and they knew that if we beat them into position it was going to make it costly to them, if they succeeded at all in robbing us and getting our boxes and goods. They came on at full speed until when they were in about two or three rods of our line. Every man's gun was to his face.

When so many hollow things were looking them square in the face and no signs of any faltering by the holders of them, it was more than they could stand, and they stopped then and there. In fact, the stop was so sudden and unlooked for by them in the next lines that they piled up there in the worst confused mass you ever saw, some twenty or thirty being thrown from their horses. A good many came very near being run over and they got into a regular quarrel amongst themselves. They made three attempts to pass around our lines, but were met every time with arms presented, when they finally desisted.

Finally, after being kept in this position by them for an hour or two, Jedediah called for five of the smallest to retire from the lines and harness up all the teams and put everything in the wagons, ready for a start. When this was done, he called
for every teamster to go to his team and start out, and as the first team passed the line, for three men to fall in by the side of the team with arms on the shoulder and march by the side of the team, and to do the same throughout. We did so, and when the Indians saw our move, about one-half of them turned about and left as mad as they could well be. The rest went along with us quite a distance.  

The Company arrived at the Missouri River on December 12, 1849. They found the river filled with great chunks of floating ice, so they laid over for a day before attempting to cross. The following day they found a patch of ice sufficiently thick to enable them to cross, which they did without serious accident. 

The group then journeyed on to Kanesville, where George parted company with the missionaries, striking out alone for south-western Missouri. He arrived at his father's home shortly after Christmas of 1849. 

Conversion of the Hill Family 

After the joy and clamor of reunion had somewhat resolved itself, George told them the story of life in the far off Salt Lake Valley. He explained to them the principles of the Gospel, and the family accepted his message. Since George's father was in ill health, it was suggested that the family refrain from baptism for a few weeks until the father could regain his health. The baptism date was set in February, but Father Hill took violently ill the day previous, and died the following Saturday without being privileged to enter the waters of baptism. Many of George's immediate family joined the church, however, and began to settle up their business affairs in order that they might return to Utah with him in the spring.

7 Ibid., pp. 35-37.
8 Ibid., p. 40.
Settling the Stewart Estate

George, in the meantime, set about to recover as much of the Stewart property as possible. Knowing him to be a Mormon, the Missourians attempted in every way possible to obstruct him in his efforts to settle the estate. A son, G. Richard Hill, records one experience which his father had at this time as follows:

His business in this locality was to settle the estate of George Stewart, and he was not a Stewart. They would not take his word that he had married the oldest daughter, though they knew him or had known him before he left with the Stewart family to find the Mormons. They treated him as a stranger and some accused him of being a Mormon; all Mormons had been expelled from Missouri. He told them in plain terms that he had come to settle that estate and that he intended to get the money coming to them. He had with him a little pepperbox revolving pistol that he could shoot six times by only pulling the trigger. They became curious; they thought he was a bluff; that that thing would not shoot, and if it did there would be no accuracy about it. He told them to try him and see if he could not put the bullet where he intended. A rooster flew upon the fence a few rods away and they dared him to shoot it. He told them he would knock its eye out, so he fired. The rooster fell with a hole in his head, and both eyes knocked out. After this they looked upon him as a dangerous man and concluded not to irritate him. He hunted up the minister who married them. He seemed to be a fair man and produced the record of their marriage so that when they came into court he gained his suit and obtained the money.9

As a last resort, to prevent him from obtaining the remainder of the Stewart inheritance an apparent attempt was made to poison him. While staying at the home of Harden Payne, the still small voice whispered to him, not to eat supper. He accordingly refused to eat; and the old woman who had prepared his food, after much cajoling, threw his food away.10

Finally George succeeded in settling up the Stewart estate, and he, together with his mother, and several of the immediate family, set out for Utah in the month of March 1850.11 "Thus for the second time, George

9George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 15.
Washington Hill assumed the responsibility of piloting a grief-stricken widow and her family across the plains.12

Cholera on the Plains

When the little band reached the Platte River, they found the trails fairly swarming with west-bound immigrants. An epidemic of cholera was sweeping the area, and some of the Hill family became frightened, desiring to return to Missouri, rather than travel through the cholera infested area. At this moment of great alarm, the Spirit rested mightily upon George Washington Hill and he prophesied in the name of Israel's God that if the little group would be faithful, they should pass through the infected area unscathed. At this, the little band took renewed courage and launched forth, depending on the Lord to protect them. The following humble entry in the diary of George Washington Hill indicates his feelings during this episode:

It was now my turn to get scared. I had made the promise without knowing what I did. I now had to center all of the faith I had in the Almighty. I knew he was able to keep us out of disease if we were faithful, and having made the promise without knowing how I came to do it, I knew I was under the influence of the spirit or I never would dared to have made such a promise, no more than a sectarian preacher dare to promise the Holy Ghost, for he knows he has no authority to do so. So I took it that Father wanted to show his power, that they might receive strength, for they were very weak. So we came right along for over three hundred miles where they were sick and dying around us all the time without one of my company having even a bowel complaint.13

An Unwelcome Suitor Dismissed

Thus the little company continued on, arriving in the valley of the mountains during the latter part of the summer of 1850. George found his family well, but his arrival was indeed timely, for one of the

Mormon Elders, knowing of George's lengthy absence, had become a persistent suitor for the hand of Cynthia. This "good saint" painted most vividly the dangers that George would encounter in Missouri, and the great unlikelihood that he would ever return. But faithful Cynthia never wavered, and when her pioneer husband finally returned the unwelcome suitor made hasty retreat, having received a scathing tongue lashing at the hands of George Washington Hill.14

George and Family move to Ogden

George now selected a farm south of Brown's Fort, and settled his family in a government wagon, until a home could be built. In 1851 he completed a log house on this farm, and began to gather some of the comforts of life about him. However, he was not long left in peace. The Shoshone Indians were becoming more and more troublesome to the settlers of this area, their main depredations consisting of the stealing of stock, and the molesting of crops. While attempting to steal corn from one Ivan Stewart, old Chief Tarakee, the head of the Shoshone band was shot and killed. This very nearly precipitated a full scale war with the Indians, and consequently much of George's time during this period was spent in maintaining an uneasy peace with the Indians. His time was thus fully occupied from 1851-1855, in the business of pioneering a new homestead for his family, while staving off the sporadic forages of the thieving nomads.15

Two notable incidents occurred during this period. In December 1851, a third child, Heber James, was born. But his presence did not long grace the Hill home. He died of diphtheria before his second birthday and

15George Washington Hill, op. cit., p. 43.
was buried on September 23, 1853.  

Cynthia's Vision

The mother grieved over the loss of this child until it seemed her heart would break. Friends visited and tried to comfort her, but it seemed she could not be reconciled. One day as she sat in front end of the wagon box, grieving and wondering why it should be so, she raised her eyes, and seemed to see her child standing in the air above and in front of her. Immediately, she rose to her feet and reached out her arms to clasp him to her bosom.

But he spoke to her and said, "Don't touch me, Mother. I have not come to stay. I have only come to tell you not to grieve more for me. I am all right. I didn't come here to stay. I only came to get a body. I have a good one, and I am satisfied. I am happy now where I am." The vision closed. The child vanished and so vanished all her grief. From that moment all her grief was taken from her. She could not cry, joy and happiness supreme, filled her soul. She resumed her daily duties with a vision of hope ever before her, picturing the time when the child would again be given to her and would grow to maturity when Satan would be bound and when sickness, sorrow, and death would not be known.  

After this attack of diphtheria, which took their son Heber, the family abandoned their log home, fearing to remain, lest others should also contract the disease. They now moved into Ogden proper, living in a tiny cabin built of cottonwood poles; until an adobe house of some size could be constructed.

A Strange Dream, and its Result

The other notable incident that occurred during this period also demonstrates the keen spiritual sensitivity of Cynthia Hill. John J. Hill, one of Cynthia's sons records the incident as follows:

The endowment house in Salt Lake was completed and dedicated on the 29th of Oct., 1852. George W. and Cynthia Stewart Hill received their endowments and were sealed as husband and wife,

16George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 21.
17Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 11.
being among the first to accept the opportunity. Cynthia, in her young womanhood, had a girl companion, Elizabeth Marcus, with whom she was very intimate. These two young women thought so much of each other that they entered an agreement that neither of them would ever marry unless the man she married would marry them both. This lady (Elizabeth Marcus) took sick and died. When George and Cynthia were married, this Elizabeth appeared to Cynthia and told her she wanted her to remember her promise. She wanted to be married to her man. This appearance caused Cynthia to worry. She had never heard of marriage for Eternity and so tried to forget it. But the visitation made a deep impression and to forget it was impossible. The scene was forever presenting itself during the years that followed. And now, when the endowment house was complete and dedicated, she came again. It was a dream again, but seemed so real she could hardly think of it as a dream. It seemed a real personal visit. Miss Marcus said, "The way is open now, and I want you to remember your promise. I want to be married to your man." All the next day her presence was felt. Cynthia repeatedly turned to speak to her. The next night the dream was repeated. She presented the matter to her husband, but he dismissed the matter with the remark, "I've got all the wives I want." But night after night the visit and request were repeated until Cynthia's health broke, and she had to go to bed. Her husband now became worried, but still the visits continued until the husband took the matter up with the authorities and obtained their consent to have the work done. Endowments and sealings for the dead were not being given in the endowment house, but because of the seriousness of the case, they consented and Cynthia was endowed for the woman who walked and stood by her side during the entire ceremony. When the ceremony was over and George W. Hill and Elizabeth Marcus were pronounced husband and wife for all eternity, she left and never appeared again.18

CHAPTER V

THE SALMON RIVER MISSION

Calling Missionaries to the Indians

These years of harvesting and building for his family were pleasant years for George Washington Hill. He loved the companionship of his devoted wife and children and enjoyed providing for them the necessities of life. But there was a kingdom to build, and in this great work of "enlarging the stakes of Zion," such pioneer stalwarts as George Washington Hill were in constant demand. As a result, in the April General Conference of the Church in 1855, George, together with twenty-six other brethren, was called to journey into Idaho to establish a settlement and convert the Indians to the Gospel.¹ As a result of his contact with the Shoshone Indians during the past four years, George had gained some little knowledge of the rudiments of the Shoshone dialect. In addition, during the winter of 1854-1855, he had attended classes in which the Shoshone dialect was taught by Brother James S. Brown.²

Journey Into Southeastern Idaho

Most of the brethren who were called on this mission made preparations at once to fill it, and on the 15th of May, 1855, President Smith, together with other brethren, left their homes in Farmington, and other places, and on the 19th they arrived


on Bear River, north of Brigham City. On the following day (the 20th) the camp, consisting of the following named brethren, were organized for traveling: Thos. S. Smith, President of the Mission; Francillo Durfee, Captain; Wm. Burgess, Lieutenant; B. F. Cummins, Sergeant; D. Moore, Historian of the camp; Ezra J. Barnard, Thos. Butterfield, Wm. L. Brundage, Nathaniel Leavitt, Pleasant Green Taylor, Israel S. Clark, Charles Dalton, George R. Grant, Isaac Shepherd, Geo. Browning, David H. Stephens, Baldwin H. Watts, Jos. Perry, Ira Ames, Jr., Abraham Zundel, Charles McGary, Wm. H. Hatchelor, and Everet Lish.

From the encampment on Bear River the expedition continued the journey through Malad Valley, over the Malad divide, and down Bannock Creek to the Portneuf, which stream they crossed on Mr. McArthur's bridge, paying $11.00 for that privilege. On the 29th they arrived at the ferry on Snake River, immediately below where the Blackfoot River empties into the Snake. It took them three days to cross the river with their wagons and stock, the ferry-boat needing repairs before it could be used. On the 2nd of June the journey was resumed, and a northeasterly course taken for about sixty miles over an almost trackless waste of barren sagebrush plain, and along the right bank of the river, until Market Lake was reached. Then the camp turned to the left and traveled in a northwesterly direction, over rocks, sagebrush, and sand, by way of Mud Lake and up Spring Creek (now Birch Creek), until they reached the Salmon River Pass. Through this part of the country they made an entirely new road, not having as much as an Indian trail to guide them. Continuing through the Pass over the divide to the upper valley of the Salmon River, the head-waters of the east branch of that river, now known as Lemhi River, was soon reached, and there President Smith called a halt. Selecting five brethren of the camp, he proceeded, on the 14th of June, about thirty miles further down the river to explore for a suitable place to locate a settlement. On the 15th they selected a site for a fort and a tract for farming land, after which President Smith returned to the main camp, which moved upon the site chosen on the 18th. They called their location Fort Limhi, after Limhi, a Nephite king mentioned in the Book of Mormon. The distance from Salt Lake City to Fort Limhi, the road the missionaries generally traveled in 1855-58, was about 379 miles.3

Brother Hill's journal records their journey to Fort Limhi as follows:

Things continued in this way until the spring of 1855, when at the April Conference, I was called to take a mission to the House of Israel. This took all I could do to raise an outfit for myself and a very poor outfit it was that I had. Still, I

made the best I could of it and started early in May.

None of us knew the language of the people we were sent to. I had learned a few words of their language the winter before, but scarcely enough to talk with them. Still I had faith in God that he would assist me if I would do my duty on my part. This I determined to do and it had been sealed upon my head that I should see them in the distance and should know them and that they would come to me by the hundred, but little did I think that this was going to come literally to pass as soon as it did, for the first Indians we saw were at Fort Hall.

We were encamped on the Portneuf River about five miles from the Fort. We had just encamped, when on looking over to Fort Hall, I discovered some Indians coming directly towards us, when it seemed to me that I knew them, and I told the boys that there came some of my children and that I was going to baptize them. This created some merriment among the boys, but on they came, arriving at our camp. They got off their horses and shook hands with us and stopped with us when I went to talking to them as well as I could, telling them who we were and what our business was.

The next day we moved on up to the ferry, the Indians accompanying us, when on coming into camp the President called upon me to preach to them, which I did as well as I could which was very poor indeed. When they called for baptism, I took them to the river and baptized them, in fulfillment of my prediction that I had made when I first saw them in the distance. This was my first Indian baptism. 4

Building of Fort Limhi

On June 15th, 1855, the thirteenth day of their journey, the missionary party arrived at a place on Limhi River, about twenty miles above its confluence with Salmon; here they determined to establish their mission.

At the location chosen, the valley is nearly a mile in width, and has an altitude of about five thousand feet. This location enjoyed two distinctions, (1) water for irrigation was plentiful, and easily diverted for this use; (2) the hills on the east were covered with accessible timber. 5

Upon arrival at the spot where they determined to build their Fort, the missionaries set to work with a will.

With that energy and determination characteristic of Mormon pioneers, the brethren immediately commenced to make improvements,


and they soon had a blacksmith shop in working order and also had coal burned, a plow made and a corral built for their stock. By the 10th of August they had built a fort wall and gates, seven houses and the blacksmith shop, besides breaking and planting several acres of land, and doing a great deal of fencing.

Fort Lemhi was sixteen rods square and was enclosed by mud, or adobe, walls. The walls were nine feet high, four feet thick at the base, and about two feet thick at the top. The method of construction followed by the resourceful men who built these walls is most interesting. A framework of planks which corresponded with the shape of the walls was first erected. Into these plank frames was put the native clay mixed with water. This wet clay, when allowed to dry, formed a kind of mud cement, which proved to be most durable. Portions of these walls, now worn down to a height of five or six feet, still guard the enclosure within the old fort. Today these venerable landmarks, which are slowly yielding to assaults of time and weather, mutely remind the sight-seer of a brave expedition made into the solitudes of Idaho over a half-century ago.

During the next two years, their industry transformed the valley into a veritable garden.

George built himself a house, one of the best in the fort, and invited the Indians in. He busied himself in learning to talk to them in their language, would visit them, and eat the food they prepared. Thus he soon gained their confidence and love, and they felt that he did not think himself above them. He told them the time would come when their game would all be gone, and that they should learn to till the soil so they could live without hunting. They believed he had power to destroy the game, and wanted to know why he would do so. He told them that the land would be settled and the game killed off, but they could not understand how that could be. Still, they believed that he knew.

He studied the habits of the Indians, and their traits of character. He found that by trusting them one could rely implicitly upon their honor, and if you distrusted them, you made enemies of them; thus, he gained a lesson that stayed by him all of

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his life. In his associations with the Indians he was frank, and they found that he could be trusted and would hold sacred any trust and never betray their confidence.

Thus he labored and learned the language both by word and by motion (for there was as much in motion as in sound). When they visited him he gave them something to eat and partook with them at the same time, and when he visited them, they returned the hospitality in the same way. It did not take long to master the Shoshone language and gain a knowledge of Bannock, Flathead, Blackfoot, and Nez Perce, so that when any of these tribes came to see what was going on, they could be informed first hand. He soon became a great favorite among the Indians.  

George's red hair excited great curiosity among the Indians, and they accordingly gave him the name "Inkapompy" which means red hair.  

**A Near Tragedy**

During that first summer George was involved in an incident which could have had serious consequences. The Indians invited him to help build fish traps, so that they could capture the Salmon as they journeyed up the stream. George, accordingly, aided them in the construction of the trap, and was then accorded the first fish. He snagged a large salmon, but in attempting to hoist him out of the water the hook tore loose and the pole which George was using came back with great force, striking one of the Indians on the side of the head. The Indian fell prone and seemed lifeless. Great excitement was manifest by the Indians, but George immediately administered to the stricken brave, and in a few moments he revived. Peace was restored and the Indians were deeply impressed, feeling that the stricken warrior had been healed by supernatural power.  

About the twenty-second of June the colony planted ten acres of peas, turnips, potatoes, and corn. This was the first irrigation that was practiced in the great northwest. The crops of  

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the first year were a failure, because of a heavy frost on the
night of September 4. The same year the grasshoppers appeared
in countless numbers and deposited their eggs.
   Upon the loss of their crops the colonists realized that the
supplies on hand would run short, and the seed remaining would
be insufficient for next year's sowing. Hence, early in August
about one half of the colony went to Utah for supplies. They
returned to Fort Lemhi on November 19, 1855, bringing fresh sup-
plies and the mail from Utah. Some of them also brought their
families.
   Although busily engaged in the founding of the settlement,
the missionaries did not forget their calling. It was their ob-
ligation to instruct the natives, which involved learning the
Shoshoni language. Every missionary was enjoined to master the
native tongue. A mission school was organized, and three sessions
were held each week. Several exercises were provided upon each
Sabbath day, in which singing, preaching, and prayer were freely
engaged, for the mutual edification of the brethren, and for the
special benefit of the Indians. The latter joined in worship
and "united their voices in keeping tune with the hymns." Trade
with the Indians was controlled by the mission head, and almost
without exception genuine harmony prevailed between the mission-
aries and the natives.\textsuperscript{12}

   Word of the Gospel soon spread among the Indians, and families
from far and near came to hear the Gospel message. One day an Indian brave
came to Inkapompy (George Washington Hill) requesting that he come and ad-
minister to his little child who was near death. George explained to him
that the ordinance of healing was generally reserved for those who believed
the Gospel. Thereupon the Indian brave vowed that if the child were heal-
ed, he would enter into the Church. Accordingly, Brothers Hill, Cummings,
and Moore, journeyed out to the Indian camp and administered to the child.
To the joy of all concerned, she was immediately healed.

   True to his word, the father of the child, together with many of
the tribe appeared at the Fort on the following Sunday, requesting baptism
at the hand of Inkapompy. A meeting was held and George explained the prin-
ciples of the Gospel to the natives in their own tongue. After explaining

\textsuperscript{12} Beal, \op. cit., pp. 133-135.
the seriousness of the ordinance he asked if any still desired baptism. Many replied in the affirmative, and George baptized fifty-six of them. In this connection the following entry in the Hill journal is indicative of the great love which the natives had for George W. Hill.

When I had baptized the men, as is the custom with Indians for the men to all take the lead, the water being very cold, the President said to me I had better come out and let someone else baptize the women. I came out and told them that one of the brethren would baptize the rest. They refused to come, saying if I did not baptize them they would not be baptized. At this I told them to come along and I would baptize them, which I did.13

As was the custom with many of the missionaries, George returned to Utah for the winter, leaving in October 1855, and arriving in Utah in mid-November.14 Here, he and his family faced one of the bitterest winters in Utah history, losing most of their stock as a result of the heavy snowfall and excessive cold.

The following spring, the missionaries returned to Fort Limhi, taking with them an additional force of missionaries who had recently been recruited. This summer became known among the Saints as "the hard summer" by reason of the various difficulties that befell them, including a killing spring frost, and one of the worst plagues of grasshoppers in Utah history. Conditions at Fort Limhi were equally as bad.

They lived on fish and wild game, with scarcely any bread. The frost reached them as well, so that the prospect for the next year was not very bright for a self-sustaining mission. While game was plentiful they resorted to drying, Indian style, the fish, elk, deer, etc. They caught bear and rendered the grease, putting up many barrels of oil which served as lard.15

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14 George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 27.

15 Ibid., p. 32.
Taming a Bull

Even though the summer of 1856 was difficult for the Fort Limhi missionaries, life was not without its grim humor. One source of comedy was a vicious black bull which not infrequently gave chase to the Elders when they sought to bring their cows into the protection of the Fort for the night. This resulted in much merriment for the spectators, but often ended in near disaster for the particular elder in charge of herding the cows. As time went on the bull became increasingly vicious until no one dared to attempt to retrieve the cows.

On one such occasion, Mr. Hill had been away from the fort through the day. Returning just before sundown, he was told the cows were grazing on an adjoining hill. The Indians' bull was with them, and no one dared go after them. "Well," he said, "I will go for them."

Throwing his gun on his shoulder, he went up the hill, rounded up the cows and drove them down the hill and across the creek at the bottom before the bull noticed what was going on.

When he raised up his head and saw the cows being driven off, he pawed the ground a few times with his front feet and then started for them as fast as he could run. When he reached the edge of the creek, he set both feet in the mud -- stopped suddenly and threw up his head. As he did this, he received a bullet through the horn. He dropped to his knees, rose, shook himself, and ran back to the top of the hill where he stopped, pawed the ground again and then came back as fast as he could. As before, on reaching the edge of the creek, he stopped and threw up his head, when he received another bullet through the other horn. He dropped to his knees again, and as before, got up, shook himself, and ran to the top of the hill. Here he stopped, pawing the ground as he had done before. He then ran down the hill; to the creek's edge and stopped. Again a bullet whistled through the air and struck at his horn a little nearer the head this time. The third time he dropped to his knees, rose as before and ran up the hill. This time he kept running as far as he could be seen. And there was no further trouble from the Indians' bull.16

In the late fall of 1856 many of the Elders, George among them, again returned home for the winter months. George having become well versed

16 Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 16.
in several Indian dialects, taught school during the winter, instructing the white students in the rudiments of the Indian languages. Several of the local Indians, recognizing George as a staunch friend, came and made camp near the Hill home during this winter. Among these Indians was Rock-akie, the Bannock chief.

Spring came again, and with its coming, George Washington Hill was up and on his way to Fort Limhi for another season of colonizing and missionary work among the Redmen.

**Brigham Young Visits Fort Limhi**

May of this year (1857) witnessed an interesting spectacle at Fort Limhi. Brigham Young, accompanied by a large group of his trusted advisors and friends arrived at Fort Limhi on a tour of inspection. He describes this interesting event as follows:

In May, 1857, the settlers had a pleasant visit from President Brigham Young and company. A large retinue was organized under the direction of the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles. Altogether, there were one hundred fifteen men, twenty-two women, and five boys, with one hundred sixty-eight horses and mules, twenty-eight carriages, twenty-six wagons, with two light boats for ferrying across the Snake River. The purpose of the journey was "to visit the settlement on the Salmon River, to rest their minds, to invigorate their bodies, and to examine the intervening country." The company was fully organized in the usual manner, with presidents, captains, engineers, and chaplains. From the Mormon point of view, this was one of the most distinguished companies ever organized in the early history of the Great Basin area. It left Salt Lake City, April 24, and followed the route of the preceding parties, making careful observations relative to distance, fertility of the soil, amount of water, and conditions in general. They reached Fort Lemhi, May 8, having made the trip in fourteen days.

Sunday, May 10, a meeting was held in the fort, and President Brigham Young, Elders Orson Hyde, Franklin D. Richards, and Lorenzo Snow, John Young and President Thos. S. Smith severally addressed the congregation, and gave some excellent instructions. In the afternoon, Snagg, the head chief of this tribe of Bannocks, and several other Indians, came into the fort and had a smoke and a long and friendly talk, in which Arrapeen, head chief of the Utahs,
who accompanied the expedition, participated.

The settlers presented to the visitors the keys of the fort, which really implied something, since they had free use and possession of the houses. The presidency and others carefully examined conditions at the fort and surrounding country. They made many helpful suggestions relative to the development of the settlement, all of which gave assurance of permanency and expansion. The leaders said the settlements must go north instead of south.

However, Brigham Young told the brethren that they had come too far from home, as in case of trouble, immediate help could not be sent. He was of the opinion that the Snake River Valley would have been better.

Perhaps the most stirring bit of advice was given by Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells, when they urged the young men to "marry native women, that the marriage tie was the strongest tie of friendship that existed." However, President Young modified this advice to the extent that they should not be in a hurry, and should marry young girls if any, "because," said he, "if brethren were to marry the old wanderers they would be off with the first mountaineer that came along."

The suggestion that the missionaries might marry among the natives was something of an anomaly in Mormon Indian policy, and was no doubt prompted because of the isolation of the Lemhi settlement, and its resultant dependence upon the good will of the natives. Several of the young men made overtures to the dusky maidens, but the parents "refused to let their daughters go, or at least seemed not willing." As a result, only a few such unions were consummated.

This visit of the church authorities, together with the Mormon effort to acquire Fort Hall, and the glowing report of Taylor, Robinson, and Cummings on the prospects of Mormon colonization in the Flathead country, all implied that a major northern colonizing movement was imminent. After spending five days in the valley, Brigham Young's caravan started the return journey to Utah.17

The Indian Prophet

It was during this eventful summer that the Indians brought word to Fort Limhi that a Prophet had appeared among them. According to the Indian account this prophet would appear among them at irregular intervals, teaching them, performing mighty miracles, and then disappearing as suddenly as he came.

One day an Indian messenger came to the Fort bearing word that

17Beal, op. cit., pp. 139-141.
the Indian Prophet had appeared again. This messenger said that the Prophet wanted Inkapompy to come into a desert spot (some one hundred miles away), to confer with him. George, fearing an Indian ambush, questioned the messenger minutely, saying: "How shall I know that this is not a trap, to kill me? How shall I know that this 'Prophet' is really a good man?"

The Indian messenger laughed, he seemed much pleased. Said he: "The Prophet said you would ask me this question, and that you would not believe he was really a Prophet until I repeated certain words which he gave me to say; these are the words:

Once upon a time, many years ago, "wicked men made a fire hotter than he ever saw fire and threw me in it, but the fire wouldn't burn me—they threw me in prison and tied me with iron ropes, but the prison nor the iron ropes could hold me. . . . They dug deep pits in the earth and put me in, but the earth could not hold me. . . ." When you tell him these things, he will know.18

George immediately recognized the description as fitting the experience of the Three Nephites, and was convinced that the Indian Prophet was one of them. He therefore requested the President of the mission, (Thos. S. Smith) to allow him to go with the messenger. Pres. Smith refused however, saying one hundred miles into Indian country was much too far for a white man to go alone. George was deeply hurt, feeling that the decision was unjust and prompted by envy, but he nevertheless felt he must abide by it. To his dying day, George felt that he had missed meeting one of the Three Nephites as a result of Pres. Smith's decision.

As a result of diligent effort, the Salmon River Mission, as it had come to be known, continued to grow. Brigham Young's visit in the early summer had given the settlers new encouragement. New settlers came

in during the summer and raised the total white population of Fort Limhi to approximately one hundred persons. A goodly number of Indians had been baptized and several had been induced to abandon their tribal wanderings, and become farmers. All seemed peaceful and prosperous but this was the lull before the storm.  

Experiences in the Militia

In the fall of 1857, George again returned to Utah, only to find the valley filled with rumors of an impending invasion by United States troops. The rumors materialized and in the fall of 1857, twenty-five hundred men of the United States army arrived in Wyoming. They were sent to quell a supposed rebellion in Utah, but found their way blocked by a determined host of Saints who guarded the mountain passes into the valley. Hoping to thwart these defensive measures by the Mormons, certain army detachments were sent north in hopes of finding an unguarded route through Idaho into the Salt Lake Valley.

George, along with hundreds of other brethren was called into the militia to help impede the progress of the U. S. troops. He was appointed Captain over a cavalry contingent and served for several months in northern Utah and southeastern Idaho. His unit saw no combat, but gave valuable service guarding the northern approaches to Utah.  

The Indians Attack Fort Limhi

Word spread among the Indian tribes that the army had come to destroy the Mormons, and an almost immediate effect was noticed at Fort Limhi.  

19 Beal, op. cit., pp. 142-143.  

Suddenly the Indians became sullen and unfriendly and by mid-winter there were definite rumors of an Indian attack on Fort Limhi. Pres. Smith disregarded these rumors, feeling that there was no cause for alarm, but on February 25, the Indians attacked. Beal describes the initial attack as follows:

On the morning of February 25, at 10 a.m., the men at the fort were occupied with the usual operations when a band of Indians began to swarm into the vicinity. The mission clerk estimated that there were two hundred Bannacks and Shoshonis. They began to encircle the stock, which impelled the Mormon herdsmen to great activity in an effort to get them to the fort corral. George McBride "waved his hat around his head a few times, a veritable challenge, uttered a yell and dashed over the hill and down among the Indians" in a courageous attempt to turn the cattle back. He turned away two or three small bands from the Indians while they were firing at him. Finally a ball reached the mark and he fell from his horse. The savages scalped him, then stripped most of his clothing from him, and took his revolver and horse. Orson Rose, who happened to be on the side of the herd nearest the fort, dropped into heavy sagebrush when the firing commenced. The Indians riddled the brush with shot but did not hit him. Later he escaped behind a knoll and ran down the creek, where he hid until night, then went on to the fort.

The herdsmen and several other men from the fort tried hard to save the stock but were pressed back by the fire of the Indians. At this juncture Colonel Smith and Ezra Barnard, who had been up in the canyon for timber, returned to the fort. They hurriedly unharnessed their horses, and mounting two of them, hastened toward the herd. As soon as the Indians saw them six warriors started toward them, opening fire as they came. One of the bullets passed through Smith's suspenders and lodged in his horse's jaw. The horse lurched, and Smith was thrown to the ground. The Indians, supposed him shot and gave an exulting yell. However, he regained his horse, but was shot in the right arm while in the act of mounting. Smith and Barnard reached the fort without further difficulty. There they found several other men who had been driven to cover. Shortly after their arrival Fountain Welch was brought in severely wounded. He had been shot in the small of the back, and stripped of his shirt, ammunition, and gun. The savages struck him over the head with a gun and left him for dead. However, he was conscious of his position all of the time, and merely feigned dead.

The seven men who had gone to the lower fort were on their way back when the Indians fired upon them, driving them from their wagons. Such guns as were with them were not available for service at the moment, except Miller's five-shooter, and it fell to pieces during this encounter. All except Miller managed to get
away through the brush, and they finally reached the fort. The Indians took the oxen and burned the outfits. Quite a number of them remained in the vicinity until dusk.

Six of the missionaries were missing during the afternoon and evening. President Smith organized a searching party of ten that managed to bring Andrew Quigley and George McBride to the fort. Quigley had a wound in his shoulder and lacerations from blows on the head. McBride was dead when found, as was Miller. The latter was found by a searching party early the next morning. 21

After the initial attack on the 25th, the Indians' ferocity seemed to subside. They had gained a large number of cattle as a result of their first raid, and they now seemed content to wait. Finally, on February 28, two men, B. H. Watts and E. J. Barnard, were chosen by the pioneers to carry word of their plight to Brigham Young. Leaving under cover of darkness, the two brave messengers succeeded in escaping the Indians, and arrived in Utah with their message of horror.

Saints to the Rescue

Upon hearing about the attack President Young decided that in view of the exigency created by the Mormon War situation, the settlers should abandon the mission. Johnston's army was pressing for admission to the Territory, and its coming had already been provided for. Hence the church leaders deemed it advisable to call their people into Utah against the contingency of hostilities. It was apparent that permanent reinforcement would not be available to sustain the Mormon positions on the frontier. Word was therefore sent to the Mormons living outside of Utah Territory to abandon their settlements and come home. In obedience to this counsel, the settlers abandoned the San Bernardino Mission, Carson Valley, Fort Supply, Cherokees, and the Creek and Salmon River Missions. 22

Efforts were immediately made, per instructions from Brigham Young, to raise one hundred fifty men to go to the rescue of the Salmon River missionaries. While these men were being hurriedly outfitted, a special group of eleven men was selected to ride post haste to Fort Limhi bearing word

22 Ibid., p. 148.
that relief was on the way.

George Washington Hill who had spent the winter in Utah, as was his custom, was one of these eleven men. They rode almost non-stop from Utah to Fort Limhi, fearing that upon arrival they would find their brethren massacred and the Fort in ashes. "They reached the mission on March 21st with the governor's orders to evacuate."23

When they arrived at the fort, hostilities had ceased, but the fort was still surrounded by Indians. There were some known as friendly Indians through all the trouble, and when they learned that Inkapompy had come, a conference was soon called, explanations given, expressions of sorrow made by those who had been deceived, and some of the stock that had been driven off returned. 24

On March 23, Colonel Cunningham's company, consisting of one hundred men and ten baggage wagons, arrived at the Fort and two days later, Captain Horton D. Haight arrived with fifty additional men and some extra horses. Realizing that the authorities in Utah would be anxiously awaiting word as to the outcome of the hostilities, it was decided that the eleven express riders should return to Utah as quickly as possible bearing word that peace had been at least temporarily restored.

The express riders then set out for Utah, but while traveling up Bannock Creek, on March 31, they were ambushed by the Indians. 25 The party, except for Bailey Lake who was killed in the first volley, immediately took refuge behind the protruding creek bank. Some one suggested that they pray, but George Washington Hill replied, "Damn them, let's shoot."


24 George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 47.

Responding as one man to the suggestion, they returned the fire, and finally drove their attackers off. Fearing that the Indians had merely fallen back to regroup their forces, the little band of whites leaped to their horses and sped southward.

Upon arrival in Utah they spread the good word as to the safety of the Salmon River Saints, and informed the brethren that Fort Limhi was being abandoned as ordered. In early April the main company arrived from Fort Limhi, completing the abandonment of the Salmon River Mission.
CHAPTER VI

THE DEFENSE OF ZION

Flight to the South

The Mormon people were now on the defensive. They had been forced to abandon their outlying settlements, and it now appeared that their center stakes were in imminent danger of invasion by the U. S. Army. Rather than be molested by the troops, the Saints resorted to a scorched earth policy, and prepared their homes and public buildings for burning. They had unitedly agreed to forsake all their worldly goods, and flee southward, rather than bear the oppression of Gentile rule.

Said Brigham Young: "When those troops arrive, they will find Utah a desert." ¹

Whitney describes the attitude of the Saints as follows: "The troops might push their way through the mountains, but when they reached Zion they would find it a desolation, a city not inhabited: the fruitful field a desert, and the land of smiling orchards a burnt and blackened waste." ²

Says Roberts of the move south:

Hundreds of wagons, daily thronged the highways, and settlements of Utah county were crowded with south bound emigrants for un-known destination. Governor Cumming made several journeys along this line of moving caravans between Provo and Salt Lake City, vainly pleading


²Ibid., pp. 678-679.
with the people to return to their homes. On one of these journeys from Provo to Salt Lake City, in company with Colonel Kane, he met four hundred wagons between Provo and Willow Creek (a small stream east of the settlement of Draper); and two hundred more between that point and Salt Lake City. In a subsequent journey between Springville and Salt Lake City (May 6th), the same gentlemen met eight hundred teams enroute to the south. Cummings appealed to Brigham Young to know "if there was not some way to stop the moving." President Young replied that if the troops were withdrawn from the territory, the people would stop moving; but that ninety-nine out of every hundred of this people would rather live out their lives in the mountains than endure the oppression the federal government was now heaping upon them. 3

As suggested by their leaders, George Washington Hill, in company with thousands of his brethren, immediately made ready to evacuate his family and join the southern migration.

Mrs. Hill said, "How on earth can we move south? We haven't an animal on earth to move with and no way of getting any." "Oh," replied her husband, "We'll go all right." There were two beings in whom she had full faith and confidence. They were her God and her husband. Neither had ever failed her in time of need. But how this was going to work out was a mystery to her.

Just at this time, a company of emigrants were going through to California, driving a herd of wild cattle. The Indians were on the war path. They drove off these cattle and the emigrants were left stranded. Chauncey West was bishop of Ogden and they applied to him for help, offering him half the cattle he could recover. He told them he thought he could get their cattle back and sent for George W. Hill. The Bishop informed him of what had happened, and told him to go and get the cattle and he could have one-fourth of what he could recover.

He was to go into a hostile Indian camp, taking a chance of getting out alive to drive back the cattle they had stolen, and the Bishop was to receive one-fourth for sending him. But he accepted the perilous undertaking. He took a single companion with him, Dan Gamble, and went after the cattle. They found the Indian camp in the northern part of Ogden Valley, where the town of Eden was afterwards built. They rode boldly into the Indian camp and called for the Chief. Mr. Gamble could not understand the Indian language, and so didn't realize fully the danger they were in. Mr. Hill did the talking. He informed the chief what they had come for. The old chief thought it was rather a bold adventure for two men to ride into the camp of a hundred Indians and make such a demand. He answered very bluntly that they couldn't have them. Mr. Hill replied that he had never yet gone home without

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3Roberts, op. cit., pp. 397-398, Vol. IV.
anything like that. The chief told him they would shoot him if he undertook to drive off the cattle. But he was informed that they could shoot too, and that the band might be without a chief when they got through. It looked for a time that the shooting might really be done, but as they continued to talk, they grew less threatening and finally cooled down, and they drove the cattle back with them without a shot being fired.

They were now supplied with plenty of cattle for the move. But they were wild and had never been yoked. However, that was not an impossible barrier, and they were soon made accustomed to the yoke. Their few belongings were loaded into the wagon, and they were ready to join their neighbors in the move south.4

G. Richard Hill, who was then but a boy, recalls the flight to the south as follows:

We had a wagon and also a large spring carriage. We found we could not get all our things in the two, so with part of what we desired to take, we started on our journey. It took five days to reach Salt Lake City. The family was located in a house belonging to a Mr. Mitchell in the 15th Ward, close to the Jordan River, and was left there while the teams returned for the balance of the things.

While we were living in this place the Governor, Alfred Cummings, came in escorted by General Daniel H. Wells, and was received by Brigham Young and other leading men with due respect according to his position. He promised all that would come to him full protection. A few weak-hearted sought the Governor but the masses continued to move on or make preparations to leave. The soldiers were to remain where they were until all had had time to move. Then the Army was to be permitted to enter the valley, but they were to pass through the city and not camp in or near the city, or disturb anything that might be left. There was a detail of young men left as a guard with instructions to set fire to every house and to make the place as desolate as it was when first located if the soldiers did not do as was agreed.

The big carriage was now traded for a large Government wagon in which we could place everything, our wheat loose in the bottom with beds on top, articles of furniture stowed in and on the sides of the wagons.

Now we made a new start, and this was the order: George with the big wagon drawn by Tom and Joy, Tip and Tibs, Rough and Ready, and Buck and Bright. The second wagon was driven by James Knight, drawn by Dick and Jolly and Buck and Tiny. A white pig was tied under the wagon so it would have to walk and could not help itself. Behind the wagons came the cows and young stock and sheep, driven by the writer and Loremia Stewart, each on horseback.

It required thirteen days with our outfit to reach Fillmore. Here we established a temporary home, rented a fine piece of land, and put in wheat and potatoes.\(^5\)

On June 26, 1858, Johnston's Army entered Salt Lake City. As Johnston had promised, the troops kept good order, and no citizens were molested. The army passed on through the city and made their headquarters in Cedar Valley, some thirty-six miles south of Salt Lake City.\(^6\)

**The Saints Return Home**

With the army encamped some distance from the city, there was no longer any reason why the Saints should not return to their homes. Therefore, on June 30, 1858, Brigham Young made the announcement that "all who wished to return to their homes in Great Salt Lake City are at liberty to do so."\(^7\) Word that they could return to their homes in northern Utah soon reached the Hill family.

The question now was what to do with the crops that had been planted. There was a man by the name of Hubbard who had arrived in Fillmore from Willard, Box Elder County, and had left a crop growing there. As he would not return that season, an exchange of crops was effected between him and George Hill. All things being settled, the return trip was started July 7.\(^8\)

On the return trip, George was stricken with cholera, and was nigh unto death for several days. He finally recovered sufficiently to resume the journey to Ogden, but he suffered from the effects of this attack for several years thereafter.\(^9\)

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\(^5\) George Richard Hill, *op. cit.*, pp. 50-52.

\(^6\) Roberts, *op. cit.*, Vol. 4, p. 447.

\(^7\) Ibid.

\(^8\) George Richard Hill, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

Upon arrival at their home in Ogden, the Hill family discovered that their farm had produced a fair crop of volunteer wheat. This, together with the crop in Willard, which the Hills had received in consequence of their bargain with Hubbard, provided sufficient sustenance for the winter of 1858-1859. In addition, during this winter, George operated a saw-mill in Weber Valley, near the present site of Peterson.10

The next four years in the life of George Washington Hill were spent in building up his farm, and securing for his family the necessities of life. In addition he participated in several posse's during this time in an attempt to curb the activities of a gang of horse thieves who were operating in the south Weber area.

George Participates in the "Church Team Plan"

As part of a concentrated attempt on the part of church leaders to develop more inexpensive and effective means of transporting new immigrants to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the "church team" plan was finally evolved. Calls were made by the church authorities for brethren already in the valley to take their teams east and pick up new immigrants who wished to gather with the Saints. Larson gives the following interesting information as regards to the "church teams".

The call to supply teams for the Church trains was received early in March by the ward bishops throughout Zion. A team consisting of two or three yoke of oxen was required. In addition to a teamster for each outfit, an extra man to approximately every four wagons went along on horseback as "herder" and "scout." These men, selected by the bishop, were called on "missions." The mission would cover the period required to make the trip to the frontier outfitting post and return, which was usually six months. Compensation for their services came in form of labor tithing receipts . . . . Most of those called into the Church train service (and some

10 George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 54.
were called repeatedly), were comparatively new settlers. The growing season ahead held high promise for them and their equipment was needed badly for planting and harvesting. But the call of authority was to go with the Church train, and without question they prepared to obey. After all, the progress of the Kingdom held right of way. So while the men assembled necessary equipment, the women were busy packing food supplies, which, in addition to flour and cured meats, included large slabs of hard unleavened bread. Extra cattle driven along with the train would supply the fresh meat.\(^{11}\)

On such a "mission" George was called in the spring of 1864. He acted as a night herder for the company and in this capacity was absent from his family until October of the same year.\(^{12}\) Again in 1866, George's teams made the long trip east as part of a "church train," but this time George sent his oldest son, George Richard as driver instead of going himself. George did not personally accompany the train because of the Black Hawk Indian War.

**Difficulties With the Indians**

Commencing in April 1865,\(^ {13}\) Chief Blackhawk and his band of renegade Indians went on the warpath against the whitemen.

This was the opening of hostilities between the white settlers and Indians in southern Utah which continued through several years, and was the most disastrous to the white population of all the Utah Indian wars.\(^ {14}\)

Fearing the trouble in the south would incite those in the north to go on the warpath and thus jeopardize the lives of the people of Ogden Valley, General C. W. West called on George W. Hill to take men belonging to the Horse Company of the Weber County Militia and patrol the mountains from Ogden Valley.

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\(^{13}\) Roberts, *op. cit.* , Vol. 5, p. 149.

\(^{14}\) Ibid., p. 150.
to Bear Lake and Cache Valley. He followed this pursuit all summer, calling out ten men at a time to accompany him for a two weeks' trip. When they returned, ten other men were required to go, which kept him in the saddle all summer. This being considered a hardship, the people of Ogden Valley were requested to contribute to the support of those engaged in their protection. A man living in Eden was appointed to receive the means himself.\[15\]

A Regrettable Incident

In the fall of 1866, an incident occurred which very nearly resulted in George being cut off from the Church. As before stated, Mr. Hill had spent most of the summer and early autumn away from home, attempting to maintain peace among the Indians. Snow fell early that year, and so George returned home for more supplies. When he arrived home, he found his eight year old son out in the snow doing the farming chores barefooted, because he had no shoes. The father therefore took the child to Z.C.M.I. for shoes, but finding that there were none in the store of a proper size to fit the child, he crossed the street to a "Gentile" store belonging to the Walker Brothers and purchased the shoes.

In our day, nothing would be thought of buying goods from a non-Mormon, but we must remember that in the 1860's conditions in Utah were pitched to a high tension. The Gentile merchants had fleeced the Mormons for many years, until finally the Church authorities had rebelled and declared a boycott on Gentile stores. Under the terms of the boycott, church members were advised to refrain from dealing with non-Mormon merchants, especially those merchants who were hostile to the Mormon people.

Therefore, when George Washington Hill was seen emerging with a purchase from a Gentile store, he was immediately reported to his Bishop.

\[15\] George Richard Hill, *op. cit.*, p. 60.
Mr. Hill might easily have concealed his purchase, but this was not the nature of the man. What he did, he did openly, feeling that his cause was just, inasmuch as he had first attempted to buy the shoes from the Church Coop. His bishop, however, was not so broadminded. George was instructed to appear before a public meeting and ask forgiveness. This he refused to do, saying that he had done nothing which he wished to be forgiven of. The bishop, therefore, sticking to the letter of the law, instead of the spirit thereof, disfellowshipped Brother Hill.

George stuck to his position, and it appeared likely that he would be cut off from the church. However, before final action was taken, Brigham Young appeared on the scene. He had come to preside over a conference, and he chose to stay at the Hill home during his visit in the city. George accordingly explained his predicament to President Young, and Brigham Young sustained him in his position, declaring that he would have done the same thing if a son of his were forced to walk in the snow barefooted. President Young made a personal call on the bishop, and needless to say, George was reinstated and nothing more was heard of the matter.16

In 1867, George built a mill in Ogden, for the purpose of grinding sugar cane into molasses. It was built on the lot where the Ben Lomond Hotel now stands, but after operating there for a year it was moved to West Weber where it operated for a short time before being destroyed by fire.17

The Railroad Comes to Utah

In 1868, George took a sub-contract to make the grade for that

17 Ibid., p. 22.
portion of the Union Pacific Railroad which ran through his farm. In
1869, his contract was completed, and on May 10, 1869, the last rail was
laid, and the nation was supplied with its first coast to coast transcon-
tinental railway. Says Neff of this momentous achievement:

The great event of the completion of the Pacific Railway was
reserved for Monday, May 10, 1869, when the tracks from the east
and the west met at Promontory point on the northern shore of the
Great Salt Lake. There at a point fifty-three miles northwest
of Ogden, six hundred ninety miles east of Sacramento, and one
thousand eighty-five miles west of Omaha -- the Union Pacific and
Central Pacific railroads met, the last rail was laid, and the
last spike driven, welding both roads into one.

The last tie was made of California laurel, highly polished,
and mounted with silver at the ends, and the last spike was made
of gold, weighing 8 oz., and ornamented with appropriate designs
and inscriptions. The rail was laid upon the laurel tie and the
golden spike was driven home, and the great work was pronounced
finished amid the plaudits of an assembled multitude. Thus was
the great railway completed.18

Experiences as a Night-Watchman

In 1870-71, George worked for Z.C. M.I., receiving and shipping
grain from Weber County. He resigned from this position, and in 1872 he
became a night-watchman for Union Pacific Railroad. While thus employed
he had some interesting and exciting experiences which are recorded by his
son as follows:

There was a gang of men running a saloon near the passenger
depot. They would go out west as far as Terrace and meet the
eastbound passenger train. They would mark their man or men,
and as the train stopped in Ogden, changed cars and got meals,
there would be time for the passengers thus spotted to see a little
of the town. The first place to visit would be the saloon run by
these confidence men.

Things went on in this way until people began to be afraid
to travel on the Central Pacific. The Superintendent, B. H. Pratt,
said in the presence of the night watchman that he wished the
Police of Ogden would do what he thought was their duty, or that
something could be done to stop the traffic of the gamblers and

18 Neff, op. cit., pp. 750-751.
pickpockets that traveled on their train. "Well, Mr. Pratt," said George, "I can stop those men in two weeks if you will give me the liberty. . . . If I undertake this I will need to be present when the trains come in and so my day's sleeping will be broken. If I should be caught napping at night, all I ask is that you see that I am not disgraced." Mr. Pratt said, "We can trust you, go ahead."

So when the trains arrived about 10:00 a.m. he would follow the men to the door of the saloon, tap the stranger on the shoulder and ask for a few seconds conversation. He would then inform him of the nature of the place he was entering, receive thanks, and return to his work. The gamblers got furious and threatened to shoot, but always in the absence of the watchman. His friends came to him and warned him of the threats and said that they were desperate men, but his only remark was, "If they think they can shoot any quicker or straighter than I can, let them try it."

In about ten days things came to a climax. The gamblers were taking nothing in. Their expenses were high, and they got to quarreling among themselves and finally to shooting; George Loomis, the proprietor, was shot in the knee, while one of the Creek brothers got hit in the shoulder. Then the watchman arrested the lot of them. They were now in the clutches of the law, and their business was broken up. The officials of the railroad never forgot that service, but would for years pass George Hill anywhere on their line.19

John Joseph Hill records a second incident which also occurred about this time:

Soon after this, the morning train brought in a crazy man. Crossing the mountain the light mountain air had deranged his mind. He got off the train and went through the R. R. offices and drove everybody out and took possession. The day police were there on duty, but they did not dare tackle him. He held the police, the office men, and all employees at bay. So they sent and woke Mr. Hill and told him there was a crazy man at bay, and the president wanted him to come and take care of him. He went down and entered the room where the crazy man was in sole possession.

The man was in the farther corner of the room when Mr. Hill entered. He raised his head, gave a sort of grunt, then ducked his head and made for him. Mr. Hill carried a heavy cane, this was brought down on the man's head, but broke like a pipe stem, an end striking the further wall of the room without having more influence than a feather in stopping him. They grappled. The crazy man proved to be a powerful fellow with some experience as a wrestler. He soon discovered, however, that he had met

his match and gave up. He became as docile as a lamb. An extra coach was put on the train, and Mr. Hill took the man in it and escorted him to Virginia City, Nevada, where he was delivered to his relatives.20

George continued as night watchman in the year 1873, but he was not destined to remain in this position for long. "He had a nation to set on its feet," and the time was near at hand when he would once again be called into the missionary service.

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CHAPTER VII
SECOND MISSION TO THE LAMANITES

Religious Revival Among the Indians

The year 1873, witnessed the commencement of a widespread religious awakening among the Indians, which was of such proportions that it resulted in the baptism of several thousand of the Lamanite people. As part of this general religious awakening, a band of approximately one hundred twenty five Indians appeared at the home of George W. Hill one day in the early spring of 1873. They requested to see Inkapompy, but Mrs. Hill, refused their request, saying that her husband had worked all night as watchman at the railroad offices, and could not be disturbed. The Indians, however, were not to be denied, and they remained camped around the house until mid-afternoon when Mr. Hill finally awakened.

Chief Tsagutch acted as spokesman and told George that the Great Spirit had sent his people dreams and other manifestations, telling them that the Mormon people had the true church. The chief then continued saying, "We want you to come to our camp and preach to us and baptize us." George told the Indians that he could not baptize them, explaining that:

There was order in the church of the Great Spirit. That He had organized His church with a prophet at the head. And when the time came that He wanted a work to be done He visited His prophet and told him to send someone to do it. When the Great Spirit visited His prophet and the prophet called upon him,

George Washington Hill and a Group of Indian Converts.
then it would be time for him to go out and preach to them and baptize them.  

A Call to Service from Brigham Young

The Indians, of course, were very disappointed and returned to their homes very much discouraged. A few days later, they again returned with the same request, but Mr. Hill again refused them as kindly as possible, telling them that he had not yet been authorized to baptize them. Shortly after this second visit, in mid-April 1875, Brother Hill received a letter from President Young requesting his presence for an interview.

When he entered the President's office, President Young greeted him with his usual spirit of welcome. After a cordial greeting, he addressed him in about the following words, "Brother Hill, there has been a load resting on my shoulders for some time. I have tried to shake it off. Now I am going to give it to you. It is going to be your load from now on. I want you to take charge of the mission to the Indians in all this northern country. You know the Indian language. You are acquainted with the Indians, with their habits and customs. You may go at the work in your own way. Seek the Lord and be guided by the inspiration of the spirit. If you want counsel, come to this office, I always will be glad to counsel with you and advise you, but you must consider this is your load. I suggest that you find some way of getting the Indians located somewhere where you can establish a central gathering place where they can be taught the art of civilization, where they can be taught to cultivate the soil and become self-supporting. I don't know just how you should go about this, but you will find a way. Now go to it, and God bless you!"

First Visit to the Indian Camp

Brother Hill retained his job as night watchman for a short time after his interview with Brigham Young, but he began immediately to cast about in his mind for effective ways to not only convert the Indians, but also to make them self-supporting.

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3Ibid., p. 24.
On May 1, the chiefs of the Indian tribes once again visited with Mr. Hill, and requested that he come and preach the gospel to them. Therefore, on May 5, George made arrangements with a nephew, Frank Hill, to take his shift as night watchman so that he could make his first visit to the Indian camp. He then boarded a freight train and rode as far as Corinne. After disembarking in Corinne he set out on foot for the Indian camp, some twelve miles distant. He had traversed about a mile, when he was met by an Indian on horseback. Said the Indian:

"Hello, Inkapompy. Saguiitch told us you were coming today. That we are all to get up and get cleaned up, ready to meet you—that you were coming to preach to us and baptize us." "How did Saguiitch know?" "I don't know how he knew. But they are all getting ready to meet you. I am just going to Corrine to get a little meat and will be right back." He walked on, still pondering and thinking for about another mile, when he met the old chief riding on one horse and leading another with a saddle on it. On coming up, the old chief remarked, "I saw you coming. I was surprised to see you coming that way. I thought when you came, you would come with your mules and wagon. But when I saw you coming on foot, I thought you would be tired, so I brought you a horse to ride."  

George mounted the spare horse and accompanied the old chief into camp. He found the tribe eagerly awaiting his arrival, and the remainder of the day was spent in preaching the gospel and baptizing the Indians into the Church. At the end of the day, a total of one hundred and two people had been baptized.  

He then returned to Ogden, and continued to formulate plans for additional work among the Lamanites.

While in Ogden during this time he was ordained to the office of Patriarch.  

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5Tbid., p. 25.


7"Journal History" (Salt Lake City: L.D.S. Church Historical Library, unpublished compilation of daily Church events), May 17, 1873, p. 1.
Establishing a Permanent Indian Colony

The next big question in the mind of George W. Hill was how to go about the work of securing land on which his new converts could make a permanent settlement. He did not feel that baptism alone was sufficient for these Lamanite brethren, but felt that they must also be taught the arts of civilization which would make them self-sustaining. The problem of finding available farming land was not so easy to solve, however. Finally, he gathered his Indian converts into Oneida County in the vicinity of the town of Franklin on the Utah-Idaho border.

Here in the spring of 1874, the Indian colony worked for the white settlers hauling wood, clearing land, and doing general farm work. The white settlers, however, had little money with which to pay the Indians for their work, and the redmen soon became dissatisfied. Some of the white settlers made no attempt whatever to pay their new found workers, feeling that after all they were only Indians and really deserved nothing for their work. Throughout the whole history of George Washington Hill's labor with the Indian peoples, this problem of the dishonesty of his own white breth-ren towards the Indians seems to have been one of the major problems he had to face. As can readily be seen, it is most difficult to convince converts that certain principles of honesty and integrity are vital to Mormonism, when Mormons themselves fail to demonstrate these principles in their every day living. A misunderstanding of this type arose in June of 1874. The following letter to Dimick B. Huntington refers to the trouble and then gives a good summary of existing conditions:

Dear Brother: Returned last night from Franklin. I took James Hill from Mendon with me. Found the difficulty arose from a misunderstanding of language entirely. We left everything all right, and left them feeling as well as anybody you ever saw.
Have located their land across Cub Creek, on the south side of the Little Mountain, within one-half mile of Franklin. The assessor will be around in a few days and I have instructed them to pay their taxes and prepare themselves to pre-empt land, and as soon as they can prepare themselves to file on all the land there is around there, and so prepare a home for others who will gather with them, as I do not want them to always live in Indian camps as they do now, but live as the white do. They have sent for ti-voo-en-sah to come and stop with them. They sent ten men today to work on the canal to bring water into Franklin bench, to work until it is done. They will send some to help Jonathan Packer to get out water to his place. Had a good time on Saturday, planting potatoes, hauling stakes for fencing etc. Had a good talk with them and baptized all there were left that had not been baptized amounting to sixteen all told, including Little Soldier and all his family. Ordained Little Soldier an Elder and set him to preaching to the other Indians, and in fact had a good time in general and left with the best of feelings.

Following are the names of those that were baptized by George W. Hill, on June 6, 1874:

Little Soldier, (ordained an Elder)

Unin-tivoo, his wife Mary . . . . (Other names follow).

I had baptized Laman and his wife, as I sent you word in a letter a few days ago. Will you attend to having these names put upon the record for me? Laman is working for the Bishop and making a good hand. The Bishop likes him very much. I shall come down to see the President in two or three days. You may show him this letter.

Yours as ever,
George W. Hill

Finally in the latter part of the summer, the Indians decided on a bit of strategy to regain a small portion of the wages owed them. This little episode is recorded as follows by George's son, John:

In the latter part of the summer, the Indians worked up a little scheme to get even. They had two branches to their camp—one on the north and one on the west—both across the river from the town and on a hill north and west. Both camps gathered on the west and arranged their tents in a circle. They gave out the word they would put on an Indian dance and invite all the people of the town to come out and witness the performance. Free. They all came. They located in the Indian tents all with the opening facing the open ground in the center. They put on the dance—free—but after it was over, they made the people pay 10 cents each to get out of the tents. It was taken as a huge joke, but the 10 cents was paid.

8"Journal History," op. cit., June 8, 1874, p. 5.

All in all George regarded the summer's accomplishments as inadequate. More and more he began to catch the vision of his Lamanite brethren owning a large section of their own land, working for themselves, and becoming financially independent. He therefore scouted around considerably and finally located a sizable section of good fertile land near the present site of Tremonton. Since this land was totally unoccupied, the Indian farmers were now moved into this area. Early in the spring of 1875, the Indians, under the direction of Mr. Hill, engaged in the tremendous project of digging a canal from the Malad River, so that their new land might have water. This proved to be too large of an undertaking for one year, however, as can be noted from the following entry:

But the digging on the canal was too big an undertaking to think of getting out the water to irrigate this season's crops. So arrangements were made with the farmers at Bear River City for land with water on it for the season's use. This was plowed and about one hundred acres of wheat, twenty-five acres of corn, fifty acres of potatoes, five acres of other vegetables were planted. All these came up good, were carefully cultivated and gave promise of a good yield. The Indians were industrious. They took an interest in their work and were making good progress towards becoming a prosperous community.

Progress in Civilizing the Indians

During this summer, a Deseret News reporter visited the camp, describing conditions there in glowing terms:

Civilization Among the Indians: Yesterday we met with Brother G. W. Hill, who has charge of a colony of several hundred Indians, mostly of the Shoshone, Bannock, and Pab Ute tribes. They are Indians who have come forward and demanded to be baptized. The location is in Malad valley, Idaho territory, and quite a breadth of the land has been farmed by them during the present season, one hundred acres of wheat have been sown, twenty-five acres of corn, five and a half of potatoes,

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10 Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 27.
11 Ibid., p. 27.
and about four acres of various kinds of vegetables, all of which give promise of a fair yield.

These Indians are exceedingly industrious, working as faithfully and almost as expertly as white people. The younger men do the laborious work, and attend to it without murmuring. At present, they are camped out, but they express great anxiety to begin to build houses and live in them, like white people, and as soon as the site of the settlement is decided upon, which will be when a canal now being constructed is fully located, the erection of dwellings will be commenced. They declare their intention to wander about no more, but to lead industrious and respectable lives, at peace with all their fellow creatures, reforming from stealing and all manner of bad practices, and abide by the conditions of their baptism, which are that they shall cease every species of wrong doing. Elder Hill has bap-
tized about three hundred since last spring.

The change for the better that has come over these denizens of the mountains is indeed remarkable, which is strikingly evident to a person passing through their camp at meal times, as they will not now partake of food until they have returned thanks to the Lord and ask his blessing upon it; they offer up their devotions to the "Great Spirit" morning and evening, and attend religious service on Sundays, paying the strictest attention and behaving with the most scrupulous decorum.

They appear to enjoy themselves very much, and since their location in the place mentioned, several hundreds being camped together, there has never been the slightest indication even of a disposition to quarrel with each other. Such is the simplicity of their faith in God that when any are sick among them they call for the administration of the ordinance for the sick, when they are almost invariably healed. They labor with an understanding and willingness that all shall share in the results, without any inclination to work alone for individual but the general weal. They have their own horses, and plow, sow and do other work with readiness. Besides this laboring on their own farm, they have obtained some means by plowing land for other parties, having done so on the Box Elder County Cooperative field.12

George Washington Hill was now at the height of his glory. The vision he had experienced so many years before, which had indicated that he would help to raise a fallen nation to its feet, was now in the very process of actual fulfillment. Word of this great achievement spread to the four winds, and soon Indians from other tribes were coming in by the hundreds to investigate conditions. The following entry is cited to show

the great amount of interest which was being generated among neighboring Indian tribes:

Reports of the success of this little colony were being carried to all the Indians on reservations within reach and delegations were coming from north, south, east and west to investigate. About the last of July, a company of about five hundred came from the Wind River reservation. They had heard of the remarkable results following the administration to the sick. They had a woman who had been sick a long time--she had not stood upon her feet for seven months. She wanted to go with the company to get the benefit of this administration, but how were they to convey her such a distance? They had no wagons and she could not ride a horse, but she had such a desire to accompany them that they contrived a method of conveyance. They cut two small cottonwood trees, trimmed them and tied the top ends on either side of the saddle on a horse letting the butt ends drag on the ground. They tied sticks to these to keep them always the same distance apart, then laced a lariat back and forth across these and made a bed. They laid her on this bed and dragged her behind the horse a distance of three or four hundred miles to the new Mormon Indian Settlement. After their arrival and a few meetings were held instructing them in the gospel, George W. Hill, whom the Indians had always called Inkapompy, but whom they now often more addressed as Father entered the water of Bear River and baptized three hundred one before coming out of the water. Among them was this woman referred to above, whom they had dragged behind the horse. Three men carried her into the water. But she walked out and never had to take to her bed again.13

It was during this great baptismal service on August 1, 1875, that a rather interesting series of experiences was noted. As Brother Hill stood in the water baptizing, certain of the Indians, immediately after immersion, would lose their strength and seem almost as though they were lifeless. John Joseph Hill records this peculiar phenomena as follows:

As he stood in the water, three of the chiefs of the band stood on the bank, keeping the Indians in line and keeping the line closed up so there would be no waiting. As soon as one was baptized, the next would be there. Presently a woman wilted as she went under the water. She seemed lifeless and had to be lifted and held up by main strength. When this was seen, the

head chief counted, one—the second chief repeated, one—the third chief repeated one. Then the head chief said, "Don't be in a hurry, father, she will be alright. We were looking for that—the devil don't like water.

Presently, as the work went on, a man—large—strong—able—bodied—who could swim across the river a half-dozen times wilted in the same way. The head chief again said, two—the second chief repeated, two—and the third chief repeated two. The head chief again said, "Oh, don't be in a hurry, father, he'll be all right soon, we were looking for that. The devil don't like water."

Among the three hundred one that were baptized that day, nine wilted and had to be lifted up like a half-filled sack of wheat. The chiefs on the banks kept track each time shouting the number, repeated by the other two and then the caution—"Don't be in a hurry, father—he, or she, will be alright soon. We were looking for it, the devil don't like water."

After the services were over the old chief explained that those who wilted on going in the water had been practicing their witchcraft and working with their black arts so much that he didn't expect anything else of them.¹⁴

This was a great day in the life of George W. Hill. Word of the Gospel was spreading among all the tribes of the area, and it looked as if a new day of peace and prosperity was dawning for the Lamanites.

Figure 4

George Washington Hill,
As He Appeared During the 1870's
CHAPTER VIII

THE CORinne CONSPIRACY

The Development of a Plot

The tremendous success which the Mormons were having in civilizing the Indians and converting them to the Church was almost more than the Gentile faction in Utah could bear. For years they had feared that the Mormons would gain undue influence among the Indians, and now it appeared that their fears were about to become a reality. Corinne, which had long been the seat of a bitter anti-Mormon faction, led in this new outburst against the Mormons, and more specifically against the hundreds of Indians who were daily thronging into the Corinne area to accept the Mormon doctrines.¹

Finally some of the residents of this little "Burgh on the Bear" hit upon a scheme which they felt would serve not only to drive the Indians out, but would also serve to increase the population and prosperity of Corinne, itself. In essence, their plan was this: they would set out guards around the town, and then late at night the guards would shoot off their rifles, declaring that the Indians were coming. Simultaneously they would send word to Fort Douglas that Corinne was under attack and needed Federal Troops to rush to the rescue. By this means they hoped to force the Indians back into the north country. In addition, they hoped the Federal Troops would set up headquarters in Corinne, thus bringing

increased trade to the town.  

Accordingly, on the night of August 10, 1875, the town guards fired off their rifles and galloped into Corinne bearing word that a body of about five hundred Indians was attacking.

Great excitement followed. There was some "screaming and fainting" of women, and men rushed frantically about; but no Indians came. This, however, did not prevent a meeting of citizens being held to consult upon the safety of the city. Boxes of condemned arms belonging to the government and stored in trust at the Corinne railway depot were broken open and distributed among the citizens.3

**Federal Troops to the "Rescue"**

The citizens were armed to the teeth, but not so much as one Indian appeared on the scene. Nothing daunted, the ringleaders of the plan telegraphed to the governor, appealing for troops from Fort Douglas to come to the rescue. Almost immediately a detachment of troops was sent under the command of Major Briant and Captain Kennington to the "besieged" city.4

Upon arrival, the troops could find no evidence whatever of an attack. They accordingly, together with Mayor Johnson of Corinne, rode out to the Indian Camp to inquire further; but instead of finding the Indians in a state of preparation for war, they found them in the fields, tending to their crops. George Washington Hill, having heard that the troops were in the vicinity, gathered together several of the Indian Chiefs, and rode up to speak with the officers in charge, and the following conversation ensued:

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3Ibid., p. 167
4Ibid., p. 168
Capt. Kennington: "Do you characterize this report of the Indians being about to attack Corinne as a lie?"

Hill: "I do. There is not a particle of truth in it."

Johnson: "Do you mean to say that a large party of your Indians did not leave camp last night to attack Corinne?"

Hill: "I mean to say there was not one Indian left my camp last night to go to Corinne or anywhere else."

Johnson: "Were you up and awake all night, that you know what your Indians were doing?"

Hill: "I was up until the Indians had all gone to sleep. They would not start for Corinne without my knowing it, besides they never leave the camp without informing me."

Capt. Kennington: "There was a guard placed at the Malad bridge last night, and it was reported to me this morning that a large body of Indians came down and when they saw the guard they whirled and ran."

Hill: "It was entirely a mistake on the part of the guard. I wake easily and there could not be a stir in camp without my knowing it."

Johnson: "Do you mean to say that your Indians have not threatened to attack Corinne?"

Hill: "I mean to say that no Indian has threatened to attack Corinne, and I challenge any one to give the name of any Indian who has done so, and I will immediately send for him and have the matter settled. If you, Mr. Johnson, do not know the name of the Indian I will go with you through the camp, and you can point him out to me, and I will have him at once fetched in and the matter forth with investigated." Mayor Johnson could neither give the name nor point out the Indian.)

Reporter: "So all these Indians belong to the Mormon Church?"

Hill: "Yes, and a great many that are not here." (Is there any harm in this? Ed. News)

Johnson: "How many Indians have you here?"

Hill: "I do not know, I have never counted them."

Capt. Kennington: "What are the Indians who come from distant reservations doing on the farm?"

Hill: "Some have come to trade buffalo robes and buckskins
for ponies, others to visit their relations on the farm, in the same way as other people sometimes visit their friends."

   Reporter: "When are they going away?"

   Hill: "A large party have already gone. The remainder calculate to leave tomorrow morning."

   Johnson: "Have you not a large party here from Fort Hall?"

   Hill: "No."

   Johnson: "Not from Humboldt?"

   Hill: "No. None that I know of."

   Johnson: "Have you not had large parties here from those places?"

   Hill: "No never, that I know of. Occasionally a small party of four, five or six would come in, stay probably a day or two, and go home again."

   Johnson: "What claim do the Indians put forward to the land?"

   Hill: "Simply that they were the original owners and had never sold it. They make no other claim whatever."

   Johnson: "Had they ever attempted to enter any land in the U. S. Land office?"

   Hill: "Not that I know of."

   Johnson: "How much land do they claim?"

   Hill: "Just what they need for cultivation and to pasture their ponies, not to infringe upon the whites."

   Johnson: "Do the strange Indians from other parts put in the same claim?"

   Hill: "I do not know. I have never asked them."

   Captain Kennington: "Where are the visiting Indians from?"

   Hill: "There are Shoshones from Wind River, and a party of Bannocks from away north of the Crow country."

   Capt. Kennington: "I have been informed that the Indians have cut away the dam on which Corinne depended for water. Was this the case?"

   Hill: "It is only two miles from the dam over a level country."
Will you ride over and look at it? You will find that the dam has not been touched, and, like other statements, this assertion was without the least foundation in truth."

Capt. Kennington: "I will take your word for it."

Hill: "If you will go out upon the farm you will see the Indians hard at work harvesting, with many of the squaws and papooses gleaning, and others scattered all over the camp, while the Indians horses are grazing in every direction over the prairie as far as you can see. Did you ever, Captain, hear of Indians going to war under such circumstances?"5

An Ultimatum is Delivered

The next day, Major Briant, Captain Kennington, and an interpreter by the name of DeMars, again visited the camp. The Major delivered an ultimatum to the effect that all Indians must leave the farm and return to their reservation by noon of the next day, or he would drive them there by force.6 George replied that the visiting Indians from various reservations had already gone, but that the Indians who remained were resident Indians and had no reservation to go to. Nevertheless, the Major insisted that the order must be obeyed, and all Indians must go.

Mr. Hill replied: "If these orders are to be carried out, I have nothing further to say. The Indians want to be citizens, cultivate the land, obey the laws, and seek their protection; but, if I understand aright, if they do not leave their ungathered crops and are not off the farm tomorrow at noon, it will be equivalent to a declaration of war."7

The Major agreed that this was the case; but said he would be as gentle as possible. George assured the Major that the Mormons knew full well the meaning of Gentile "gentleness," and at this, the Major and his companions rode off.

5Deseret Evening News, 27 August, 1875.
6"Journal History," 12 August, 1875, p. 2.
7Ibid.
Indian Reaction

Brother Hill immediately called the Indians together and advised them of the ultimatum that had been given. The Indians, feeling that the land and crops were theirs, wanted to fight.

They called attention to the promise of the Lord in the Book of Mormon that: "They should go through as a lion among the beasts of the forest or as a young lion among the flocks of sheep."

One Indian said, "Now, you lead us, and we will do that."

Mr. Hill explained to them that the Lord was all powerful and when the time came for it that all would be well. But that time had not come yet. And the best thing now is for everyone to return to his former haunts until this blows over. He assured them that it would all turn out all right—that he would try to keep in touch with them and advise them what to do.

The wisdom and true greatness of George Washington Hill is here-in demonstrated. How easy it would have been to but say the word, and the Indians would have their revenge on the hated citizens of Corinne. After all, the Indians had committed no crime, the crops were legitimately their own, and they would only be fighting in defense of their own lives and property. But Brother Hill was a man who could look into the future. He foresaw that if the Indians were sent on the warpath, many would be killed, and the remainder would probably never be permitted to return to their farms. He, therefore, counseled submission to the ultimatum, and the Indians, trusting in the counsel of their beloved Inkapompy, sorrowfully gathered together their belongings and fled to the north.9

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8Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 31.

9Ibid.
A Child is Restored to Life

In the midst of the excitement and commotion of the evacuation, one incident occurred to bring additional heartache to the tragic scene. A little Indian child fell grievously ill. The Indian father, Jim Brown, fearing to leave with the child in such a condition, asked Inkapompy to administer to it.

As soon as the officers had gone, he went to the child which appeared to be dying. When he placed his hands on the child's head, a vision came before him. He saw the child as it was--a small child. He saw it in its various stages as it grew to a man. In his administering, he blessed the child as the vision suggested, promising the child he should live to manhood. The excitement in the camp continued. The Indians were preparing to move. They recognized Inkapompy as their head, and were busy as could be carrying out his orders. In the midst of the bussle and stir, the father of the child came up and said, "Inkapompy! The child is dead." What shall we do with it? Shall we bury it here or carry it with us?" He replied, "The child will live. Carry it with you." In packing their belongings on the horses, they tied the child on the back of one of the horses and carried it along. The next day, they sent word back--the child is alive--in a few days word came--the child is better--he can eat bread and milk. The child lived and grew to manhood as promised. 10

By nightfall the camp was empty, and not a soul remained in the once-happy little village. It is not amiss to here state that the courage and foresight of George Washington Hill in this incident, no doubt averted a major Indian uprising.

Newspaper Reactions to the Corinne Fiasco

One reporter, who styled himself "Rudio," sent the following ac- count of the Corinne Indians scare to the Deseret News. It is here repro- duced in full, because of the direct bearing it has on the incident, and the corroboration it gives to the account as given by George Washington Hill:

10 Ibid.
To Editor of Deseret News: I arrived at the seat of war last evening and found the people of this burgh in uproar and confusion, the town strongly guarded by armed men, families in full flight seeking places of safety, or housing themselves up in the hotel, which is a brick building, everybody wearing a look of importance and mystery, all in consequence of there being assembled in the vicinity a large body of Indians, variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand in number, and now encamped on Bear River, about seven miles from this place.

The stampede which took place late on Tuesday night was caused by the picket guard on the west side of town firing off their guns and galloping into town with the report that a large body of Indians were moving to attack the town, and that they had seen them, to the number of at least five hundred. This was sufficient. Women screamed and fainted and men rushed frantically from one place to another. A meeting of the citizens was called and boxes of condemned arms belonging to the government, and stored at the depot, were broken open, the contents distributed, and then dogs of war were about to be turned loose.

Immediately on my arrival I commenced the work of investigation and found many reports and unfounded rumors flying around, such as that a squad had warned many persons to leave, on account of impending massacre; a "Mormon" girl, who was employed in a family here had received a dispatch warning her to flee from the wrath to come; several families of Jack "Mormons" had already fled, etc., each new rumor and extravagant tale, after having been repeated a few times, receiving fresh proportions and confirmation from other sources. But the most preposterous and the one which received the most credence, was that Brigham Young wished to destroy the town, hoping thereby to advance the interests of the Utah Northern R. R. and exterminate the people of Corinne, who had persisted, against his wishes, in building up a rival to Salt Lake City, and he, through Mr. Hill, had incited the Indians to do the work, promising at the same time to give the Indians, for their own exclusive use as a reward, the entire valley, and that Mr. Hill, in a conversation with one L. DeMar, an Indian interpreter, had used threatening language against the people of Corinne. I chased the last individual down, and the following is his story:

"I went to the camp with the commander of the troops and found an unusual number of Indians collected there. Some of them have farms and are under the superintendence of Mr. Hill. They all talked friendly enough and intimated that they wished to trade and maintain peaceable relations with the whites. The old chief almost cried as he begged us not to bring the soldiers upon them. The great objection seemed to be their numbers. The Captain inquired whether, if ordered they would leave their farms and go to the reservation. They replied no, we wish to be permitted to live amongst the whites and lead their ways."
On inquiring as to the rumor regarding Mr. Hill, DeMar stated that he was a Mormon, and at the same time, shrugging his shoulders, said: "That is enough to satisfy any person that there is some harm intended. He held a commission or office under the government, but he has had the temerity to baptize some of these Indians, and he can have no other object in view but the extermination of the Gentiles." But, said DeMar, "he talked good enough and protested that his only object was to learn (sic) the Indians to cultivate the land and become a self-supporting people;" and he did not to his (DeMar's) knowledge, make any threats or use harsh language, with the exception that he (Hill) said that the reports of meditated violence by himself or the Indians was a lie.

The Captain's story corroborated the story of Mr. DeMar in every particular, and stated further that he could not detect any inclination on the part of the Indians or Mr. Hill to do wrong, but the fact that there were Indians in the encampment from almost every tribe in the north, from the Wind River to the heads of the Columbia, coupled with the fact that Hill was preaching to and baptizing them was sufficient warrant, in his eyes, for the present excitement. He had ordered them to disperse and had allowed them until Friday noon to do so. If found in force after that date he should move upon them with his force and such reinforcements as he could in the meantime call up.

The freighters, en masse, say that there is no occasion for this excitement, and further state that in traveling from this point to Montana they have never been molested or made afraid by the Indians and that they usually leave their wagons for whole days upon the plains between here and their destination without any guard, and their contents are never disturbed, which, as one of them naively remarked, would not be the case if there were white people about.

The people of Corinne are strong on surmise, and they conjectured that the town was dying a natural death, that something must be done to revive it, and that the gathering of the Indians offered a fair opportunity. The chances were that they could raise an Indian War and thereby get new blood infused into their veins, in the way of Corinne being made a point of departure for expeditions against the Indians. Then it could possibly be saddled upon the "Mormons" (principally Brigham Young) and then, as the postmaster remarked, "that would be the end of the damned church" for the government would be forced to exterminate the hated race. At least some troops would come here and remain for a short time, and on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the Corinmites would derive some benefit from even a short stay by them.

As the result of my investigation, I cannot find a single man or woman who has been disturbed either in person or property. There has been no hostile demonstration on the part of either
"Mormon" or Indian. The men who reported seeing Indians, on the night of the 10th, say that the night was very dark and that they were not close enough to fire on the Indians, or do them any harm, and in my mind the Indians they saw were creations of their excited imaginations . . . . The Indians have given the lie to the scheme by agreeing to quietly and peacefully move away, and after much turmoil and fear the ringites here and in Salt Lake City can say that their conspiracy to stop the work of conversion among the red men and bring a ruinous war on the Latter-day Saints has most signaliy failed. 11

The Deseret News was not the only newspaper to express editorial scorn for the despicable conspiracy in Corinne. The Salt Lake Herald joined in the public chastisement of the "Burgh on the Bear" with the following editorial comment:

For Shame, Corinne!

The Corinne farce has about blown over, and originators of the sickly affair are contemplating sacking their heads and hiding their faces from the public gaze. The stench they have created is reacting upon themselves and they are becoming objects of popular scorn.

Yesterday morning two companies of soldiers were taken to Corinne, Governor Emery accompanying them for the purpose of personally investigating the situation of affairs. The governor returned to the city last evening, and though we have not learned how he looks upon the affair, it is safe to say that he found not the slightest evidence that the Indians contemplated attacking the inhabitants of the Burgh on the Bear. The people of that town, if they were actually frightened, as some of them claim to have been, were scared at their own shadows. An ordinary man, with no more formidable weapon than the toe of his boot--providing his limbs were free from rheumatism--could, in half an hour, rid the town of any number of redskins who might appear there.

True, the Indians are off their reservations, and will probably be forced to go back; but they have not exhibited a sign of hostility to the whites, nor even an unfriendly feeling towards them; and the sickly sensationalists of Corinne and

11"Journal History," 12 August 1875, p. 2. (See appendixes D and E for additional articles which appeared in the Deseret News)
this city who created and tried to keep up the excitement over a threatened massacre, are deserving of only scorn and contempt.\textsuperscript{12}

Newspapers as far away as Omaha caught word of the scandal, and promptly defended the Mormon position also. The following is a sample of their attitude toward the whole sordid affair:

The Corinne Collapse

The Corinne telegrapher surrendered as gracefully as he could yesterday on the Corinne conspiracy. That interesting individual and the gangs of which he is the mouthpiece would do well to go and hang themselves. We deny the whole indictment against the Mormons, and we have no doubt that the Indians are as innocent of hostile intent towards the people of Corinne, or any other white people, as though they were unborn. Exactly what the explanation of the Corinne affair will be when those capable of tell the truth about the Mormons and Indians do this, we do not know, but the collapse of the conspiracy to create armed conflict in Utah was inevitable from the outset. That the army should have been cajoled into giving countenance to the scheme is to be regretted, but we do not believe there is an officer at Camp Douglas with a thimbleful of brains who believes that there was the least foundation for the organized scare at Corinne.\textsuperscript{13}

Roberts sums up this tragic episode most aptly when he says:

The whole thing, however, was a baseless fraud. There never was a moment of danger from the Indians gathered in the Malad valley . . . . I know of no sadder spectacle in the history of our country's tragic Indian policy than these Malad Indian farmers leaving, without resentment, their harvest-laden fields at the bidding of the military representatives of the nation.\textsuperscript{14}

As if the success of their conspiracy to drive the Indians out, was not enough, the Corinnites now added another chapter to their infamous scheme. On August 18, 1875, a group of the citizens of Corinne rode out

\textsuperscript{12}Salt Lake Herald, 13 August 1875. (see appendix C, for additional articles which appeared in the Salt Lake Herald)

\textsuperscript{13}Omaha Herald, 14 August 1875.

to the remains of the Indian camp on the pretense of arresting George Washington Hill. In reality, however, their object was to pillage and destroy. Finding the camp utterly deserted, these "honest" citizens of Corinne proceeded to search for any articles of value which might have been left when the Indians fled. Mr. Hill's tent was still standing, so they ransacked it first, taking robes, beaver traps, brass kettles and other utensils. In addition they rounded up and shot all the Indians' chickens which had been left in their hurried retreat. But by their greed, they thus unmasked their true intentions, and no one could longer doubt as to the identity of the real perpetrators of the Corinne Indian Scare of August 1875.15

15"Journal History," 20 August 1875, p. 2. (See full account of this theft as contained in a letter by George W. Hill. Letter is reproduced in full in Appendix E.)
CHAPTER IX

THE SUNSET YEARS

Efforts to Re-group the Indian Converts

The breaking up of the Lamanite community, and the subsequent scattering of these people was a great disappointment to George W. Hill. Nevertheless, he still retained faith in the eventual fulfillment of the promise that the Indian people would be permitted to become a civilized and delightful people.¹

He therefore exhausted every effort to continue to teach the gospel to his Lamanite brethren even though they were scattered far and wide. The authorities of the Church sustained him in his wish to keep contact with these Lamanite converts, and they therefore called twenty-five² additional brethren to assist him in the work of preaching to the Indians.³

The late fall and winter of 1875 was spent in traveling to and fro among the various Indian camps, strengthening the Indians in the Gospel, and adding new members to the flock.⁴

¹II Nephi 30:5-6.


³See letter from George Washington Hill in Appendix G.

⁴"Journal History", 1 October 1876, p. 2.
Figure 5

Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones

The Washakie Indian Mission was named after this great man.
Permanent Indian Settlement Established

Eventually a new Indian settlement was located further north on the Malad River. Here, under the direction of George Washington Hill, a little community called Washakie was established and the Indian converts were instructed to gather to this place and make permanent homes and farms.

The years 1876-1877 were spent in building up the new community farm and in gathering all Indian converts who had not been assigned to reservations by the Federal Government. 6

During the winter of 1878-1879, Dimick B. Huntington, the chief Indian Interpreter for the Church passed away. Brother Hill was chosen to succeed him, and he accordingly moved to Salt Lake City in the spring of 1879. 7 His duties now consisted of meeting the various Indian delegations who came into Salt Lake City, and acting as interpreter during their visits with the General Authorities of the Church. In addition, he was employed during his spare time in the Tithing Office. 8 This appointment was truly a blessing for Brother Hill. He was no longer a young man, and the years were beginning to show their effect. He still carried his massive frame as straight as ever, 9 but the extremes of heat, cold, hunger, and fatigue which he had endured in this frontier land had taken their toll,

5George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 65.
6Ibid., p. 65.
7Ibid., pp. 68-69.
8Ibid., p. 68.
9See eye witness account contained in letter from Edith Hill Brown in Appendix K.
Figure 3

Home of George Washington Hill and His Family in Salt Lake City

It was here that George and Cynthia resided in their declining years. The house, which was erected a few blocks northwest of the Temple Grounds, is still standing.
and it was most fortunate that he could now be placed in a position where
great amounts of physical stamina were no longer required. Of necessity,
he now curtailed his visits to the Washakie Indian Farm, and in 1880,
Isaac Zundell was appointed as Bishop at Washakie.\textsuperscript{10}

\textbf{Federal Government vs L. D. S. Polygamy}

The next few years were pleasant and interesting for George and
his good wife, Cynthia. They sold some of their property, both in Ogden
and in Salt Lake, and thus had sufficient income to provide adequately
for all their needs.\textsuperscript{11}

During the 1880's the Federal Government was actively engaged in
trying to stamp out the Mormon practice of polygamy. Several of George's
sons had entered into this practice of plural marriage, and much of George's
time was therefore spent in helping to conceal his sons' plural wives.
Many of the prominent leaders of the Church were hounded so unmercifully
that they went into hiding. Others went on missions to distant states,
and a few even went as far as Canada and Mexico to escape persecution for
their religious beliefs.

As a result of this persecution and prosecution of the leading
brethren by the Federal Government, the Church as a functioning organiz-
ation was seriously incapacitated for a time. The functions of the various
auxiliaries of the Church were greatly curtailed and missionary work in
many areas was almost brought to a standstill.\textsuperscript{12}

\textsuperscript{10}Jenson, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 561.
\textsuperscript{11}George Richard Hill, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 72.
\textsuperscript{12}A statement to this effect was made by Professor Gustive O.
Larson of Brigham Young University in Church History 105, Winter Quarter,
1956.
The work of conversion among the Lamanites was also greatly hindered, and work on the Washakie Indian Mission progressed slowly.\(^\text{13}\)

**Genealogical Data Obtained**

In 1886, Brother Hill became intensely interested in the welfare of his kinsmen who had passed on into the spirit world without having heard the Gospel. Having lived such an active life previously, he had had little time or inclination for genealogy work, but now that his time was not so fully occupied, he became an ardent advocate of genealogical research.\(^\text{14}\)

In this capacity, he wrote numerous letters to relatives and acquaintances in the East, and finally in 1888 he took his son, Charles, and journeyed to several of the eastern states in an effort to find the genealogy of his family.\(^\text{15}\) Again in February 1889, he journeyed east for the same purpose. This time his youngest son, Parley, accompanied him, and they succeeded in gathering data which helped them to trace the family line back for several hundred years.\(^\text{16}\)

**Death and Funeral Services**

The remainder of George Washington Hill's life was spent in semi-retirement. He and his good wife made frequent visits to the homes of their children, and George occasionally acted as body guard and interpreter for President Wilford Woodruff.\(^\text{17}\)

\(^\text{13}\) Jenson, op. cit., p. 561.

\(^\text{14}\) George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 73.

\(^\text{15}\) Ibid., pp. 74-75.

\(^\text{16}\) Ibid.

\(^\text{17}\) Ibid.
In mid-February of 1891, he was taken ill with influenza. Pneumonia followed, and valiant "Inkapompy" passed to the great beyond on February 24, 1891.  

The funeral services for the remains of Elder George W. Hill were held in the twenty-second ward meeting house under the direction of the bishopric of the twelfth ward at 1 p.m. President L. W. Shrentliff of Weber Stake, Elder R. G. Belnap, Richard Ballantyne, John Pencock, W. W. Barton of Ogden, and Archibald Hill of Salt Lake City, spoke of their acquaintances and associations with the departed veteran since the first settlement of this territory, consoling and instructive remarks were made by President Wilford Woodruff, President George Cannon, Apostle A. H. Cannon, and Div. Sup. of Railroad, R. H. Pratt.

George W. Hill. A halo of heroism surrounds the memory of the men and women who braved the dangers and hardships connected with the opening of the Rocky Mountain region to settlement and civilization. They were strong characters, most of whose careers have been illuminated by deeds of daring. Among this class was the late George W. Hill, whose death on Tuesday, February 24th, has already been announced, and whose funeral was conducted this afternoon, in the meeting house of the Twenty-second Ward. His life has been one of devotion to the benefit of others, his own personal interests being a matter of subordinate consideration. He was a humble and unobtrusive man, of deep religious convictions, and his memory will not only be cherished by his wife and six children, but by all who knew him and appreciated his worth.

Conclusions

An elaborate summary of the accomplishments of George Washington Hill would be superfluous. As has been shown, his life was literally filled with activities and accomplishments which speak for themselves. At his passing, the Church bade farewell to a truly noble soul. He was a missionary-extraordinary, and during his lifetime he baptized some two

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18 George Richard Hill, op. cit., p. 76.

19 Joseph John Hill, op. cit., p. 36.

20 "Journal History", 26 February 1891.
thousand Indian converts.\textsuperscript{21}

The present Washakie Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is made up principally of descendants of those early Indian converts, stands as a living monument to the diligent service and love of this great friend to the Lamanites, George Washington Hill.\textsuperscript{22}


\textsuperscript{22}See Appendix M for elaborate eulogy and summary of accomplishments of George Washington Hill, as contained in the \textit{Deseret News}. 
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Bishop, Mrs. D. Earl. A granddaughter, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Brown, Edith Hill. A granddaughter, Boise, Idaho.

Hill, George R. A grandson, Salt Lake City, Utah.
APPENDIX A

POOR SCARED CORINNE'S LAST KICK

All the world is laughing till its sides ache over poor scared Corinne's last convulsive kick. What a tremendous fright that was, to be sure. What horrible visions of hair floating in the air must have terrified the poor trembling Corinnites! The nightmare would have been nothing to it. One really feels sorry, very sorry, for one's neighbors on the banks of the Bear, and one naturally falls to philosophically soliloquizing upon the tremendous occurrence and asking, Shall there be an Indian war in a city and the Indians know nothing about it? Shall the doughty Corinnites be scalped to a man and the red skins be totally oblivious of the hairlifting enormity? One is half afraid that the standing salutation, hail, and farewell to a Corinnite will henceforth and forever be, "How's your hair?"

Journal History, August 13, 1875, p. 2.
The Deseret Evening News of this date published the foregoing editorial.
APPENDIX B

THE CORINNE CONSPIRACY AND COLLAPSE

...Corinne, known here, more descriptively, as the "Burgh on the Bear," is the seat of an immense hoax at the expense of the government.

A large number of Indians, desirous of learning the art of agriculture and civilization, had collected about six miles up the river from Corinne, for the purpose of farming. They were under the direction of a Mr. Hill, a Mormon, and were as peaceable as could be.

Wednesday or Thursday of last week the people of Salt Lake were startled by the intelligence that Corinne had been attacked by hordes of aborigines and the lives and property of the "Burghites" were jeopardized. This report seemed to be substantiated when three companies of soldiers from Camp Douglas were dispatched with haste for the place.

Bloody tales ran loose for a day or so and people were buoyed to the highest pinnacle of expectation. Hourly did we expect the news of the slaughter and the arrival of the mangled slain, but how different were the facts from our surmising!

Corinne has been slowly sinking in wealth and urban importance for so long that she has reached that deplorable layer from which her municipal officers and wealthy citizens determined to raise her. They thought that by the injection of a little currency into her veins life might be resuscitated. Hence the Indian scare. Three companies of United States troops must necessarily spend some money for sustenance.

Journal History, 18 August 1875, pp. 1-2. The foregoing was printed in the Ogden Herald.
APPENDIX C

THE FARCE

(to) Editors Herald.

To us old settlers it appears somewhat novel that a small body of Indians should be so potent as to cause the main portion of the citizens of the burgh on the Bear to flee from their homes. There has been no hostility exhibited in any way whatever, to the best of our knowledge. The Indians here are forsaking their wild habits and working hard in their harvest fields and minding their own business. Excitement had culminated to its highest point in Corinne night before last, when, upon a false alarm, the citizens were roused from their slumber, and the women and children in frantic fears sought refuge at a hotel. The day previous Mr. N. Holst, a "Mormon" from Brigham City, brought some green kale as a present to a Mrs. N. Jenson, whose husband was away working in some other locality. She thanked him, but said it would do her no good as she and all the rest would soon be numbered among the dead except they fled immediately, as the Indians had been ordered by the leaders of the Church at Brigham City to burn the town. Mr. Holst was in favor of having a sanity commission examine the state of her mind, but on seeing that she represented the general feeling and impressions of the doomed burgh, as it was called, his astonishment was the greater. He assured the woman that he was not afraid to stay or sleep at night in any house or in the street, and that the prevailing fears were premature, but she implored him to take her in his vehicle to Brigham City for protection, which he consented to cheerfully, and she is now there. However, before he left, he addressed a respectable business man in this manner:

"The people here are terribly frightened at nothing. Don't you believe that our leading men in Brigham City would use their best influence to prevent the Indians from injuring you, were they (the Indians) disposed to do mischief?" The business man coincided with Mr. Holst in this, and said that the alarm was only founded on a speculation of which he was ashamed.

The Indians of both sexes and their children were seen all day yesterday in the burgh as usual, unconscious of the existence of a state of war, and the "Mormons" usually doing business there, came along also, but soon found out that there was more safety outside the town than in it. The more intelligent of the soldiers felt disgusted at being called out where it appeared their service was not required. Some of the officers returned to Camp Douglas last evening via the railroad. What if, through unsound policy, some irregular proceeding, the last of which no one may be able to calculate, should occur in the heat of blind fury, who would be responsible?
Would not the proverb be "What wise heads are on those who rule the land?" The sinking burgh wants aid from some source. Who does not know the character of its political elements?

There are a few honorable business men and private citizens in Corinne who ridicule the idea of there being danger of an attack by the Indians; and they feel ashamed that their tricky, pettifogging and contemptible townsmen should lend themselves to the spreading of this unwarranted and damaging sensation. It is considered here by disinterested parties as the last kick of the dying town.

/s/ "A"

Journal History, 12 August 1875, p. 4.
The foregoing communication was published in the Salt Lake Herald, of August 13, 1875.
APPENDIX D

INDIAN EJECTMENT

For the last three years members of Tsagwitch's band of Shoshones and of other tribes of Indians had been begging of me and others to find them a location where they could have a farm and go to work and till it and live like white men. I had been requested to attend to this matter and had selected a spot of ground between the Bear and Malad rivers, about twenty miles north of Corinne and entirely out of the way of any settlements. Finding the labor would be too arduous to bring the water out of the Malad in time to irrigate this season's crop, I, with the Indians, moved about ten miles south to a field where the water had been taken out by the citizens of Bear River City. The Indians here did some hundreds of dollars worth of work in clearing out the ditch, making a new dam, repairing the fences of the citizens of Malad City, and here a temporary camp was established and crops were planted.

The Indians at the camp belonged principally to the Shoshones and had frequently expressed the desire to become citizens of the United States, in fact, had paid taxes at Franklin, Idaho Territory, in 1874, the taxes being levied on their horses, which was the only taxable property they owned and for which they hold the receipts.

This season the Indians put in about one hundred acres of wheat, twenty-five of corn, five and a half of potatoes, three to four of melons, peas, beets and other vegetables, which, at the time of the commencement of the excitement, were just ready for harvest. In fact, the Indians were in the fields with two reapers and had just commenced harvesting when the first news of trouble reached us. This was Wednesday, August 11th.

Being told by an Indian who had been to Corinne that soldiers were there and that the Captain wished to see Mr. Hill, I started with two chiefs and my informant for that place. On the way I met a party of gentlemen, consisting of Capt. Kennington, Mayor Johnson, of Corinne, Interpreter L. DeMars, and a newspaper correspondent, and with them returned to our camp.

On reaching my tent, I invited several chiefs to be present, and the following conversation ensued:

Capt. Kennington: "Do you characterize this report of the Indians being about to attack Corinne as a lie?"

Hill: "I do. There is not a particle of truth in it."
Johnson: "Do you mean to say that a large party of your Indians did not leave camp last night to attack Corinne?"

Hill: "I mean to say there was not one Indian left my camp last night to go to Corinne or anywhere else."

Johnson: "Were you up and awake all night, that you know what your Indians are doing?"

Hill: "I was up until the Indians had all gone to sleep, and their ponies were scattered all over the prairies. It was utterly impossible for the Indians to have gathered up their ponies and start for Corinne without my knowing it, besides they never leave the camp without informing me."

Capt. Kennington: "There was a guard placed at the Malad bridge last night, and it was reported to me this morning that a large body of Indians came down and when they saw the guard they whirled and ran."

Hill: "It was entirely a mistake on the part of the guard. I wake easily and there could not be a stir in camp without my knowing it."

Johnson: "Do you mean to say that your Indians have not threatened to attack Corinne?"

Hill: "I mean to say that no Indian has threatened to attack Corinne, and I challenge any one to give the name of any Indian who has done so, and I will immediately send for him and have him at once fetched in and the matter forthwith investigated."

(Mayor Johnson could neither give the name nor point out the Indian.)

Reporter: "Do all these Indians belong to the Mormon church?"

Hill: "Yes, and a great many that are not here."

(Is there any harm in this? (Ed. News.))

Johnson: "How many Indians have you here?"

Hill: "I don't know, I have never counted them."

Capt. Kennington: "What are the Indians who come from distant reservations doing on the farm?"

Hill: "Some have come to trade buffalo robes and buckskins for ponies, others to visit their relations on the farm, in the same way as other people sometimes visit their friends."

Reporter: "When are they going away?"
Hill: "A large party have already gone. The remainder calculate to leave tomorrow morning."

Johnson: "Have you not a large party here from Fort Hall?"

Hill: "No."

Johnson: "Not from Humboldt?"

Hill: "No, none that I know of."

Johnson: "Have you not had large parties here from those places?"

Hill: "No, never that I know of. Occasionally a small party of four, five, or six would come in, stay probably a day or two, and go home again.

Johnson: "What claim do the Indians put forward to the land?"

Hill: "Simply that they were the original owners and had never sold it. They make no other claim whatever."

Johnson: "Had they ever attempted to enter any land in the U. S. land office?"

Hill: "Not that I know of."

Johnson: "How much land do they claim?"

Hill: "Just what they need for cultivation and to pasture their ponies, not to infringe upon the whites."

Johnson: "Do the strange Indians from other parts put in the same claim?"

Hill: "I do not know. I have never asked them."

Capt. Kennington: "Where are the visiting Indians from?"

Hill: "There are Shoshones from Wind River, and a party of Bannocks from away north of the Crow country."

Capt. Kennington: "I have been informed that the Indians have cut away the dam on which Corinne depended for water. Was this the case?"

Hill: "It is only two miles from the dam over a level country. Will you ride over and look at it? You will find that the dam has not been touched, and, like other statements, this assertion was without the least foundation in truth."

Capt. Kennington: "I will take your word for it."
Hill: "If you will go out upon the farm, you will see the Indians hard at work harvesting, with many of the squaws and papooses gleaning, and others scattered all over the camp, while the Indians' horses are grazing in every direction over the prairie as far as you can see. Did you ever, Captain, hear of Indians going to war under such circumstances?"

The next day (Wednesday) Major Briant, accompanied by Captain Kennington and Interpreter De Mars, visited the camp. The Major delivered his message which was to the effect that all the Indians must leave the farm and go to their reservations before noon the next day, or he would be compelled to drive them from there by force.

I told the Major that all the Indians who belonged to reservations had already gone, and that the Indians who were on the farm now were resident Indians, had no reservation to go to as they never belonged to any. I also asked him if he would telegraph to the Department at Washington a statement that I would make, and until an answer was received, which I would accept as an ultimatum, allow the Indians to remain where they were, and on the evening of the morrow I would meet him at Corinne to know the reply.

The major said he would send the statement for me, but, the orders must be obeyed.

I replied, "If these orders are to be carried out, I have nothing further to say. The Indians want to be citizens, cultivate the land, obey the laws, and seek their protection; but, if I understand alright, if they do not leave their ungathered crops and are not off the farm tomorrow at noon, it will be equivalent to a declaration of war."

The major said he supposed so.

Tsagwitch came forward and asked what he had stolen, whom he had killed, what meanness he had done, that the soldiers had come to drive him away from his crops.

DeMars here began to translate incorrectly what Tsagwitch said to Major Briant, and I asked him to translate correctly or say nothing.

The major said he would be as gentle as he could.

I replied, "What that term means we well understand."

This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after I called the Indians together, told them that it would all come out right and advised them to return to their former haunts. By sunset not an Indian could be found in camp -- all had scattered out to wander from place to place as in former years, leaving their crops
for which they had toiled so industriously and on which they depended for their winter food, neither cut nor garnered.

The next day after the departure of the Indians, a man who styled himself a "States Marshal," with three or four others from Corinne, rode into camp and stole everything to which they took a fancy, amongst other things Tsagwitch's chickens, eleven beaver traps, and a muskrat trap, copper kettles, axes, and rabbit skin robes, in which the Indians wrapped their children.

/s/ George W. Hill

Journal History, August 12, 1875, p. 2.
The Deseret Evening News of August 27th also published the above.
APPENDIX E

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Having just returned from the front, I thought a few items might be of interest to your readers. On the 18th of August, when I arrived at Bear River City, I learned that the United States Marshal as he called himself, with a few of the braves of Corinne, had been there armed with Spencer rifles and revolvers, one on each side, for the purpose, as they said, of arresting your humble servant, swearing that they would hang me on sight, and taking particular pains to tell everybody to tell me not to come to that place any more, or I was gone up, but really for the purpose of theft. The first trophy of the war was two of poor old Tsagawitche's chickens. The old Indian had bought a few chickens this spring thinking to enjoy the luxury of an egg now and then, but the honest blacksmith found the chickens in camp with no Indian to protect them, and the temptation was greater than he could bear. Finding three small boys, they tried to hire them to run the chickens down for them by offering a reward of twenty-five cents, but the first boy had a sore toe. They tried another; he had a sore leg. The other said he would not steal them unless the other boys would help him, so the honest Corinmites had to shoot them.

Having supplied themselves with meat, these foragers went to rummaging the camp, taking whatever was of value to them, such as a rabbit skin rob, brass kettles, beaver traps, tin cups, etc. They went to my tent and stole some bedding and other things they thought belonged to me, and reported in Bear River City that they had stolen old Hill's things, and that I could get them and a d--d sight more, by calling at Connor's blacksmith shop, at Corinne, at the same time swearing they could hang me on sight.

I learned that they went back afterwards with a wagon and stole some beef hides and tools belonging to me, and a lot of traps of one kind or another belonging to the Indians, making use of the most obscene and disgusting language, and continuing to breathe threats about your humble servant. The honest Corinmites being asked how they got along with the Indian question, replied, "Oh, the Indian had to go." "Well, had he committed any depredation on the whites?" "Oh, he had got to go." They had killed the chickens and stolen the cooking utensils, beaver traps and other things left in camp by peaceable Indians that were out visiting through the different settlements that knew nothing of the cruel and tyrannical order that had been issued by the military, on the suggestion of the honest and brave
Corinnites." "Well, what had Hill done that they wanted to hang him?"
"Why, he had been baptizing Indians. What right had he to baptize
Indians?" Never accusing your humble servant of any other crimes.

/s/ G. W. Hill

Journal History, 20 August 1875, p. 2.
The above was written by George W. Hill and was published in the Deseret
News of August 23rd.
APPENDIX F

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

Indian John to all White Men: August 31, 1875

The white men of Corrine have had their say. I now want mine. I have been intimately acquainted with the white man from my childhood and I appeal to any white man to say when I have played false with him. When I have lied to him, when I have stolen anything from him, when I have killed or threatened to kill. I have ever been an advocate of peace today. I abhor war, I sue for peace. I want to be at peace with all men, and I challenge Corinne today to produce one instance when I have transgressed the law or done aught to break peace with the white man. The white man roams the mountains all over hunting for the gold and silver that belongs to the Indians until he sells the land. When have I interfered with him? The railroads pass through my country and have scared the game all away. Still I have made no objection, nor do I want to. I want all men to have the privilege of doing what he likes, undisturbed, and make all the money he can. All I want is peace and to be let alone to make a farm in a small--very small--portion of the country. I have always lived in this country and still want to. And lay down my bones in peace and leave peace for my children--Corinne has got up this excitement without any cause. There is no foundation in truth for it. I hold no hardiness against Corinne for what they have done, only I want it stopped that we may return to our farms and go to work and build houses and live in them. And be ready to do something next year. If our crops are all destroyed this year, I do not want to give it up and stop. I want to continue and make a success of our farming experiment. I want this for the benefit of my people. I want the white men to say where or when I have killed anything except the wild game of my own country, or when I have objected to the white man coming into my country and killing the game. The white man is roaming all over my country and killing my game. Still I make no objection. But I want to be let alone with the privilege of making a small farm and being allowed to live on it, in peace. I have not gone into the white man's country and intruded on him, and I don't think it's fair for him to come into mine and drive me from my own land without a cause, and I ask the Government to take the matter in hand and reinstate me and my people on our own land that we may live there in peace and friendship with all men.

/s/ Indian John

In Behalf of Sagitch and the Shoshones:

George W. Hill's Statement

Indian John came to me and said that Corinne had published every where that he was hostile and wanted to break peace with the white men and he wanted his story published that it might go as far as Corinne's talk had gone--that the white man might know for himself whether he was guilty as charged or not. This is just the way he gave it to me without any change.

/s/ George W. Hill

APPENDIX G

LETTER FROM GEORGE W. HILL

Under this date Elder George W. Hill wrote from _____ giving the following account of his missionary labors among the Indians.

"Having been called privately in the latter part of April, 1873, to take a mission to the House of Israel, I immediately set about preparing for the work.

About the first of May, a band of Indians visited me and requested me to come to their camp and preach to and baptize them, saying their women and children wanted to be baptized, as well as the men, and objected to bringing them to Ogden to be baptized. Accordingly, on the morning of May 5, 1873, I took passage on the C. P. railroad for Corinne, thence on foot to their camp, which was situated on Bear River about five miles above Bear River City, in Box Elder County. After preaching to them, we went to the water and I baptized one hundred and one, and confirmed them at the water's edge, and returned home the same day, getting back to Corrine in time for the train that arrived in Ogden at one o'clock in the morning.

On Tuesday, May 26, 1874, I went to Franklin, Idaho Territory, to organize the Indians and set them to work under Bishop Hatch.

On the 29th of May, I baptized Laman and his wife Zewadsing up in the Weber River at Ogden.

On June 6, 1874, I baptized Little Soldier and fifteen others in Cub River, near Franklin, Idaho Territory.

On or about the 16th of June, as near as I can get it, Brother James H. Hill baptized seventeen persons and Bishop Lorenzo H. Hatch, John Steers, and James H. Hill confirmed them.

In May, 1874, we commenced to gather the Indians to Franklin, Oneida Co., Idaho, thinking to make a settlement there to prepare a place to gather them to. But things not working satisfactory, it was abandoned in the fall, after spending a good deal of time and means.

At the April Conference of the year 1875, I was called to take a mission to the Lamanites. Accordingly, a place was located between Bear River and Malad in Box Elder County, and in May we commenced operations.

We put in about one hundred acres of wheat, twenty-five of corn, five and one half of potatoes and about six or eight acres of peas, beans, squashes, melons and other vegetables, the Indians taking hold of their work well.

The latter part of May we moved our camp on to Bear River, on account of the water being bad in Malad.

About the first of June the Indians began to come in from abroad and on June 7th I preached to quite a company that had come in. When I got through, they demanded baptism. Accordingly, we went to the water and I baptized 168 persons before coming out of the water.

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On the morning of the eighth, seven persons were baptized and confirmed by myself in the Bear River, Box Elder Co., Utah.

On June the 18th, 1875, seven more persons were baptized at the same place by Elder James H. Hill and confirmed by J. C. Badger, James H. Hill, and Joseph West.

On June 20th, after meeting, I baptized and confirmed sixteen Lamanites, and on June 26th I baptized and confirmed sixteen Lamanites, and on June 26th I baptized and confirmed five more. Sunday, June 27th, 1875, I baptized five Lamanites and George W. Hill and J. C. Badger confirmed them.

Tuesday, 29 June, I baptized and confirmed Ches-n-way, a young half breed that belonged to Washihee's camp.

July 2, 1875, I baptized and confirmed a young man by the name of Zoo-nit.

July 15, 1875, being alone as usual, I baptized and confirmed sixty-nine Lamanites.

July 18, 1875, I baptized and confirmed fifteen Bannock Indians.

July 23, 1875, I baptized 99 Lamanites -- 40 males and 59 females.

Sunday, July 25, 1875, after preaching to a large congregation of Indians we went to the water and I baptized sixty-six persons, 30 males and 36 females. Elder James H. Hill and myself confirmed them at the water's edge. Among the number was Tow-en-seah who was rebaptized, he claiming that he had done some things that were not right and saying that he wanted to set the example before his Indians.

On Sunday, August 1, 1875, I preached to a large congregation of Indians that had come in search of the Gospel, and after meeting we went to the water and I baptized 292 Lamanites--141 males and 151 females, before coming out of the water. Bros. James H. Hill and Hunsaker confirming them at the water's edge. This was the heaviest day's baptizing that I have done. There was several brought to me in the water to be baptized for their health that were sick that it took two, and in one instance, three, to carry them to me, and in some instances they went out of the water alone without any assistance, and in all other instances, with but very little help, manifesting greater faith than I had ever seen manifested. There was also a singular thing transpired that day among the large number that were baptized. There were seven or eight all stout, hearty people, some men and some women, that after I had raised them out of the water, they would wilt and become lifeless in my arms and I would have to hold them as dead in my arms for about one minute or more before breath would again enter their bodies, and some of them I would have to help entirely out of the water before their strength would come to them so that they could walk alone--the chief standing on the bank keeping count and telling me to give them time to come to and not hurry them.

Monday, August 2, 1875, I baptized and confirmed eleven Lamanites.

Sunday, August 8, 1875, I preached to the Indians and after meeting I went to the water and baptized and confirmed thirty-eight Lamanites--19 males and 19 females.

Monday, August 9th, I baptized and confirmed five Indians -- two males and three females.

August 12th, I baptized and confirmed eight persons -- six males and two females. This was the day of our expulsion by the United States troops and the last of my baptizing. We had now been two days in our harvest and
had cut about twenty-five acres of our wheat and about two acres of peas. Our enemies at Corrine with Major Johnson at their head, had telegraphed to Camp Douglas that the Indians were about to attack Corrine and asked assistance of the Government to drive the Indians from their homes and crops. Governor Emery of Salt Lake City, Utah, made a requisition on Camp Douglas for troops and came himself with them to Corinne where they held a council to go. The Major of Corinne (Johnson) then came to me with their conclusions, that if we were not away in twenty-four hours, he could use force to drive us. I then told the Indians to break camp and go to the mountains, and before sunset there was not a tent standing in our before populous camp. From this time on through the fall there was nothing but a series of maneuvering and shifting from place to place.

It being considered wisdom to continue our operations, there were quite a number added to the mission at the October conference, consisting of Israel J. Clark, Cyrus E. Clark, Isaac Zundell, Garret Wolverton, Alvin Nichols, John Jones, Alexander Hunsaker, Charles Knudsen, Willis Booth, Homer Call, Matthew Dolton, John Hubbard, Clinton Brunson, George Marsh, Orvil Child, Wm. E. Baker, Robert Holroyd, Asa Garner, William McGregor, James M. Brown, Albern Allen, and Wm. Davis.

On the 25th of October I started out on the mission with Orvil Child, Wm. T. Baker, James M. Brown, and Asa Garner from Ogden.

November 4th Alexander Hunsaker, Clinton Brunson and John Hubbard arrived.

On the 5th Brother Dalton's son and also Homer Call's son arrived to work in the place of their fathers. With this force we continued to labor on the dam until the 22nd, when, the weather being very bad and no more help arriving, we abandoned it until spring and returned home.

The brethren of Bear River City had harvested our grain after it had mostly been destroyed with the stock. They only saved us two hundred bushels of wheat and no corn, the latter having all been destroyed. We saved nearly 200 bushels of potatoes. This is all we saved of all our summer's labor. Thus ended our labors for the year 1875, except that I had still to travel from camp to camp and visit with the Indians, which I had to do the winter through, occupying my entire time.

April 4, 1876, I again made a start for our location in company with Orvil Child, James Brown (son of James M. Brown), who went to work in place of his father, William Eggleston, in place of Robert Holroyd, who had stayed six weeks. The boys at Willard and Brigham City were not ready.

We arrived on the 5th of April at our place of destination and commenced operations. On the 12th some of the boys began to arrive. Some have never reported themselves at all. Some came and did a few days' work and to all appearance have quit for good. Some have enjoyed the spirit of their mission and have done well. We continued our labors.
The Indians began to come in about the 10th.

On the 13th of April we commenced to plow. We put in 40 acres of spring wheat, 7½ acres of lucern, 6 acres of potatoes, about 30 acres of corn, 4 acres of squash, beans, melons, carrots, turnips, radishes, cabbages, etc.

On the 24th Brother Charles Hardy arrived in our camp to do our surveying. We went to work and surveyed our canal and found that we had to make a canal 16 miles in length, most of the way in the side hill before we could get the water on our land. We found that there was seven thousand five hundred acres of land below where our canal would come out. Brother Hardy continued our surveying until he had surveyed the land that we wanted to occupy at present.

May 4th. Finished surveying.

May 8th, returned home to try and raise some money to homestead land for the Indians to secure them from being driven as they were last year. I made a requisition on the clerks in the Ogden Co-op Store for this purpose and they subscribed as follows: Henry Tribe, $1.50; Lorenzo Richards $1.00; Thomas Wallace, $2.00; F. A. Brown, $1.00; Brother Crawshaw, $1.00; Ephraim Crawshaw, $1.00; Orson Badger, $1.00; Robert Harris, $1.00; Brother Flowers, $1.00; Total $15.50. I then went to our moneymen; they could do nothing. I went to Michael Beas and he gave me $16.50—what we supposed it would take to homestead one Indian with. Then I started to Salt Lake City to secure land. President Young's office gave me $33.00. I then went to the Land Office and filed on four homesteads for four Indians. Thus I got the thing started.

About May 20th we moved camp up to Malad to work on the dam.

On June 3, 1876, made citizens of and homesteaded land for seven Indians, and on June 24th three more Indians were made citizens and had homesteaded for them, making 14 in all.

We continued laboring on the canal until July 14th, when we moved down to the farm to attend to our harvest, as our fall wheat was about ripe.

We have not baptized any Indians in our camp yet this year. We adopted the plan this year of making citizens of them as fast as we could get them to do it, and homestead the land and make things sure and safe. In doing this we have not advanced in numbers, but have established in firmness those that have already joined the Church.

Our crops all matured very well without any water.

We are now at this date (October 1, 1876) engaged in building. We want to get as many houses up this fall as possible. /s/ George W. Hill

Journal History, 1 October 1876, p. 2.
APPENDIX H

GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL
BAPTIZED THOUSANDS OF INDIANS

There is a wonderful ward in our Church at Washakie, Idaho. This ward has an Indian Bishop. He has Indian counselors. All the officers and teachers in the ward are Indians and all the children and fathers and mothers are Indians, too. These people are good and faithful members of the Church. Perhaps one reason this ward has grown and flourished so is that long ago, when the pioneers first came to Utah, some of the men were sent on missions to the Indians in Idaho. One of these pioneer missionaries was George Washington Hill.

George Washington Hill arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 18, 1847, not quite two months after Brigham Young and the first pioneers. At April Conference, 1855, he and other men were called on missions to the Indians in Idaho.

George had already learned a few words of the Indian language and was a good and powerful missionary. Soon after the missionaries arrived in the central part of Idaho, George and his companions saw some Indians riding toward them. George said, "There come some of my children and I am going to baptize them."

The Indians rode up to them, got off their horses and shook hands with the missionaries. George did his best to talk to them in their own language and he managed to make them understand about the Church and Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Father, and soon, just as he said, they asked him to baptize them.

George and his companions built Fort Lemhi on the Salmon River. He built a house for himself inside the fort and invited the Indians to visit him. He was a big, strong, healthy man, a skilled woodsman and builder. He had great faith and was courageous and fearless. The Indians admired him greatly and he soon gained their love and confidence. They visited him and ate his food. He visited them and ate the food they prepared. They taught him their language and he studied their habits and traits of character. Soon he had mastered the Shoshone language and had learned enough of four other tribal languages that he could make himself understood. He told the Indians about the Church and the gospel at every opportunity and many believed what he told them and were baptized by him.

One day a band of Indians came in from a hunting trip and brought a little Indian girl who was very ill with mountain fever.
Her father took her to George and asked him to bless her. After being blessed by the elders she got well immediately. This greatly impressed the Indians and the next Sunday a large crowd came to hear George talk. After his talk, he baptized fifty-six of them in the river. The little girl's father was the very first one.

Another time when he was living in Ogden, an Indian chief named Ech-up-wy and all his people came to George and asked him to baptize them. George did so in Bear River, not far from Tremeonton, but he did not know why they came to him, until he was camping in Skull Valley, three years later. Then Chief Ech-up-wy told George that one day, three years before, three strange men who looked like Indians had come to his tent and told him that he and all his people must go to the Mormons and be baptized. The three men told him that all his people must go to the Mormons and be baptized. The three men told him that the time would come when the Indian people should stop their wild Indian life and learn to cultivate the earth and build and live in houses. Then in a vision the chief saw all the country around Bear River and Malad Valley with farms covering it and houses on it and crops growing. He saw many Indians happily at work. A few white men were with them and one of the white men was George Washington Hill. When the three strange men had gone, Chief Ech-up-wy told his people about the visit and what the men had told him and showed him. The Indians broke camp immediately, came and found George and asked to be baptized. And now, three years later, part of the land where they lived looked just as Chief Ech-up-wy had seen it in his vision. It was then he told George the story.

In all, George Washington Hill baptized 2,000 Indians and after his two missions were completed and he had come to his home in Salt Lake City, he always welcomed the Indians whenever they came to Salt Lake. He continued to teach them and help them in every way he could. Many of the Indians in the all-Indian ward at Washakie, are the descendants—the faithful grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Indians George baptized so long ago.

(By Delsa Stevens, The Children's Friend, November 1955, p. 469.)
APPENDIX I

MY FIRST DAY'S WORK

Now my little readers, you may think from the reading of the above caption that what I am going to tell you is something that transpired a great while ago; but I do not mean the first day's work I ever did in my life, but the first day's work that I did on my present mission. The Indians from down the Humboldt, from Battle Mountain, Carlin, Winnemucca, and all through that section of country for two years had been begging me to come to their country and preach to them; they were visiting me almost continually, and with all the chiefs that came it was the same story: "Come and preach to us, and teach us how to farm and how to live as white people do."

Well, things were in this condition when in the latter part of April, 1873, I was called to this ministry. About the first of May the chiefs of a band that were encamped on Bear River, about twelve miles above Corinne, paid me a visit. During our talk they invited me to come out to their camp and preach to them. I promised to do so, but told them I did not know what day I could come, as I was in the employ of the railroad company at the time and did not know when I could get away, but would come as soon as I could. With this promise they went home.

Getting a leave of absence for one night, on the 5th of May, 1873, at eight o'clock in the morning, I got aboard a C. P. freight train and went as far as Corinne, where I left the train and started on foot across the prairie, a distance of some twelve miles, to the camp. I had not proceeded more than one mile when I met an old Indian named Tig-we-tick-er, who came up laughing, and said Ti-guitch, their chief, had told them as soon as he got up that morning that "Ink-a-pompy", as they call me, was coming to see them that day, and that they must clean up and all stay at home, as I was going to preach to them. He also said that I was coming on foot, and wondered why I did not come with my mules and wagon, as he thought I was getting too old to walk so far. The old Indian said he was going to Corinne to buy a beef head, as he had nothing to eat; he gave me direction to camp, and said he would hurry back, so went on. About three miles farther on I met Ich-pe-ah, and another young Indian going to Corinne on the same business as the old man. They came up laughing and told me the same story that the old man had told me, and also said that they would hurry back to meeting. I went on pondering these things over in my mind and asked myself how it was that the old chief could tell so correctly the time I would arrive. It seemed it was done to convince me that the time had come for the work to commence among them; but still it was a mystery to me how he could see me and tell
the time of day I would arrive, and how I looked and traveled, and that, too, correctly. I was thinking of this when lo and behold, I met the chief coming to bring me a horse to ride to camp. This satisfied me that Father had something to do with it; so I resigned myself into His hands and said: "Father, thy will be done," believing that these things were done to satisfy me that the time had come for His work to commence among the Indians.

When we arrived in camp the Indians came together in a few minutes, and I preached to them, even astonishing myself. After meeting we repaired to the water, and I baptized and confirmed one hundred and two of the Indians. After confirmation, I talked to them a while in regard to their duties as the Spirit seemed to direct, when I bade them adieu and returned to Corinne in time for the C. P. train, and arrived at Ogden at half past one o'clock the same night, having rode on the freight train over fifty miles, walking twenty-four miles, preaching to, baptized and confirmed upwards of one hundred persons.

As I had not slept any the night before and did not expect to the next, I thought it was time for me to go to bed and get a nap, which I felt that I needed.

/s/ George Washington Hill

Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 10, 1875. Published by George Q. Cannon, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.
APPENDIX J

AN INDIAN VISION

In a former article I gave an account of my first day's work at baptizing the Indians on Bear River, after they had applied to me so many times to do so. I then promised to give the readers of the INSTRUCTOR something more on the Indian question, and I shall now tell the reason those Lamanites were impelled to ask for baptism.

Four years ago last summer some of those Indians were encamped on the south side of Skull Valley, when one day three strange men came into the lodge of the chief, whose name was Ech-up-wy, and after seating themselves commenced talking to him on religious matters. This seemed so strange to him that he turned and scrutinized them closely. The visitors were evidently Indians, as they had the Indian complexion. One of them was a very large, broad shouldered man, quite good looking; the other two were rather below the medium size. The large one was spokesman. They told him that the 'Mormons' God was the true God, and that He and the Indians' Father were one; that he must go to the 'Mormons,' and they would tell him what to do, and that he must do it; that he must be baptized, with all his Indians; that the time was at hand for the Indians to gather, and stop their Indian life, and learn to cultivate the earth and build houses, and live in them. They then asked him to "Look!" He turned his head, and although he was sitting in his lodge, he saw all this northern country about Bear River and Malad. He saw small farms all over it with grain growing very finely, and small houses dotted here and there all over the land. He saw also that these were Indians' houses, and that there were a great many Indians at work, and apparently feeling first rate. He noticed also a few white men there showing the Indians how to work, one of whom he recognized as myself. What seemed more strange than anything else was that he could see down canyons on both sides of the mountains, as he might do if he occupied a position in the air above them. After viewing this scene for some time, he turned his eyes in another direction, but not being satisfied he looked around to see more of it, when, to his surprise, there was nothing visible before him but the bare side of the lodge. The visitors then told him that when he got his house built and got to living in it, they would come again to see him; they also said something he did not understand, when he turned to ask them an explanation, but lo! they were gone. His buffalo robes were lying just as they had been, but no visitors were there.

The Indians immediately broke camp and came after me, and wanted me to baptize them, saying that their women and children wanted to be baptized as well as the men, and that it was not good for
them to come to Ogden to have the ordinance attended to. They kept importuning for baptism, coming after me as often as once in every week for a fortnight until the following spring, when I went and did my first day's work.

Ech-up-wy did not tell me at the first about this vision, nor in fact, anyone else; nor could he be made to believe that the place where they are now located was the proper place for them to make farms, although President Young directed that they should locate there, until, when work on the irrigating canal was commenced, he viewed from an eminence the very scene that was shown him in his vision. After that he was satisfied that he was at work in the right place, and told me of his vision, and his reason for demanding baptism.

As to whom the men were who visited Ech-up-wy, the readers can form their own conjecture; but one thing I can say, he has tried as hard to carry out the instructions given him as any man I ever saw. He has now got his house built, as have quite a number of others, and they feel like getting up out of the dirt.

/s/ George Washington Hill

Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 12, 1877. Published by George Q. Cannon, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.
APPENDIX K

LETTER FROM A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL

I was only four years old when my grandfather, George W. Hill, died, yet I have one vivid memory of him that stands out as one of the precious highlights of my childhood. It was in the early summer a few months before his death in February, 1891; my parents, with their little family, at that time, were living at West Weber, while grandfather lived at Ogden. The only means of travel was by team or stage coach. We had received word that grandfather was coming on the early morning stage to pay us a visit, so we were all up bright and early and mother had washed our faces and brushed and braided our hair neatly and dressed us girls in fresh gingham frocks.

Father had already gone on ahead to the main highway to meet the stage when it stopped at the end of our long country lane which was some distance, perhaps a mile or more from our home. As we children left the house, my brother, who had been sent ahead to watch, shouted, "Here they come!" and away we dashed to meet them.

The road was a rough country lane and I had some difficulty keeping up with the others. So my older brother and sister took my hands and ran so fast that I can remember my toes dragging and hitting the rocks as we ran. It was some distance and we had to slacken our pace often to get our breath and as we did so we kept our eyes ahead on the two men coming with long easy strides to meet us. Father wore his regular farm clothes and walked with a limp, but I can remember so vividly the contrast of the man beside him who was considerably taller and heavier. He had broad, straight shoulders, and though he was an old man, walked with the easy swing of an athlete. Grandfather wore a long, square skirted frock coat and loomed black and big in the distance, but as they drew nearer his figure was softened by his long, snowy beard and his heavy white hair. His eyes were sharp, but his smile warm and friendly. Father carried the bag, but grandfather in his off hand, carried a good sized doll. It was wrapped and he held it by the arm swinging it as he walked.

He greeted all the children, but when he came to me he put the big doll in my arms and lifted me up and kissed me! My legs were tired and I remember how good it was to be carried in his big strong arms.

The years have sped and I have grandchildren of my own, but the memories of the cleanness, the morning freshness and loveliness of country life coupled with a feeling of strength and security and love of noble characters like my grandfather have most certainly added to the richness of my life.

/s/ Edith Hill Brown
APPENDIX L

MESSAGE FROM AN INDIAN PROPHET

While I was located on Salmon River, in June, 1857, I had a message brought to me from one who was called the Indian "Prophet," which, from its curious nature and its literal fulfillment in part, I thought might be of interest to some of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. I shall not attempt to give it in full, as it took the messenger two evenings until near midnight to deliver it. He wished me to deliver the message in full to President Young, which I never did, as it contained prophecies so unlikely to come to pass, and was so full of the miraculous that I thought it would not be at all interesting to him. The message in substance was about as follows:

He said that the United States soldiers were coming to Utah that summer, as enemies, but that we were not going to fight that year. He said, however, that they would come in, and he sketched a rude map of the country, showing the location of Salt Lake City, and the route that they would travel over to Camp Floyd. He stated that they would there build a Fort, but that we would not fight yet. After a while they would go away and then another troop would come from the west. He then marked the location of Camp Douglas, just as correctly as I could do it today, and said that they would build a fort right there. Then he assured me that we would not have to fight yet. After a time, he said, they would build another fort up in the north, but even then, we would not have to fight. However, he said, the time would afterwards come when the mountains would be full of soldiers, and such fighting as there would then be had never been seen. Finally, he proceeded to say, that if his people would do as he told them they never should fight, for he would do their fighting for them. If their enemies came upon them he would meet them, and if they were determined to fight, he had power to make the earth split and swallow them all up. He could then cause the earth to close up again, and they would all be gone. He had power to create a whirlwind of force sufficient to take the soldier, cannon, wagons, horses, mules, and everything else up and cast them upon the top of a mountain, and that would be the end of them. He said he did not need powder and ball to fight them.

After the Indian had got through relating the message, I asked him the name of the "Prophet". His answer was that the prophet had told him that I would ask his name, and for him to tell me that once upon a time the soldiers took him and bound him down with chains in the middle of a strong log house, and set a guard around the house to see that he did not escape, intending to kill him. He prayed to his Father, and there came a big wind and broke the house down, and did not leave one log upon another, and killed every soldier that was guarding
him; but he was not hurt, and the chains were stricken from him and he was allowed to go about his business. At another time, he said, they took him and dug a deep pit in the ground and tried to bury him in it, but the earth would not hold him. At another time they made a fire, such as I never had seen, and bound him and threw him into the fire; but the fire would not burn him. "Now," said he, to the messenger, "When you tell him this, he will know who I am."

I leave the readers of the INSTRUCTOR to draw their own conclusions as to who this prophet was and by what power he was enabled to foretell that Johnson's army was coming as an enemy, and that there would be no fighting, and where the soldiers would build their fort and what their destiny would be; also that General Connor's command would come from the west, and where they would build their fort.

All these things he certainly did tell, long enough before they came to pass, or before they were apparent to the natural man, to entitle him to the name of prophet.

By G. W. Hill

*Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 14, 1879, p. 91.*
APPENDIX M

George W. Hill. A halo of heroism surrounds the memory of the men and women who braved the dangers and hardships connected with the opening of the Rocky Mountain region to settlement and civilization. They were strong characters, most of whose careers have been illuminated by deeds of daring. Among this class was the late George W. Hill, whose death on Tuesday, February 24th, has already been announced, and whose funeral was conducted this afternoon, in the meeting house of the Twenty-second Ward.

George W. Hill was born on March 5th, 1822, at Ames, Athens County, Ohio. In his youth the family moved into Illinois. In 1845 the deceased went to Missouri, and while in that State met with a family named Stewart, who had received the Gospel in another part of the country and were on their way to join the Saints. He became attached to this family and a believer in the Gospel, and remained with them. He married Miss Cynthia Stewart on September 18th, 1845. A halt was made for a time at Mount Pisgah and the winter of 1846-47 was spent at Winter Quarters. Brother Hill sent his team, with his brother-in-law, James W. Stewart, along with the advance pioneer company, under President Young, which crossed the plains and first entered this valley, while he himself remained a short time to bring along the Stewart family. Shortly before this his father-in-law died. He made the journey, with the family, the same year (1847) arriving here on September 25th.

On this trip he acted as hunter for the company, a position for which his physical strength, coolness and courage admirably adapted him. An incident in this connection is worthy of mention. When the company arrived on the Platte River, a bear and two cubs were observed in a bunch of willows, and it was decided to kill the grizzly. A number of men approached the place where she was located. President A. O. Smoot, who had charge of the company, was the only one on horseback. Being in an elevated position he saw the willows part and shouted: "Run, boys! She's a fifteen hundred pounder and is coming at you!" All the footmen took to their heels except Brother Hill, who simply retired a couple of rods to give himself a clear field, and as the brute emerged he sent a bullet into her body and disabled her. She was not as large, however, as was imagined before she came into full view.

For some time after reaching here, Brother Hill occupied his time in splitting rails and doing any other work he could find to enable him to support the family. In 1849, he was a member of the company, which in that year, left this valley in charge of Jedediah M. Grant, accompanying Apostles John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow,
Erastus Snow and Franklin D. Richards on the overland portion of their journey to Europe on missions to that part of the world. He was also hunter for that party, and on the plains did constant guard duty for one third part of each night, besides responding to other requirements in the same line, on account of other brethren being occasionally too ill to take part in the work.

While in the east on this same trip, he visited the place where the Stewart family had resided for the purpose of obtaining funds which belonged to the estate. He also went to see his father's family, none of whom had embraced the Gospel. When he reached the old homestead he found his father on his deathbed. The venerable man received his son's testimony, believed the Gospel and rejoiced. He called the other members of the family around him, and although George was the third son, he exhorted them to receive his teachings and placed him in charge. He then peacefully died. George had the satisfaction of bringing the family over the plains in 1850. It was then a perilous time because of the prevalence of cholera. He promised them, however, that if they would be led by him not one of them would be attacked by the disease, which was completely verified.

On this trip George was placed in close quarters. At South Pass he left the little company and came along ahead on horseback. He lost his horse on the way and wandered about in the mountains, three days and three nights without food. He arrived at the place where Ogden now stands, worn out with fatigue and almost famished, on the 24th of July, 1850.

During the next few years Indian raids were frequent, and George was mostly engaged at the points of danger, aiding in the protection of the families subject to the greatest exposure to attacks.

He was among those who went to Salmon River in 1855 to establish settlements in that region. He took great interest in the welfare of the Indians. This caused him to acquire not only the Shoshone language, but that of the Bannocks, Flat Heads, and Nezperces. In this way he obtained much influence among the redmen, who also esteemed him because of the fair and truthful character of all his dealings with them. The Salmon River settlers usually came into Utah in winter, returning in the spring. In these intervals George occupied his time in Ogden in teaching the Indian languages.

He was engaged in this part of the country in 1857-58. In the latter year, however, the Indians made an attack upon the Salmon River settlement and Brother Hill was sent from this city as one of ten who were an advance relief company. The party was in charge of Brother B. F. Cummings. They made distance on horseback in an incredibly short time. When they reached their destination they found the settlers safe, and had to return in post haste to intercept a heavier relief party, who were on the way, and let them know their services were not needed. At Bannock Creek the Indians
attacked the little party of ten and a hot fight ensued. One of the ten -- Brother Bailey Lake -- was killed. Several Indians were slain and others wounded.

Returning to 1857 it should be said that in that year George was engaged in performing duty as express courier under General Chancey West's command. Part of the time while attending to this labor he was ill with mountain fever, but never left his post. In the general "move" from Northern Utah, in 1858, he went to Fillmore with his family, and on his way back was, at Payson, prostrated with an attack of cholera, which he barely survived. From then till 1864 nothing of special note occurred in his career. In that year he made the round trip across the plains -- to and from the Missouri River -- to bring along the emigrating Saints, in Captain William B. Preston's company, doing duty as night herder, having entire charge of the stock. In 1866 the Indians were on the war path, and George occupied nearly the whole season doing scout duty, patrolling the mountains north and east, to prevent surprises.

The courageous character of the man was exemplified in 1871, while he was employed as nightwatchman for the Central Pacific railroad at Ogden. A gang of three-card monte men had made that town their headquarters, and engaged systematically in robbing the passengers. They were desperate characters and for some time were having matters pretty much their own way, to the great annoyance of Division Supt. R. H. Pratt. Brother Hill said he would break up the gang if Mr. Pratt would stand by him so he would not have to do two jobs at the same time. He entered upon the work. He dogged the cappers. When they caught a greenhorn George would follow them right to the door of their den, and as each dupe was about to enter he called him on one side and told him what kind of characters had him in tow. The monte men sent word to him that if he did not desist they would shoot him. He replied -- "Tell them when they undertake that they had better be quick about it, and that they're welcome to all the advantage they can get over me." The gang got to shooting among themselves, broke up and left the town. The railroad company thought so much of him on account of this affair that for ten years afterwards he had only to make a request to be passed over the road to any point he desired, for it to be granted.

In 1874 George was engaged in colonizing Indians on the Malad. This caused a great hubbub among the residents of Corinne, who asserted that an Indian attack upon them was intended. They demanded that the redmen be dislodged. Their request was granted, troops being sent to the spot for the purpose. However, the colony was removed to a new location further up the Malad River, and now exists there a peaceful community engaged in supporting themselves by agricultural pursuits. For some years subsequently Brother Hill acted as Indian interpreter.

His life has been one of devotion to the benefit of others,
his own personal interests being a matter of subordinate consideration. He was a humble and unobtrusive man, of deep religious convictions, and his memory will not only be cherished by his wife and six children, but by all who knew him and appreciated his worth.

Journal History, 26 February 1891.
Deseret Evening News
In Loving Remembrance of

George W. Hill

Jan 24, 1891

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled.
The book his love had given;
And though the body moulder here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.
THE LIFE AND MISSIONARY LABORS
OF GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL

An Abstract
of a Thesis Submitted to
the Division of Religion
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Science

by
Ralph O. Brown
June 1956
ABSTRACT

The epic story of the Mormon pioneers is the story of a valiant, though persecuted group of people. Having been driven from their homes in the dead of winter, they fled to the Rocky Mountains and settled in the Great Salt Lake Valley. Here they became noted for their achievements in pioneering, homemaking, and colonizing great portions of this western country.

Prominent in these activities of homemaking and colonizing, was George Washington Hill. Nature had endowed him handsomely. He was large and powerful of stature and he had a dignity and magnetism which drew men to him. In addition, he was an able marksman, a trait long recognized as a real asset in this frontier land.

George W. Hill was born in Athens County, Ohio, on March 5, 1822. His father was a stone and brick mason by trade. He moved his family from place to place seeking employment, and consequently much of George's boyhood was spent in migrating from place to place with his parents.

Finally, in 1842, the family settled in southwest Missouri. Here George, having determined to become self-sustaining, purchased a farm of his own and commenced to search out a mate.

One day while hunting in the woods, he heard a young woman singing. The voice of inspiration whispered that this young woman was his wife to be. He accordingly, made her acquaintance and asked her hand in marriage. She refused, saying that she was a Mormon. She felt that her confession that she was a Mormon would immediately cause George to desist from
his matrimonial intentions. He, however, was undaunted, seeming to have an open mind toward all religions.

Accordingly, she gave him a copy of the "Voice of Warning" by Parley P. Pratt, telling George to read the pamphlet, and then see if he still wanted to marry a Mormon. George Washington Hill was amazed at the contents of the pamphlet. It told of a restoration of the original Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it gave such a forceful explanation that George was convinced that the Mormons must have the Gospel of Christ.

Shortly thereafter, he married the girl with the beautiful voice, Cynthia Stewart, and set out for Nauvoo to join the Saints. They soon discovered, however, that the Saints had fled from Illinois and were on the plains of Iowa. While journeying thence to meet them, George was blessed with a beautiful manifestation, which indicated what his future activities were to be.

Eventually, George, together with his wife and in-laws, (the Stewarts) succeeded in making contact with the main body of the Saints. The Hills and Stewarts suffered intensely during the winter of 1846-47, because they had inadequate supplies, but even so, George was greatly impressed by the Mormon people, and soon requested baptism. He was accepted, and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 5, 1847.

The Hill family crossed the plains during the summer of 1847 as members of the Abraham O. Smoot Company. George, being an expert marksman, was appointed hunter for the company and in this capacity he had many interesting experiences. He pursued buffalo, antelope, mountain sheep, and other game, and kept the company well-stocked with meat. In addition, he had an exciting encounter with a vicious bear, and on another occasion, he
rescued Parley P. Pratt from a mountain precipice.

The Smoot Company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on September 18, 1847. George immediately set to work and constructed a small cabin inside the pioneer fort, for his wife and family. The following spring they moved out to Mill Creek to engage in farming. Their crops developed nicely but before they had completely matured they were utterly destroyed by a plague of crickets. As a result, the Hill family, along with many others of the Saints, had to exist on the most meager rations during the following winter.

In 1849, George W. Hill was almost persuaded to join a group of the Saints who were going to California after gold. When he learned, however, that Brigham Young had counseled against the Saints becoming gold seekers, he changed his mind and remained in Utah.

In the fall of 1849, at Brigham Young's suggestion, George Washington Hill returned to Missouri to try to convert his father's family. While there, he had some exciting and harrowing experiences with some of the Missourians who were bitterly anti-Mormon. Nevertheless, he was eminently successful in the attempt to convert his family and not only baptized many of his relatives, but also persuaded them to return to Utah with him. The little group left for Utah in March 1850, and though they passed through areas where the cholera was rampant, they arrived in Utah unscathed.

Soon after his return to Utah, George W. Hill took his family and moved to a new location near Brown's Fort, (where Ogden is now located). Here they built up a new farm and began to gather some of the comforts of life about them.

From 1851-1855, their time was fully occupied in building up their new homestead, and bringing children into the world. During this period
one of their tiny sons, Heber James, died. Cynthia was sorely troubled over the loss of her child, and would not be comforted, until one day he appeared to her in a daylight vision and commanded her to grieve no more. He explained to his mother that he had accomplished his mission on earth and was happy where he was. The vision then closed, and Cynthia grieved no more.

Another notable event also happened during this period which demonstrates the keen spiritual sensitivity of George's wife, Cynthia. In her early years, Cynthia had been intensely fond of a girlhood chum named Elizabeth Marcus. They had made a pact never to marry unless they could marry the same man. Shortly thereafter, the Marcus girl had died, so Cynthia had gone ahead and married. Now after these many years, the Marcus girl appeared to Cynthia in a series of dreams and pled with her to be sealed in the temple for her. George Washington Hill at first refused to consent to have the woman sealed to him, but finally after the dream continued to be repeated he agreed, and he and Cynthia were sealed in the temple for Elizabeth Marcus.

In April 1855, Brother Hill and twenty-six other brethren were called to a mission among the Indians of Idaho. They established a settlement known as Fort Limhi in the Salmon River country and baptized a large number of Indians. The brethren had some marvelous experiences and George Washington Hill witnessed some very spiritual manifestations of divine power. They enjoyed increasing successes in this missionary enterprise until February 1858, when the Indians attacked the fort, killing several men. Brigham Young instructed the brethren to abandon the fort and return to Utah. This they did, returning in time to see Utah invaded by Johnston's army.
George Washington Hill and family fled to the south, as per the instructions of the General Authorities, but when it was seen that the Federal Troops would not molest them the Saints were permitted to return to their homes.

In 1864, George made a round trip to the East as part of the "church train" plan.

In 1865 and 1866, George W. Hill participated in militia activities to quell the Indian uprisings. He was a captain in the militia and gave much valuable service to his community in this capacity.

In 1866, Brother Hill was disfellowshipped from the Church for trading in a Gentile store, but when all the circumstances were brought to light, George was restored to full fellowship by the direct command of Brigham Young.

During the early 1870's, George Washington Hill was employed by the Central Pacific Railroad. In this capacity he participated in several exciting and dangerous episodes including the capture of a gang of hoodlums and the subduing of an insane man.

Brother Hill was appointed to a special mission in 1873, by President Brigham Young. President Young placed him in charge of preaching the Gospel to all the northern Indian tribes, and instructed him to appoint a central gathering place for them. To this end Brother Hill devoted his major efforts. His success among the Indians was phenomenal and though he was bitterly opposed by the anti-Mormon faction in Corinne, he succeeded in establishing the Washakie Indian farm, and baptizing thousands of Indians. He seemed filled with the Spirit of God, and the Indians loved and trusted him. His great service in this capacity was the highlight of his life, and his successes among the Indians are almost without parallel in
the annals of our history.

In later years he officiated as Indian Interpreter for the General Authorities of the Church and was also active in gathering genealogical data.

In mid-February 1891, he was stricken with the influenza. Pneumonia followed, and George Washington Hill died on February 24, 1891.

Brother Hill was a missionary-extraordinary. He was among the first of a long line of valiant missionaries who have devoted their lives to the gathering and civilizing of the degraded Indian peoples. The present Washakie Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is made up primarily of descendants of those early Indian converts, stands as a living monument to the diligent service and love of this great friend to the Lamanites, George Washington Hill.