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character. Inverness fairly lives in historical episodes and romance. Before leaving we must mention that from Inverness runs the Caledonian canal, the largest in Scotland. It leads into Loch Ness and from here on a clear day we may see Ben Nevis, Britain's highest peak.

Some twenty-five miles northeast of Inverness is Farres from where we may walk for miles along the banks of the Findhorn or Divie rivers through a delightful combination of forest, mountain and river country. In places, the river runs a raging torrent, leaping and snarling from rock to rock, and again is silent and subdued, seeking to hide itself, ashamed of its former violence. The Earl of Murray owns some of the land we pass over, and the immense forests of pine, larch, spruce and oak form the shooting-grounds of many noted hunting parties.

We have now but glanced at a few of Scotland's historic beauty spots but they are sufficient to give us some idea of the natural wonders of the Highlands, and a more intelligent conception of the courage and misfortune of those sturdy men who loved and fought for the country whose own untamable disposition encouraged them to love freedom and liberty.

HULL, ENGLAND.

Pioneer Incidents

RELATED BY BISHOP HIRAM B. CLAWSON

V

In about 1863, Mr. Clawson crossed the plains, going to New York with some gold. He relates that the Indians were very bad on the road, and continues:

We were going on past Denver, and the night at first came out so clear and moonlight that I got out of the coach that night. We knew Indians were on the road, and got every gun there was in the coach and placed them by the side of every man. When we reached the fort we heard there had been several men shot;

hence, we concluded we would better stay, and we sent back for help to Denver. There was a preacher on a coach who had escaped and come back to the fort. When he got half way between the two stations the Indians shot the driver off his seat. They had missed the preacher and the mules had started to run. He got down on the double-trees. There were some sloughs along toward the river, and while the animals were going for all they were worth, he was shaken off into the slough. The Indians went on, got the coach, and came back to hunt for him, but could not find him. He lay in the bushes next the river close by, and after they went away he came back to the station. Next day we started on. Almost at every station there had been a driver or somebody else killed. We were pretty well armed, and we had learned how to be pretty safe. We took shot guns and cut the barrels off so that they were about two feet long. We could thus have them with us in the coach. The Indians got tired of this kind of thing, and we had no bother when they learned we had these instruments.

One of the beautiful things on the plains was the antelope. They were very numerous. At the stations we got the cooks to prepare a lot of antelope steak which we took into the coach and ate on the way. It was the best food I ever ate.

Up in the Black Hills, some 400 miles away, we were short of meat and almost everything else. It looked as if we were going to starve, so I concluded that I would go out and see if I could kill something. Some people think that it was a good deal of bragging for me to say that I killed a buffalo, but I went back about a mile and a half on the road we had just come over. There I saw a little depression and a little sharp hill. I went to see if I could find anything on the other side. Going down there, I saw a buffalo five years old, probably a little older. I was not the least alarmed nor excited over it, but concluded that I would take a shot at that buffalo. He could not see me, so I got a good aim, fired and hit him. I cannot remember where I struck him, but it was not long before he wavered on his feet and tumbled over dead. I returned to camp, and they just yelled and hollered. They hardly believed it, but I said: "You will see some bones tomorrow where the wolves have eaten him, if you don't go." They took a wagon, and returned, hooting and yelling, with the

buffalo meat. That was the only time we had buffalo meat. We did not save the hide. I was too young to pay much attention to it, and those animals were pretty common then, anyway.

VI

At a dinner given to Senator Stewart of Nevada, in 1896, H. B. Clawson was present, besides senators and reporters. He relates this incident:

There were no others of the general public allowed, but for some reason or other I was invited to be there. I guess they thought they would put up a job on me, I do not know. We got along with the dinner, got through with the eating, and they had gone to drinking champagne, and were firing intellectual shots at each other—they were mighty smart.

There was a man by the name of Private John Allen, noted for his wit, and for the clever things he said. He was seated next to me, round the circle of the table, and every little while he asked me some question about the "Mormons" and about coming across the plains. I was very innocent about the matter and answered his questions without thinking much about it. After the others had got around pretty well, he arose. Well, you could have heard a pin drop when he got up, because he was a noted man, and they knew there was something coming which they thought was good.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, I want to introduce a man from the West, a frontiersman, a man who crossed the plains barefooted, a man who is a 'Mormon.' More than that, gentlemen, he is a polygamist. And now, I want to say to you, gentlemen, if there is a single man in this crowd who is not a polygamist, let him rise to his feet."

Well, they roared with laughter, and he continued: "Gentlemen, you will observe that I am the only man standing."