



*Figure 1 From James McClintock's book, Mormon Settlement in Arizona*

The above rare photo is precious. It shows the Moencopi Village as it looked when the missionaries lived among the Indians. At the time of the 1864 expedition, Jacob, the oldest, was 45; William Hamblin, Dudley Leavitt, and Isaac Riddle were 34; Thales Haskell was 30; Ira Hatch was 29; and Ammon was 20. Both going and coming, the men ran out of water. From Isaac Riddle's journal, we read:

It was in the fall of 1864 that Jacob Hamblin and myself and six others undertook to perform a mission to (the Moquis) to preach to them the principles of the Gospel. It was on this trip that we had another evidence of God with us. We crossed the Colorado River on a raft at the point where Lee's Ferry was later constructed, and struck across the country on the Old Ute trail. But it had been a dry season and we passed first one empty water hole and then another until it looked as if there was no water in the country at all. But we kept on in the hope that when the big rock water tank which we knew through our previous visit, when young George A. Smith was killed and which was in the country of Spaneshank, should be reached . . . we would have plenty of water. But when we came up to it we found that it, too, was empty and we were in sore straits, for we were greatly in need of water, and we now knew that there was none on this trail for a distance of fifty miles.

Then Hamblin asked me if I thought I could find the spring where Old Spaneshank was camped the time we first met him. I was not sure, but I said I would try, and leaving the company, I climbed up a high, steep mountain which the trail skirted, telling the boys to go on and I would from the top get our course and meet them on the farther side. It was difficult climbing, but by dint and much hard work, crawling part of the time on my hands and knees, I reached the summit. And then when I looked over, lo! There before me, almost within arm's reach, lay a clear pool of rain water. I took a drink of it, and a little farther on discovered two larger pools, sufficient for the

whole company and all our horses. The descent from the other side was easy, and we found that we could lead the horses up to the larger pool. And when we had drunk our fill, and attended to our horses, we knelt down and returned thanks to God for our deliverance.<sup>1</sup>

The men felt blessed again as they returned to Utah. From Isaac Riddle's journal we read:

On our return we had an experience that impressed us very much. While crossing the desert from the Moqui Villages, we anticipated that when we reached the rocks containing the pools of water where we had been succored a short time before we would again find water. What was our surprise and horror, therefore, to discover on reaching the rocks there was not a drop of water in any of them. Having crossed a fifty mile desert, we were in sore need of water, both for ourselves and for our animals; and as we had another fifty miles of desert to travel before reaching the Colorado River, it was most essential that we have water. The nearest water to us was ten miles distance, over a sandy desert, and directly out of our way; that is, we would have to travel twenty miles to get water, and again reach our trail for home. It was nearly two days on our way home to water, and both we and the animals were greatly distressed.

Hamblin suggested that we search for the Navajo spring, as we had intended to do when we first found the pools, and this we decided to do. It was then almost night, and we thought of putting in the evening in the search, and if we should fail then, we would make for the spring in the morning.

We separated and went in different directions. I climbed to the top of the mountain near the place where I had previously discovered the pools. Nothing was to be found there. But there was a good view of the surrounding country, and for some time, I sat and looked about me, and while I sat there the realization of the seriousness of our position came to me, and I told the Lord our situation, that we had been called on that trip by those who had been appointed to lead His people; that we were there to try to do good and for the advancement of His work; and that in the performance of our duty we had been sent into a desert country where there was neither water nor food. I implored His aid.

And my prayer was answered. For no sooner had I arisen from my knees than I beheld in the northwest a tiny cloud, and while I watched it, it grew from a speck to a cumulus [Issac's spelling] cloud and I could see that it was moving directly for us. So I descended from the mountain and called to the boys and showed them the approaching cloud. Whereupon all were pleased and returned thanks to God. In a very short time the cloud was over us, and it snowed, and the snow melted and filled the pools. It was a miracle.<sup>2</sup>

The men eventually all returned to Utah with feelings of thanksgiving for a successful trip. Jacob returned to find that his wife, Rachel, had died while he was in Arizona.

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<sup>1</sup> Corbett, 243.

<sup>2</sup> Corbett, 245.

## 1865 – Fighting the Navajos

The next year, 1865, Ammon and his father fought a battle with 16 Navajos in Southern Utah. When Ammon spoke of this event to James H. McClintock, Ammon described a time when he, his father, Nathan, and Enoch Dodge were “eighteen miles west of Pipe Spring and six miles southwest of Canaan, Utah.”

McClintock writes:

There were three Americans from Toquerville, the elder Tenney [Nathan, age 48], the narrator [Ammon Tenney, age 21], and Enoch Dodge, the last known as one of the bravest of southern Utah pioneers. The three were surrounded by sixteen Navajos, and, with their backs to the wall, fought for an hour or more, finally abandoning their thirteen horses and running for better shelter. Dodge was shot through the knee cap, a wound that incapacitated him from the fight thereafter. The elder Tenney fell and broke his shoulder blade and was stunned, though he was not shot.

This left the fight upon the younger Tenney, who managed to climb a twelve - foot rocky escarpment. He reached down with his rifle and dragged up his father and Dodge. The three opportunely found a little cave in which they secreted themselves until reasonably rested, hearing the Indians searching for them on the plateau above. Then, in the darkness, they made their way fifteen miles into Duncan's Retreat on the Virgin River in Utah. 'There is one thing I will say for the Navajo,' Tenney declared with fervor. 'He is a sure - enough fighting man. The sixteen of them stood shoulder to shoulder, not taking cover, as almost any other southwestern Indian would have done.'<sup>3</sup>

McClintock's report is abbreviated, but this next enrichment is told with more details by Katie B. Carter in her book, *Heart Throbs of the West*, pages 444 – 446. She titles her story, “A Boy's Courage.”

Ammon Tenney. In the early part of January, the people of St. George were startled by the report that Dr. James M. Whitmore, father of Hon. George C. Whitmore, of Nephi, and Robert McIntire, a brother of our fellow townsmen Samuel and William H. McIntire, had been killed by Indians at Pipe Springs, where they were engaged in ranching. In April, Joseph and Robert Berry, with the wife of the latter, were killed near Short Creek, about twenty - five miles west from Pipe Springs.

Because of these and other depredations, the people were called in from outlying settlements and exposed ranches, to places of safety. Nathan C. Tenney (Ammon's Dad) had established a ranch at Short Creek where he built a house, but in common with others, had abandoned it and moved to Toquerville, about twenty-five miles distant.

In December three horsemen rode out from Toquerville, their destination being the Short Creek Ranch. They were fairly well mounted, and in those early days would have

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<sup>3</sup> McClintock, 77.

been considered well - armed. Nathan C. Tenney carried an old - fashioned cap-and-ball pistol. Enoch Dodge was armed with a light, muzzle - loading rifle. The third member of the party, Ammon M. Tenney, was a mere boy with black hair, dark eyes and a slender body. He carried an old style six - shooter and was going with his father to look for horses which had strayed from Toquerville UT.

The party reached Short Creek without incident, and spent the night at the ranch house. The following morning they rode out on the Pipe Springs trail to the place where the Berry brothers had been killed, and after looking over the ground, went on and soon found the horses for which they were hunting.

Not far from them was one of those peculiar hills, or ridges, so common on the Short Creek range. By some convulsion of nature these ridges had been forced up, leaving an abrupt face of rock, often impossible of ascent, on the east or north, while approach to the top of the cliffs from one side is easy. At the foot of one of these bluffs, a corral had been constructed to which the horses, eight in number, were driven, and hurriedly caught and necked together. Signs indicated to the trained eyes of these experienced frontiersmen that Indians were in the neighborhood, had been observed and commented upon; and that feeling of anxiety which comes to men who sense impending danger that cannot be seen was intense.

The horses were driven from the corral and headed toward home, when the white men found themselves face to face with eight Navajos. The Indians, spread out in a semicircle, occupied the plain, while the white men retired to the protection of the cliffs to which reference has been made. What was to be done? That the Indians meant to kill them was plain to the two men.

Their weapons, consisting of bows and arrows and a few guns, were made ready as they taunted and denounced the white men. To Nathan C. Tenney, a man who had many times looked death in the face, the situation appeared desperate, hopeless. With the impassable cliffs behind and the Indians in front, what chance had they to escape? The boy proposed that all of the horses be killed and used as breastwork, and that they fight.

The father urged that their ammunition would soon be exhausted. He thought it possible to compromise by giving up their horses. The boy spoke to the Indians in Spanish, which language he had learned in California, and found that he was understood. A parlay ensued and one of the Indians, a stalwart man, leaving his arms, came out into the circle and invited the boy to meet him there and arrange terms of capitulation. Removing his pistol, the boy was about to comply when his father restrained him. "My son," he said, "that powerful man will pick you up and carry you away, and then they will kill us."

At this juncture, the cliffs echoed with war whoops, and, to their dismay, the men saw eight additional Indians riding furiously down the plain toward them, their long hair streaming out behind as they unslung their guns and quivers. "Resistance is now useless," said the elder Tenney. "What hope have we against sixteen well - armed and mounted men?"

It was at this juncture that the courage and leadership of the boy asserted itself. Drawing his pistol, he turned down the trail at the base of the bluff, and, striking the spurs deep into his horse's sides and crying "Follow me!" rode straight into the Indians who confronted him, firing as he went. The two men followed. Against this intrepid charge the Indians gave way, and the race for life began. Thus, for more than a mile they rode, the three on the trail, sheltered to the west by the bluff, while the Indians, who were in front of them, behind them, and on the plain to the east, kept up a constant fusillade of shots as they ran.

Several times the boy, who was a superb horseman, and better mounted, had opportunity to outstrip his pursuers and escape; as often he returned to encourage his father and Dodge to be brave and come on. He was thus riding in advance when a sharp cry from his father caused him to look back to see both horse and rider rolling in the dust. The Indians, with bows bent to the arrowheads, were bearing down on his father in a body. Without a moment's hesitation, the boy turned and spurred his horse between his father and the on - rushing savages, discharging his pistol in the very faces of the men nearest him. The Indians, wavered, scattered, and falling on the opposite side of their horses, discharged a volley at the boy.

His father declared that he had been shot, and Dodge, also having been wounded by a bullet, implored the boy to escape and go to his mother. Instead of doing this, he assisted his father to his feet, and turning the horses loose, with the saddles on, urged the men to climb to the rocks above. For a few moments the attention of the Indians were attracted to the loose horses and during this time the boy succeeded in getting the men up into the rocks, where he covered their retreat, while the Indians, riding by at the foot of the bluff in single file, kept up a constant fire on him.

When the upper ledge was reached, the situation again looked hopeless; the cliff presented an obstacle which the men declared it would be impossible to pass, but the boy, undismayed, made the effort and succeeded. He then took hold of the gun, and while his father held on, he pulled and Dodge pushed until he reached the top, where he fell unconscious. With the gun, he then pulled Dodge to the summit.

A hasty examination showed that the father had not been shot, as he thought, but that the fall from the horse had dislocated and badly bruised his shoulder. Dodge had been shot in the leg. The boy lay down on his back, took his father's hand in his, and placing one foot on the neck, the other in the armpit, with a quick and strong twist, brought the dislocated joint back into place. He then placed his hands upon the head of his father, and in a few well - chosen words, laid their condition before the Lord and prayed that his father might be restored.

The man arose and they retreated a short distance to the west where they concealed themselves in some loose rocks. They had scarcely done so when they heard the patter of the feet of Indians on the very rocks under which they had taken refuge. Darkness came on and with it the Indians left them, thinking, undoubtedly, that they had made good their escape and were far away. When it appeared safe, they came out from their

hiding place, and, guided by the boy, slowly made their way to Duncan's Retreat, from which place they were taken to their home by friends.

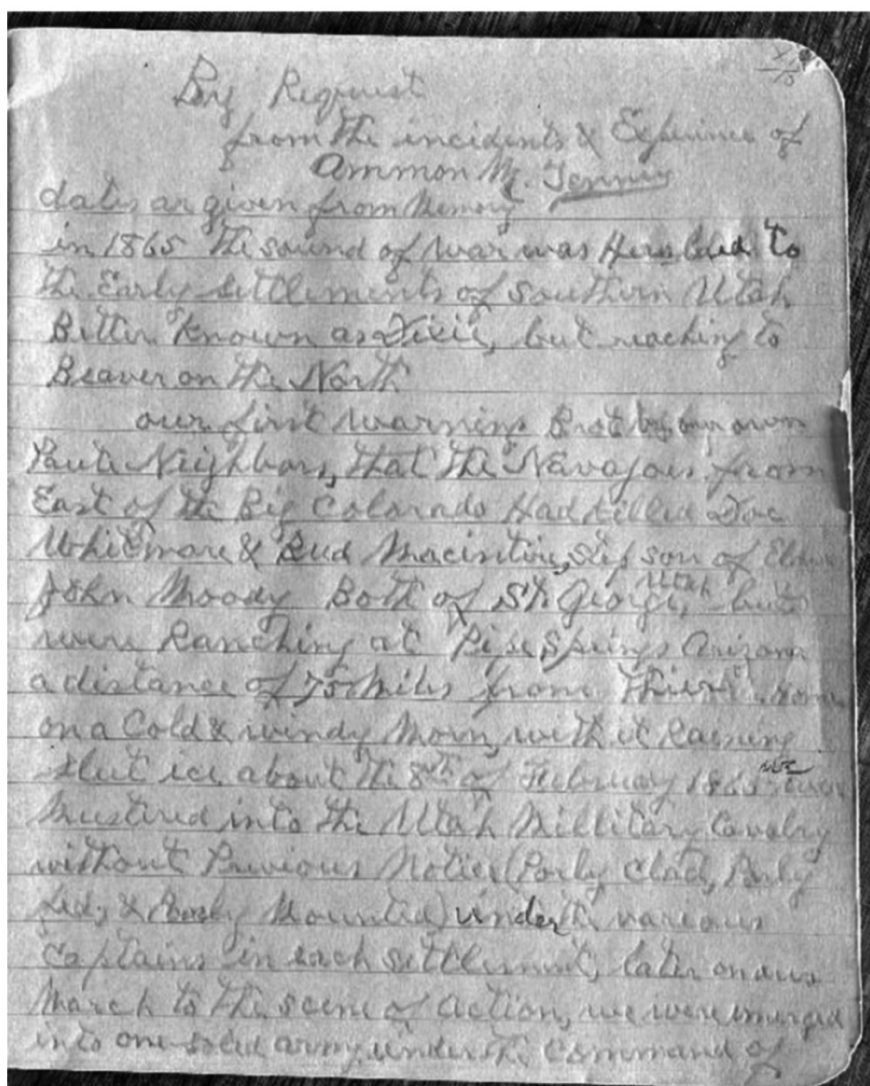
Ammon Tenney became a courageous, devoted man, but never since, and probably never again, will a crisis arise demanding the inspiring exhibition of courage here recounted.

Soon, Ammon's next adventure came. He was pressed into service by Captain James Andrus to go with the militia formed to retrieve animals which had been stolen by the Indians. At the time, Ammon was sick, being nursed at his parents'd house in Toquerville.

## Nancy A. Allen Transcribes Ammon's Autobiographical Stories

When Ammon was older, he was asked by others to record some of his adventures. He wrote down some of his stories in a notebook using a pencil. The notebook stories are hard to read because the pencil writing has faded, and some of the sentences are difficult to interpret. A good and intelligent woman, Nancy A. Allen, took the time to transcribe these stories. Her transcriptions are published on FamilySearch in the Ammon Tenney memories gallery. I have included three of Ammon's stories next.

Here is an example of what Nancy A. Allen was transcribing:



By Request  
from the incidents & Experiences of  
Ammon M. Tenney  
date as given from memory  
in 1865 The sound of war was heard to  
the early settlements of Southern Utah  
better known as Tule, but reaching to  
Beaver on the North  
our first warning about the Navajos  
Paula neighbors, that the Navajos from  
East of the Big Colorado had killed Doc  
Whitman & Bud Macintyre, sons of John  
John Moody both of St. George, Utah, but  
were ranching at Pipe Springs, Arizona  
a distance of 70 miles from their home  
on a cold & windy morning with ice falling  
about the 8th of February 1865 we  
were mustered into the Utah Military Cavalry  
without previous notice (only clothed in  
saddle & bucky mounted) under various  
captains in each settlement, later on a  
march to the scene of action, we were merged  
into one solid army under the command of

Story One  
**“Miraculous Location of Two Slain Men”**

In 1865 the sound of war was heralded to the early settlements of Southern Utah, better known as Dixie, but reaching to Beaver on the north. Our first warning, brought by our own Paiute neighbors, [was] that the Navajos from east of the Big Colorado had killed Doc Whitmarsh and Bud MacIntire, stepson of Elder John Moody. Both [were] of St. George, Utah, but were ranching at Pipe Spring, Arizona, a distance of seventy - five miles from their home. On a cold and windy morn, with it raining sleet ice, about the 8th of February, 1865, we were mustered into the Utah Military Cavalry without previous notice (poorly clad, poorly fed, and poorly mounted) under the various captains in each settlement. Later, on our march to the scene of action, we were merged into one solid army under the command of Colonel J. D. McArthur, aided by Angus M. Cannon and John D. L. Pierce, while each captain kept his company intact, but amenable to the above named as commanders in chief.

The storm became fierce, and as we [were] raised up from our Dixie climate we suffered, both men and horses, beyond description. So, by the time we had reached Pipe Springs, our destination, the snow had fallen and lay two feet on the level, with no shelter on the point or corner of a mountain, from which gushed the Ranch Spring. [We had] no shelter, all our blankets wet, not a dry thread on our poor shivering bodies, while our poor horses starving and huddled and humped up until all four feet could [have} been put into a half bushel measure; our arms of the old style, cap and ball and wet, not a dozen soldiers could [have] fired a shot in that army had we been attacked at that time.

Col. McArthur was kind to the extreme, while his two aids were not looking in sympathy [on] our awful conditions. All three were more spiritual than military, and in accord with this, camp orders were faithfully attended, for we were now on no man's soil, liable to be attacked and thrown into confusion. With camp rules implicitly obeyed, our devotions to our God were scrupulously adhered to, and the question naturally arose,

“What can we with two feet of snow - - what hope have we of discovering the bodies of our two brethren?” This permeated through every breast in all our army, but our leaders were men of God whose faith seemed to have no bounds and accordingly, it was decreed that at every campfire both morning and night we were to humbly petition our Father in Heaven to lead us by giving us a sign or in his own divine way [leading] to the bodies covered in two feet of snow.

Some days were spent in reconnoitering the country, and while thus searching we [ran] onto a young man, Paiute, and of course brought him as a prisoner. This fact tended to arouse the vindictiveness of many, who were loud for capital punishment, but our brethren in the fore felt to extenuate the part that he may have done, and as I was the interpreter, this poor Indian hied up to me as his only friend. It happened one day that J. D. L. Pierce and I remained in camp, and I revealed to him that it nearly broke my heart to see my comrades treat this Indian as they were, rolling coals of fire against his naked skin when he would swoon off into an unconscious condition in consequence of his awful fear of being executed for having participated in the murder of our two brethren. I defended him, and I would push the coals of fire away as [they] sizzled and fried his poor naked body, while the boys would curse me and say anyone that would defend a murderer was just as bad as they were, but I did not fail to push the coals away.

On the day that Col. Pierce remained in camp the boys became so furious at my saying that he was only “possuming” and they drew a pistol on me. This aroused my temper, and it became rather warm until some of the officers called order and began to inquire into the cause of the uproar. I then reported

to Col. Pierce, who reported to Col. Cannon, who ordered us up to their camp a few rods distant, when Bro. Cannon exonerated me, and threatened to send home in chains those that had been so cruel. Later in the day Col. Pierce called me and the Indian to try and get him to tell where the bodies were and right while we were pleading with him, we or Col. Pierce had me tell him that if he would show us where the bodies were, he should not be shot.

At this very moment someone called out, pointing to a very bright light resembling a rainbow except that it was straight and about, or must have been, 300 feet high and pointing straight down to the earth. Instantaneously the cry vibrated throughout all our camp, while all with one accord proclaimed, "That is the light given of the Lord in fulfillment of the repeated petitions offered up by every campfire for some days."

And our faith [was] made stronger by our Indian saying that the bodies were right under the end of that light. But so sure [was] every man in that army that the voice, from every quarter, rang out for the best horse in camp to plow through the two feet of snow with all possible speed, lest our sign might disappear, for a horse could only trot slowly and the distance not less than six miles.

Elder Morris of Mesa, who owned the best horse in our army, was detailed and being full of nerve and energy, leaped upon his noble mount while the army sat almost breathless awaiting his return. Elder Morris reached [the site], and riding as near as possible right under this ray of light, dismounted and kicked the snow which lay two feet deep. There to his joy lay the two bodies not many feet apart. He at once mounted his grand old horse, who seemed to catch the spirit and returned to camp giving the glad news as he approached and before he alighted, while his steed was a lather and foam from one end to the other, while his rider's face was lit up beyond my power of description. Teams with an empty wagon were dispatched in great haste.

Arriving at the place which was located by following Elder Morris' tracks, while they were loading the two bodies into the wagon, there came up Capt. James Andrews with eight Paiute prisoners. Soon some form of a court martial was held in which these eight Indians confessed to having aided in the murdering of both our brethren, and it was the unanimous decree to administer death by shooting.

They were lined up and shot to death, all except the one who had received a promise that if he would tell where the bodies lay, we would spare his life. At the time they [Whitmarsh and MacIntire] were murdered, the Navajos took 2000 sheep, 275 beef cattle, and a few horses. This ended our military operations, but only for a short season, for the coming winter the war clouds broke in on all Dixie.

Story Two  
**"Interpreter for John Wesley Powell and Jacob Hamblin,  
Miraculous Healing, Moqui People, Peace Treaty"**

About the year 1868, [1869] Major [J.W.] Powell, who had lost his right arm in the Civil War, undertook to explore the Grand Canyon by means of navigation. Major Powell was a commissioned officer in the U.S. Army, and at the close of the Civil War was not mustered out of the ranks, continued to draw his salary, and continued to serve in various departments. Having with him a few men [nine] whose experience was so perilous that on arriving at the heart of what is today known as the Grand Canyon of the Big Colorado, and adding to perils already passed, the fact that many uncivilized tribes of Indians live adjacent to and along this river, three of his party refused to go any further. So, an

equitable division of whatever remained [was] given, and they set out to find some settlement in Southern Utah.

Major Powell with the few left him soon found themselves floating for miles without any landing on either side. The chasm or deep opening presented to their view was extreme, for on either side [rose] vertical and solid rock, which in many places measured five thousand feet. It was not uncommon to pass places entirely dark at mid - day. The nervous excitement caused vertigo or a giddy sensation which was simply appalling.

[There was] no possible escape or redress or change of venue while the roar of the oncoming cataract carried despair. [This] seemed to entirely disarm all but the major, who took a more psychological view and accordingly encouraged his partners of fate to brace up. After hours of floating, they could hear above the awful roar a distinct sound which whispered in the ears of past experience that a fall of perpendicular gravity [was] awaiting their arrival, [with] no possible hope but to be swallowed in the wild and turbulent foaming stream. Just as they made a small curve, they discovered a little bar thrown up by the aid of higher waters, and to this they paddled their little hulls with beating hearts.

[This] gave birth to a little hope; here they remained some days, reconnoitering the river below, finding that as they had anticipated, a fall of wonderful dimensions awaited them with no possible escape but to dive their hulls that were made hollow and watertight in which they carried their all.

The time arrived and each man was strapped for safety so as to not be thrown overboard. Approaching the jump off was a three - mile cataract or rapids, which meant no delay on the journey, neither halt nor anchor, but to consign themselves to fate or an unseen power which precludes any description on my part. They made the race of about three miles and passed over the falls without any special incident, except the hull manned by the major capsized but soon turned back as the tops were made round and the bottom was flat and easy to almost turn itself [over] in case of capsizing.

We will now leave this valiant crew at Call's Landing. Many days' journey from the scene that have been only portrayed in part by my [uncultured?] brain and also a trembling hand. Soon after the exploration of the Grand Canyon, he went East to report his findings but returned the same season and called upon President Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. [Pres. Young] gave him a letter to Jacob Hamblin requesting Jacob to aid in the search for the three men who left Major at the head and on entering the canyon above referred to. Soon after this, the major arrived in Kanab with a small crew bringing a small pack train and joined companies with Jacob who had made ready for a trip of reconciliation with the Navajos.

[They] had made raids on all Southern Utah, from whom they had driven hundreds of horses, cattle, and sheep, stealing them. So agile and fleet footed [were they] that we were outwitted and out - generated. Besides this, we were very reluctant in shedding the blood of our fellow man. Carrying into our defense efforts the olive branch of peace, [we] sought in every way within our power to reach them by means of peaceful terms. Our companies joined for mutual protection. It had been arranged for Jacob and the major to go farther south in quest of more reliable news regarding what had become of the three men spoken of above.

It followed that the writer, A. M. Tenney, was placed in charge of both companies, packing on the backs of mules lumber to make a small ferry boat at the entrance of the Paria Creek where it joined the Colorado River.

About this time, the Kanab people had an epidemic of whooping cough, and some cases became serious. At the time of my departure my Phoebe daughter was a very sick child. She would begin to cough and begin to choke [until] she became entirely unconscious for some minutes, but the hour of our departure had arrived. I blessed my sorrow - stricken wife and mother over the fears she entertained of the perilous condition of our child.

While it surely required an extra struggle to leave my loving family in view of the circumstances, yet I had been called to go on a mission by God's servants from which I expected succor. I started, and I had not reached one block from my home when the sound of the child's mother's voice saluted my ears, calling me back quickly, for she said, "Oh, Ammon, our darling child is dead!"

I turned back and violently rode up to the door, dismounting and running in, and laid my hands upon her head and pleaded with my Eternal Father to hear and look from Heaven and bring back to life my child that I might go on my mission. Before my hands were raised, she began to show life, and in a few minutes, she lay in a normal state. Within the space of twenty minutes, I began to make ready to depart again while the neighbors had flocked in, every soul weeping.

My poor, heartbroken wife said to me, "My dear, how can you leave us thus in our awful condition?" My reply was "if I go, my loving wife, then I shall have a claim on the Lord, but if I don't go, I have no claim." I walked to my horse and made away and never heard for three months [until] my return, about my family, as there was no mail in that early day, but my confidence in the results rose mountains high. When I returned my Phoebe girl was well and a fat little pig, and her mother was made to rejoice over the faith and valor of her husband.

We will now return to our company who had gained many miles on me, but I joined them that evening to hear the trouble recounted regarding the lumber. It surely proved to be next to impossible to tie lumber six feet long on the backs of mules, but the thought of saving sixty - five miles to the Crossing of the Fathers where we had been compelled to cross in all our previous journeys served as an encouragement. We toiled day in and day out at it and at last arrived at the junction of the Paria Creek and the river.

On the following day we began our work on our little ferry boat. We chopped down two cottonwood trees measuring twelve feet long. We began hewing them on each side to a thickness of three inches while at each end we beveled on the underside schooner - shaped. We then nailed our six - foot lumber on the beveled side. With an auger we bored two holes at the center of the top edge of our cottonwood slab which we made about two feet wide. In these two holes on either side, we drove in each hole a hard wood pin about four inches apart.

Between these pins or stakes we worked our oars or paddles to guide and propel the skiff. Once done, we rolled it into the river with a strong rope attached to the boat and extended up the bank to a solid post set in the ground about four feet. Then we retired to camp feeling quite good over the first ferry boat made in that part of the country. By morning the lumber had soaked and swelled until our ferry boat did not leak a drop. It served for many years to carry our camp equipment over while we swam our horses across. Then commenced a suspense, and fear arose in our minds regarding Jacob and the major for they did not show up for three weeks.

No tongue can begin to picture the sorrow envisioned by the suspense of that three weeks. But they at last came, and we journeyed to the Moqui Villages. While there, the major, using the writer as interpreter, obtained the traditions of those peculiar people. This would be too tiresome for me to undertake to write from memory, but desiring one item to go on record, I will relate it, being inspired by what I saw, coupled with the story as given by an aged Uribe. There are seven villages, but [all] speaking the Hopi or Moqui language.

The story runs that when they marry, the father of the girl, aided by his male relatives, takes and strips the young man who is going to marry his daughter, and washes him from head to foot, and puts on a garment made of cotton to be married in. So also does the mother and relatives of the boy take the girl, strip her, and wash her and dress her in - - to them—sacred garments, to be married. I saw the garments as they lay in a bundle, but being unmindful of the importance of it as it suggests itself today, I did not unfold them.

And now I ask my reader, doesn't it carry a strong testimony that the Nephites practiced some kind of temple ordinances, and that in consequence of ages or centuries, wars and exoduses, they have lost almost all the ritual belonging to that sacred ordinance? I see the elements or reason and truth on which to found a justifiable opinion.

We now pick up our narrative again. After remaining several days among these villages, we were visited by our Navajos. [They] showed plainly that they were not so very anxious for us to go on to Fort Defiance to call the chiefs in question regarding the pillaging of our country, but we inquired as to our safety, for Fort Defiance lay close to another hundred miles farther to the east, and the trail ran through a dense forest. But we were determined to act our part and return to our brethren and sisters with the sound of peace. We held council over the journey and arrived at the conclusion that the major and I were to precede the company to feel of the U.S. Agent and become acquainted with him, for we needed him in reaching our object.

We were also dependent to a large degree on Major Powell, but my interpreting and some other friendly acts had won him completely over. We started, but I admonished him to take arms. We had not traveled many miles till two fine looking Navajos joined us. These were mounted on fine horses with their bridles, saddles, their hair and belts mounted with silver profusely from top to bottom. Their earrings were grand, while the bands around their wrists equaled anything I had ever seen. They rode right behind us while the old Moqui rode next and had turned pale as a corpse. We were fearful of some trap lying in wait for us, and I asked the major if he was armed, to which he answered evasively. We had traveled about twelve miles when all at once we came to a drop from the high plateau into a valley a hundred feet below us.

As we were trailing down into the valley, we heard the war whoop in front and on our right! We could see two

footmen running with all the speed that lay within them. This valley on our left formed points of the hill that we had just descended, and when those footmen would whoop, each point referred to would echo and vibrate to the next point, making it sound as though there were a thousand warriors in every direction awaiting our arrival. I fixed and loosened my pistol, and dismounted and tightened my cinch, and prepared to sell my life dearly.

At the same time, I laid my Winchester over my left arm with the trigger set. [I] blamed vociferously the major for not being armed. On the two came and as they approached within forty yards, I said to the major, "I shall shoot at the first appearance of hostility."

[Then] our two from behind began to talk quietly. By this time [the runners] had confronted us, and the major dismounted, and untying his pack at the rear of his saddle, pulling a plug of tobacco out and holding it aloft said to me, "Don't shoot, for this is the kind of arms that I carry." Turning to the two on foot, [he] divided it between them, slapping them on the shoulders as if pleased to see them. The two were frothing at the mouth, but quieted down, and laid their guns on the ground, which act brought me one breath of relief.

It developed in our treaty that the chief over that part of the country had dispatched these horsemen to guard us from just such renegades as these footmen were. We traveled on and arrived the next day after dark and [were] kindly received by Captain John C. Bennett, the U. S. Agent. We soon found an echo of kind feelings in the agent, so that by the time Jacob with the company arrived, we had everything underway to hold a council with all the chiefs of the Nation.

But the news flew to every part of the reservation, which resulted in 8000 warriors being present, the most exciting scene of my life. It proved successful. All the chiefs signed the treaty while J. Lorenzo Hubble and the writer were the interpreters. Our company consisted of Jacob Hamblin and Ammon M. Tenney, Nate Terry, and Elijah Potter, while the major's company numbered six.

Our homeward journey was attended with many incidents of a grievous nature, as well as one that brought joy unbounded to us. We had reached the Moqui or Hopi Villages, and rested our animals for a day or two. To our surprise, there appeared quite a band of Navajos, well dressed and well mounted. They requested an interview with us which was granted in the large room of the Hopi king.

They opened their remarks by saying that after we had left Fort Defiance, it was thought best by Barbancito, the king, to follow and gather a few chiefs that were not at the treaty and let them understand the nature and the spirit of our future friendship. I, repeating as interpreter to Jacob, continued, [as] they said, in part, "We have not followed you with any desire to change what was agreed to at Fort Defiance. For all that has been said and done has caused a growth in our hearts like the planting of corn in our Brother Earth. But as corn while yet tender needs cultivating and irrigating so it may grow and yield fruit, just like this, we have come to renew our allegiance and have you talk to us by irrigating that which was planted in our hearts."

I repeated [this] to Jacob, who seemed to be touched with such great joy that he wept, and said to me, "Go on, Tenney, and answer, for you can do it better than I can." My answer was an assurance of our kindest wishes for them, with an invitation to come to our country, but peaceably, and we would receive them with open arms.

They then said, "We know you are our friends, and from now on we will gather the fruit of the earth together. We will eat it out of one dish; one blanket shall cover us both" (meaning our enemies should be their enemies) "and we will teach our children to follow our pathway."

I had also said many things that pointed to friendly relations. Pointing to heaven, I said, "[There] lives a Supreme Being who is my father and your father, and we have a mother there, and they love us, and they want us to live honest and moral lives, because you are our brothers. We are all his sons and

daughters for he is the Father of us all.” At this they sprang to their feet, and grabbing me around, dancing, on their shoulders, and embracing me with their arms.

This ended one of the most interesting scenes of my life. The spirit of the Lord rested [there] in rich abundance, for every soul present wept for joy. We returned filled with gratitude for our success. It is beyond my power of imagination to picture the joy that filled my young bosom over our success, not only in reaching a treaty of peace, but beyond and above this, we had planted a seed, as they innocently had said, and compared it to corn within their hearts, the seed of confidence and love that is more lasting than their name signed to that treaty document.

Imagine, Dear Reader, the beating of my heart when I remembered that an obscure boy whose plebeian birth held no incentive pointing to notoriety or big things, but with the favor of my Redeemer, I acted an important part in one of the greatest and grandest treaties ever consummated on American soil. But listen, this sinks into oblivion when compared with the bearing of news to all Southern Utah, where lived thousands of aching hearts over the loss of lives and property, that peace had been reached permanently.

### Story Three “Mission to the Lamanites”

In 1875 the first mission was sent to Mexico under the direction of Daniel W. Jones. Our company consisted of President D. W. Jones, Elders A. W. Ivins, Helaman Pratt, J. Z. Stewart, Wiley Jones, R. H. Smith, and Ammon M. Tenney.

Our route lay from Kanab along the trail made by Jacob Hamblin and his cohorts until we reached the Moqui Villages. From there we turned a little to the south, striking the Little Colorado eight miles above Sunset Crossing, afterwards colonized by Lot Smith who took the name Sunset. Here we turned almost west, crossing the Mogollon and Black Forest Mountains and having Prescott eighteen miles to our right. Turning a little more south, coming to Phoenix and on up to Tempe, we laid over to rest our animals.

In January 1876, forty-four years ago last January, [Ammon would have been about thirty-one years old] we camped on the Esequia that conducted the water that turned the wheel of Mr. Hayden’s grist mill, which is still making flour.

From here we traveled over to Maricopa, thence up the Gila River to Florence and on to Tucson where it was our intention to enter Mexico, but the State of Sonora was revolutionizing. The father of the Pesquisro (so much spoken about in our periodicals) was the successful general. It was thought better to go on east which resulted in our continuing to El Paso where we laid over to make satisfactory arrangements with the Mexican officials to enter Mexico, fording our outfit across the river right where the International Bridge now stands.

But we also left a part of our outfit in El Paso while Elder Tenney was sent alone down the river to Isleta to labor among the natives who composed the majority of the people. At times some of the elders would visit me, but soon return to El Paso. Sometime in the spring of 1876 President Jones sent me and R. H. Smith back up the Rio Grande River to go as far north as Santa Fe, but to call on

the Mexican towns all along and try to get openings to teach the people and introduce the *Book of Mormon*. While in El Paso and vicinity we had no success whatsoever.

We elders started north and up the river under very discouraging circumstances with only seven dollars between us both, which Pres. Jones handed me as senior just as we parted. Our horses [were] nothing but walking stacks of bones, our clothes worn and shabby, and [we, with] almost nothing to eat [were] in an uncivilized country among a people whose veins seemed full of race antipathy, and where Catholicism of the rankest character [prevailed]. One thousand miles lay between us and all that was dear to us, with numerous warlike tribes living right along our trail. After we should visit the inhabitants as directed, which we estimated all told at forty thousand, we continued our journey north of Albuquerque and then turned on our back track and reached Isleta, twelve miles below Albuquerque, and remained with these Lamanites until spring or warm weather came.

Our conditions were perfectly awful; while we made many friends, yet there seemed to be a powerful influence over this Lamanite settlement originating from the Catholic priests. Suffice [it] to say that the writer held a plow for two weeks drawn by three yoke of cattle on only one meal each twenty - four hours given me when they all ate their dinner, while Elder Smith suffered equally as much as I did. We began to plead with the Lord to make it known to us in his own divine way what we should do, and where to go.

After many days had passed, I had a dream which proved afterwards given from the Lord. I dreamed that I was in a dark and lonely room whose darkness defied all description, for never had I conceived of the thick darkness that I was enveloped in. I tried to extricate myself and sought with all the energy of my soul to find a way out of the large and spacious room, but utterly failed. When all at once there appeared a hole of say, four inches long and two and a half wide, in the wall, while a voice spoke audibly, "Go towards the light."

I answered, "No, I must not do that." And the reason was, in my heart, that I had two beautiful wives whose hands I could see extending and beckoning for me to come, and I was fearful that the evil one had laid a trap to carry me back to those lovely wives and children, and thus abandon my mission to my eternal disgrace.

But it seemed to me that the personage talked to my spirit although I could hear him when he would say, "Go towards the light," which he repeated three times. I awoke and lay until morning pondering over the dream, for it had made a most wonderful impression upon me.

We arose as usual and while fixing a little something that someone had given us for breakfast, Bro. Smith said to me, "Bro. Tenney, what is the matter [with] you?" I was not aware that there was anything the matter [with] me.

He said, "There is surely something the matter [with] you. Your face has no blood, and it is transparent, and you don't look natural. Tell me; I know that there is something [that] happened, and you should not keep it from me."

Well, I was convinced beyond a doubt that Bro. Smith, my companion, did see the results of the visitation of a messenger in answer to our constant prayers. So, I revealed to him my dream, and his prompt answer was that it had been given me of the Lord, and that it was our duty to go towards the light, for I could see it in the west all the time.

But I retained my stand that I was afraid that the devil had given me the dream. Knowing the powerful influence of two pretty and loving wives, [I] thought a snare had been laid to distract me [from] my mission. Being chief

[senior companion] I refused to go, but we did not slacken our petitions to our Maker for instruction what to do or where to go; all the time the light never left me for one moment.

Not many days [later], one morning we arose and to our surprise our horses were in the corral. I immediately asked our host how our horses came here. He told me that the spirit had inspired him to bring our horses in [from his ranch] four to five miles out, for he felt sure we wanted to go west. This staggered me for it was in exact accord with my dream, and also the spirit that Brother Smith enjoyed.

Well, this simply overpowered me. In addition to these wonderful manifestations, the neighbors began coming in with small presents of food, saying, "This will help you on your journey west."

So, I found me a private place, and in my prayer rehearsed my feelings to my Father in Heaven regarding my fears of going towards my loving family, and on raising up I felt plainly a release of my fears, and we started to follow the light, for it never disappeared for one moment while we journeyed one hundred and twenty - five miles.

For days we ate what rabbits I could kill while we moved very slowly owing to our jaded and awfully worn animals, arriving at Fish Springs in New Mexico on the Zuni Reservation. Elder Smith was so exhausted that he laid down on the ground while I unsaddled his horse and unpacked my burro.

[I] said to him, "I'll go on down to where we see smoke emerging from chimneys, and see if I can get you something to eat."

All the while [during] at least eight days' travel, the light never left me, night nor day, and at times it would lead me away from the trail for in that early day there [were] not wagon roads, so the light led me to what proved to be a village of dugouts inhabited by the Zunis.

As I approached the village, I could see about fifteen men staking out a cow hide and when within seventy - five yards, a young man started to run towards me. On reaching me he extended his hand to shake hands, but I dismounted, and then he embraced me, and led me up to the crowd.

(Right here the light left me.) He talked in Zuni, which I have never heard, but I understood every word he said. He told them that when I was a little boy [about fourteen] that I came to the Moqui Village along with big Captain Jacob, and that they must treat me good, because I was a good man. Instantly every man came up and shook hands with me. I told them I had a companion up at the spring, and he was very hungry. They refused to let me return, but sent two up to bring Elder Smith. They gave us quarters, something to eat, and awaited their chief to come from his sheep herd, who welcomed us.

In the following days we held our first meeting with them, and continued holding meetings quite often. One day after I had dwelt on the principle of baptism with all the force within me, to my joy one of the Zuni men who had been very punctual to attend our services came and said that he desired baptism. We were overjoyed at this, and appointed the next day to administer the ordinance.

Punctually at the hour designated we were on the ground while every man, woman, and child of the village turned out, some out of curiosity, others began to feel impressed by our, new to them, doctrine. I stepped into the water, after having implored the blessings of our Father in Heaven to give us his Spirit so that our act might be divinely performed and accepted by him and blessed to the salvation of one of the descendants of his ancient covenant people. I took him by the hand and led him into the water. [I] said, “Brother Juan Bautista, habiendo sido comisionado por Jesu Christo, yo te bautizo en el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo, y del Espiritu Santo, Amen.

” Then I laid him under the water and raised him up. At this moment my joy reached beyond all bounds, and I was overcome, and began to lose my natural strength while Elder Smith noticed that there was something the matter [with] me, and jumping into the water grabbed me, and carrying me to the shore, laid me down on the grass where I laid while he entered by my request and baptized twelve others including the Cacique (king).

While this was going on, I laid unmindful of all my surroundings. I looked at my hands and said, “Have these hands opened the narrow gateway into heaven to one of my fellow men?” For when a boy only fourteen years old and weighed less than ninety pounds, I remembered looking at my hands and asking myself, “Will these hands ever be so highly honored as to be permitted to baptize one of my fellow men?”

That which seemed to be far above my liberties had been granted me! Oh, the joy that filled my beating heart. Oh, how I did send praises to my Redeemer. Oh, how I wished my loving mother could see me and know what I had done. It was she that offered her very life that I might live. It was she (me thot) that fought and bled for me. She selected the name Ammon, and prophesied that I should follow in the footsteps of Ammon in the Book of Mormon. This name should be held aloft and never be taken from the earth again. As I lay, I was made sure that I had tasted of that same joy spoken of in the *Book of Mormon* on page 257 [Alma 19:14].

We continued our meetings and confirmed thirteen that we had baptized. These people were not prepared to be taught the more advanced principles, as understood by the Church, such as the vicarious work for our dead, neither the sealing ordinances, but they could exercise faith, they could repent. They could be taught [about] the sacrament, the healing of their sick, and cry to the Lord for his blessings on their families, on their homes, on their fields, and on their flocks, which we did with all our souls.

While Elder R. H. Smith could not speak Spanish, he could do his part and did in other things. After some days had passed the king came to me and said, “We have accepted your doctrine and accepted baptism, and you have taught us to pray and that that Great Spirit will hear us and bless us according to our works. Now the grasshoppers are devouring the crops of our people over eight miles at another village called Nutrioso. We want you to pray to that Being who you say died for us, and ask him to take the grasshoppers away.”

This aroused every emotion within me, and as I pondered and struggled with the Lord his Spirit was given me, for as I sat, I prayed and told the Lord that we surely had taught them that you would hear and answer prayer. Being filled by the spirit I said, “My brethren, you go over to the fields with your Cacique and pray in your hearts going. When you arrive at the place, you bow down on your knees and not use any of your old ways, but do just as you have seen me do with uplifted hands and with a

loud voice, ask our Redeemer to take the grasshoppers away. Be sure to remember to ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, and the Lord will surely take them away.”

I did not realize what I had promised them until Elder Smith called my attention, and questioned the wisdom in making such a promise. I must confess that I was surprised myself, but after a moment’s thought to clarify my thoughts, I arose to my feet and said, “Elder Smith, we are elders sent forth as in olden times to teach the gospel to our fellow man, and we have taught them just as he says. If we are servants of a God of Miracles, he will do to these good humble men all I have promised them.”

They went at once, and the whole village, including us two Elders, awaited with wonder and anxiety. About five o’clock here they swung around a point of the hill and somersaulted in front of an immense crowd of people while the Cacique walked up to me and said, (but give me time to tell you how my poor and aching heart did beat and throb) “We went and did just as you instructed us. We did not make use of any of our old traditions and asked our God to take away those grasshoppers so that our people with their little innocent children (for you have taught us that all children are innocent) would not starve. And sure as you live, in about one hour every grasshopper arose and flew away.”

At this instant, they grabbed me and put me on their shoulders and danced around with me, singing in their own tongue, notwithstanding I was doing everything in my power to have them desist. I got loose and I explained that it was not me, but that it was God who lived in heaven and that we were his servants.

Those grasshoppers were taking everything that was green, leaving their pathway like a fire had devastated the entire surroundings even to the leaves on the trees, and when they arose to fly away their numbers were so great that [they] actually shaded the sun.

We continued and proceeded to other villages, and organized three branches, and ordained a few and taught them how to preside. About this time there came Bro. Brown who claimed to be president and released us. We returned to Kanab while Elder Smith continued to Logan, Utah, where his family lived.

Pres. Brigham Young immediately sent me and called W. T. Stewart, son of Bishop Levi Stewart of Kanab, to go with me (and also Lorenzo H. Hatch, a very humble and good man) to go and install Elder Hatch in my place as president of the Arizona Department of the Lamanite Mission in Southern Utah.

But it soon developed that Elder Hatch was better qualified to be a president of some stake of Zion than over a Lamanite Mission. I was called back [as] counselor to Lot Smith after living one year in Seboyeta?, New Mexico.

The End of the Nancy A. Allen Transcriptions Quoting Ammon’s Own Words



*Figure 2 In 1873 John D. Lee started taking passengers across the Colorado River.*

Before Lee's Ferry in 1873, crossing the Colorado River was a challenge. But men did it. To cross the river running through the Grand Canyon required a location that allowed both descent into and ascent out of the canyon.

## **1867 – Ammon Marries for the First Time**

In 1867 when he was 23, now a seasoned explorer, Ammon married seventeen-year-old Anna Sariah Eagar. The marriage, performed at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, was eventually blessed with 10 children. In the beginning, Ammon and Anna lived in Toquerville, and here Anna gave birth to two children. However, in 1870, the family moved to Kanab, Utah.



Kanab was first settled in 1864, but the settlers had been driven away because of Indian conflicts. Now Ammon and family along with Jacob Hamblin and family and others moved in to resettle the area.



This picture shows only part of the children that first-wife Anna Sariah Eager bore. All in all, she bore 10 children. In the last half of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, instead of saying “cheese” and giving a smile, the photographer would say, “Now look sad and indifferent. Let your faces show multiple sorrows and don’t move a muscle. Just remember, we are not here to have fun.”



*Figure 3 Anna Sariah Eagar – First Wife.*

Men and women need to shout and praise the pioneer women (and all women). A most fascinating experience would be to sit near them in a quiet room, and listen to their stories. It would be a great treat to do things for them that would make them happy. For many women, their bodies provided perfect homes for new-life, growing babies. The women felt the pains of childbirth. They healed, and then they bore another child.

Then they nourished and taught their children survival skills. And they provided comfort and joy for their husbands. But wait, would not that be enough? Not for the women. They sewed, cleaned pots, cooked meals, washed clothing, and grew gardens. And often, all of their duties and hardship brought pain. Sometimes, the pain was too great, and they died. And sometimes they were forced to stand by and watch their children die.

## 1870 – Ammon Joins the Hamblin/John Wesley Powell Expedition

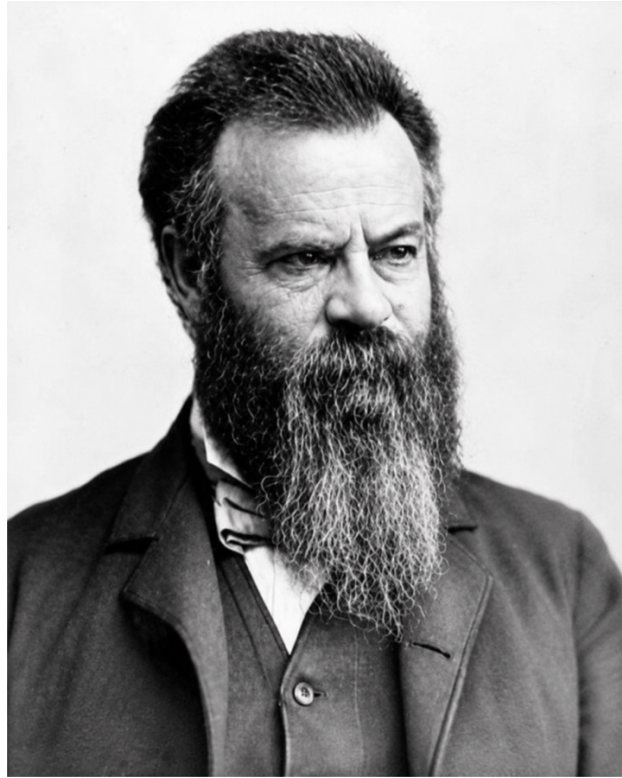


*Figure 4 John Wesley Powell*

In October 1870, when Ammon was 26, Jacob Hamblin invited Ammon to join himself and John Wesley Powell on a trip to the center of the Navajo Nation at Fort Defiance. Speaking of this experience, Ammon told McClintock:

‘The previous year, the Navajo had stolen \$1,000,000 worth of cattle, horses and sheep in southern Utah. . . .’ Tenney estimated that about 8000 Indians were on the council grounds at Fort Defiance. This number would have included the entire tribe. It was found that the gathering was distinctly hostile.<sup>4</sup>

Describing the Fort Defiance trip, from Hamblin's journal we read,

In the autumn of [1870] 1871,<sup>5</sup> Major Powell concluded to go east, by way of Fort Defiance, and desired me to accompany him. As this appeared to be an opening for the much-desired peace talk with the Navajo Indians, I readily accepted the invitation.

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<sup>4</sup> McClintock, 82.

<sup>5</sup> Hamblin's record here is off one year. This date should be 1870. In 1871, Powell was involved in his second expedition down the Colorado River according to Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.



*Figure 5 John Wesley Powell talks to an Indian about what happened to his men who climbed out of the Grand Canyon during the first trip down the Colorado River.*

We started for Fort Defiance in October. Three men who were strangers to me, accompanied us, and Brothers Ammon M. Tenney, Ashton Nebeker, Nathan Terry and Elijah Potter; also Frank, a Kaibab Indian. We packed lumber on mules over the Kaibab, or Buckskin Mountain, to the crossing of the Colorado, now known as Lee's Ferry. With this we constructed a small boat, in which we conveyed our luggage across. Our animals crossed over by swimming. We traveled at nights most of the way, to preserve our animals from the Indians.

We visited all the Moqui towns, seven in number, and had much interesting talk with the people. Professor Powell took much interest in their festivals, dances, religious ceremonies and manner of living. Arriving at Fort Defiance, Major Powell rendered me much assistance in bringing about peace with the Navajos. About six thousands of them were gathered there to receive their annuities. [Tenney estimated 8,000.]

All the chiefs of the nation were requested to meet in council. All the principal chiefs but one, and all the sub chiefs but two were there. Captain Bennett, Indian agent, his interpreter, and Brother Ammon M. Tenney were also there.

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Major Powell led the way by introducing me to the council as a representative of the people who lived on the west side of the Colorado River, called 'Mormons.' He stated that he had lived and traveled with these people, and, by acquaintance, had formed a very favorable opinion of them. He said that they were an industrious people, who paid their quota of taxes in common with other citizens of the United States, from which the Navajos were paid their annuities.<sup>6</sup>



*Figure 6 When he gets a chance, John Wesley Powell continues to learn what happened to his men who climbed and walked out of the Grand Canyon.*

The men needed to get across the Colorado River. They were prepared for this. They constructed a ferry for crossing the Colorado River. They had two, 12 - foot - long cottonwood logs which were hewed to a thickness of about three inches. Then they nailed 1 x 8 slabs across from log to log. The party then traveled to Oraibi. After leaving Oraibi, the group made its way east to Fort Defiance. On the way, two impressive Indians began following the men. These Indians had beautiful horses which had some silver decorations. The Indians spoke in soft tones and presented an aristocratic demeanor.

Ammon wrote, "Two fine looking young men on fine horses and wearing much jewelry . . . dropped into line behind us obeying an unwritten law by leaving a distance between us."

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<sup>6</sup> Hamblin, 106 - 107.

The presence of the uninvited Indians caused anxiety for the Hopi guide and for Ammon, however, it is reported that Major Powell seemed calm and confident.

Ammon said,

The trail soon . . . took a sudden turn to the east. From the top of our present situation we could see our trail lay parallel with an elevated bench land, and, as from an electric thunder cloud on a clear day, our ears were saluted by a terrible war whoop, which reverberated in every corner, which made it appear to us that we were surrounded by an army of our would - be assassins. The Hopi interpreter's face was of a death-like hue . . . around his mouth was a froth, his whole appearance was distracted.<sup>7</sup>

The men dismounted and tightened their saddles. Ammon continues:

With a prayer on my lips, I prepared for death. As I lit from my saddle, I saw two warriors leap from rock to rock toward the scene of action. I said to Major, 'There they come, the first overt act on their part means war to me and I shall sell my life dearly.' I loaded my repeater and set the trigger at half cock and we took up our march as though nothing had happened, a bold move indeed. . . . The two behind us closed up with us, which at that tragic moment was equal to saying, 'We also want a hand in dispatching the booty.' A few rods brought them within twenty - five yards of the two raving maniacs who were approaching and at this critical moment our companions rode quietly around us and in an unusually mild tone talked to the approaching two and they reluctantly laid their guns down on the grass and came forward.<sup>8</sup>

Major Powell showed good sense and bravery. He dismounted and told Ammon to put his gun away. He then unfastened two sacks of tobacco from his mount, walked to the hostile Indians, slapped one of them on the back, laughed heartily, and gave the Indians the tobacco. The party then continued to Fort Defiance in peace.

One of the interpreters during the Fort Defiance meetings was Lorenzo Hubbell. He translated the English speakers' words first into Hopi and then into Navajo. Of course, English was also translated into Spanish and vice versa by Ammon. (In a later part of this history, Hubbell appears in St. Johns, Arizona as a political mediator between Ammon and Solomon Barth.)

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<sup>7</sup> Smiley, 92.

<sup>8</sup> Smiley, 92.