

come. But now we are to enter the statue itself and the stairs suddenly become very narrow. A sign informs us to take the right hand staircase, and we start to climb the one hundred and fifty-four steps in order to reach the head of this fair lady of Liberty. Our progress is slow and we have to grope our way, for it is very dark. It is true that lanterns light this winding way at some places as we ascend, but they shed a feeble light and seem to gasp for breath, as indeed do most of those who have the courage to climb up the iron stairs. There are iron chairs fixed in the railing so that one can rest if one wishes to. The traveler, however, went steadily up until he looked out of the windows that answer for jewels in the crown of the fair goddess. A grand

view of the harbor and city was obtained here, but feeling venturesome, we wish it were possible to go up through the right arm of this lady where a ladder of fifty-four rounds leads to the torch where twelve persons can be accommodated with standing room; but we were informed that a special permit must be obtained to disturb the blood of that right arm, so the traveler had to content himself with what he had already seen. The descent was even more difficult than the ascent, but all were fully paid for their trouble. Bidding the great lady good day, we could not help but think that if her four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or two hundred and twenty-five tons of weight should fall what a crash there would be.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE PAST.

BY EMMA L. ANDERSON.

AN incident of the past, as told me by my mother-in-law and others who were acquainted with the facts. It was in the fall of 1836, I believe, that Father Cutler and his son, Thaddeus, and his three sons-in-law with their families, and a few others also settled on Grand River, Missouri. Soon after arriving there Father (Alpheus) Cutler took the contract of building a toll bridge across Grand River. This furnished employment for all the men folks that winter, and by their industry and honesty they won the respect of the merchants of Richmond, who let them have goods in payment for their work on the bridge. In this way they became acquainted with Merchant Moorehead and Colonel Parks and others.

After this my father-in-law and Almon Sherman, with their wives, who were Father Cutler's daughters, moved upon a farm about six miles south of where the battle was fought in which David Patten was killed. And on the day before the battle a company of men came to my father-in-law's and told them that the Mormons were on the war path, killing people and burning houses, and they

ordered Father Anderson and Uncle Sherman to give up their guns and whatever weapons they might have to them. Father Anderson replied that if the Mormons were on the war-path, he wanted his gun to defend himself with, but they began swearing at him and telling him that he wanted to join the Mormons. They then threatened his life if he did not obey orders, so he gave them his gun. They then told him and Uncle Sherman to take their teams and families and go with them, as they were all going to take their families to one place and camp together for safety. Of course our folks did not wish to go, as they all belonged to the church, except Father Anderson, and knew that their people would not fight only in self-defense. They began to make excuses and Aunt Lois said she could not go, for she had light bread rising ready to bake; but they told her with an oath that she would go bread or no bread, and she went; so they camped all night with their enemies who claimed that the Mormons were burning houses. But from their place of encampment there was no light seen from any fires all night. At last

some men came from the scene of battle and brought the news that David Patten was killed, whereupon one woman in the camp jumped to her feet and commenced clapping her hands and shouted, "Glory to God," while our folks were filled with grief at the tidings; for they knew Bro. David Patten, and he was one of the elders who had laid his hands on the head of Lois when she was healed of consumption a few years before, an account of which was printed in *Autumn Leaves* five or six years ago under the heading, "Others with the church in an early day."

Well, the camp soon dispersed and our folks were allowed to go home, and hastily packing things into their wagons, they concluded to move immediately to Father Cutler's neighborhood, thinking they would be safer than where they were. They hoped that by taking a road running a few miles north of Richmond to miss the mob and reach Father Cutler's that night; but as they got north of Richmond they ran into a company of men who surrounded them and in the midst of oaths and shouts they were escorted into Richmond; then the mob ordered them out of their wagons and some of them clambering in began throwing things out, claiming that they were searching for arms, while our folks could do nothing but stand by and lift their hearts in secret prayer to God for deliverance. And I am inclined to think that he heard and sent them friends in this time of need. Some of the men, seeing how frightened Mother and Aunt Lois were, said, "Ladies, give yourselves no uneasiness—you shall not be harmed; but we can't tell you what will become of your husbands."

Mother then taking her three weeks old babe, she and Aunt Lois went into a house near by; but soon Aunt Lois said, "I am going out to see what is going to be done with our husbands." As she neared the wagons she saw one man bending over a trunk and searching in the till while some of the babies' little clothes were being blown about in the dust. Aunt Lois

began gathering them up and said to the man, "What do you expect to find in the till of that trunk?"

"O," he said, "there may be a revolver or a bowie knife," though our folks had told them repeatedly that their arms had been taken from them by a company of men the day before.

About this time Colonel Parks and Mr. Moorehead came running over to see what was going on, and upon seeing Father and Uncle Sherman, they came up and shaking hands with them inquired what the trouble was. They replied that their wives were Father Cutler's daughters, and that they were moving to their father-in-law's for safety; that they had molested no one and had no intention of doing so. But the mob contended that they were dangerous men, but upon Mr. Moorehead agreeing to be responsible for them and to see they did no damage, the mob allowed our folks to go home with Mr. Moorehead. He had them drive their teams and wagons right into his yard, and called some of his servants to wait upon them and treated them respectfully; so they passed the night there in safety, and the next morning Colonel Parks furnished them a guard who went with them as far as it was needful, so they reached Father Cutler's in safety.

This is only one of many incidents that transpired in those days; and had there not been friends raised up to intercede in their behalf it might have resulted more disastrously than it did; and it seems that some have thought that the reason they were not robbed or killed at that time as many others were in those days, was due to their making a league or treaty with their enemies; but this is considered a mistake by our folks.

Well, perhaps I am making my story too long. I think it would have been better if some of the older ones who knew of these things had written it themselves; but if persons never try to do anything they never make any failures, unless it would be that they fail to be found trying.