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Like Sheep That Went Astray

Concerning the "Cutlerite" Faction of the Church That Went North During the "Dark and Cloudy Day"

By Hallie M. Gould

OLD CLITHERALL, MINNESOTA, doesn't mean much to the average Latter Day Saint, but to some of us the name comes mingled with countless tales of pioneer life with its attendant joys and hardships, of days of abundance and days of want, of fleeting deer and prowling wolves, of Indian powwows, of devotional services in the old log church, and on and on in a multitude of memories.

So vividly have the experiences been pictured to us by our pioneer fathers in the dear old story hours of our childhood that we write with a hearty appreciation of each scene as it recurs to us.

The first we see is a long line of white-covered wagons winding slowly over long, long stretches of homeless prairie, and again through a wilderness of heavy forest—all homeless but not houseless, for here and there along the way are log cabins with sunken sod roofs and yawning doors and windows, the surrounding gardens a mass of weeds and knee-deep grasses. At long intervals the travelers find themselves approaching a rude village of log huts, only to find these, too, deserted, and the streets untrodden for years.

The great region, however, is not entirely unpeopled, as occasionally a canoe is seen gliding over lake or stream, guided by a copper-skinned oarsman, or a frightened deer is spied trying vainly to escape its pursuer who, also, proves to be one of the native red men. And here and there on a river bank stand wigwams sheltering whole families of his kind.

AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN

Over hundreds and hundreds of weary miles these passengers of the immigrant train have come, having tarried with friendly villagers farther to the south during the winter; but at last, on a bright morning in early May, they emerge from the oak forests, ford a narrow outlet between two clear-as-crystal lakes stretching for miles to the east and west, and know that their journey is almost over.

They cross the intervening strip of prairie, mount to the summit of the last hill on their trail, and looking down the long, gentle slope to the sparkling waters of Lake Clitherall and the perfect landscape beyond, they thank God that their pilgrimage is over and that their lot has been cast 'mid such pleasant surroundings.

Here the great wagons halt; from them clamber the occupants—men, women, and children—and, like the Pilgrims of old, these also kneel on the grassy bank, thanking God for deliverance thus far and asking for protection and blessings during their sojourn there. And from that day forth some of that band bore testimony of the Father's approval of their choice of location.

Yes, these were Latter Day Saints who had endured the heartaches and disappointments of "the dark and cloudy day" and had kept the faith, but when the light again shone forth their eyes were blinded to its welcoming rays, and they had steadfastly set their faces toward new fields, with hearts still intent on accomplishing the work of the Restoration but ignoring the call of the

servants of the Reorganization to unite with them.

Now, far from their southern Iowa homes, sixty miles from a trading post and one hundred miles from a post office, they have come to found homes in the wilds of Minnesota—in a region from which, three years before, every white inhabitant had been driven by the horror of the great Indian massacre in which more than one thousand white people were killed.

ON A MISSION TO THE INDIANS

Moreover, a particular object these colonists had in coming here was to restore to these, their Lamanite brethren, the gospel long forgotten by their race.

Their late leader, A. Cutler, had been appointed (about 1843) by President Joseph Smith to mission work among the Indians. Cutler, a stonemason and stonecutter, was foreman in the building of the Kirtland and Nauvoo Temples. After the president's death he started west from Illinois with Brigham Young, but he and others became so opposed to Young's teachings that they left him at Winter Quarters, finally locating at Manti, in southwestern Iowa. A branch was organized there with Cutler as president, it being understood by them then that Joseph Smith would be his father's successor as president of the church. Later, however, some of them taught that because the Prophet had been rejected by the Gentiles, the gospel should now turn to the house of Israel—the Indians. Cutler having been ordained to that work, he was accepted by the branch as their leader—church president—and their work on the frontier was planned.

After the Reorganization was established, they were visited in Iowa and taught by Joseph Smith and his brothers, Alexander and David, but many of them continued to cling to the local organization.

BELIEFS OF THE CUTLERITES

One of that number (now an eighty-five-year-old Latter Day Saint) who was an active member and enthusiast in the exodus from Manti gives the following reasons for the attitude of the Cutlerite branch at that time:

"It was at the time of the War of the Rebellion of the Southern States against the Northern States, when the outcome of that war was very uncertain. These Saints were the children of Saints, and as children had suffered persecution in Ohio, were driven from their homes in Missouri—from one county to another—and finally expelled from the State, their property being confiscated and several lives sacrificed. Added to this was a firmly grounded faith in Joseph Smith as a prophet of God and in his death as a martyr; also an unwavering assurance that his prophetic utterances were as sure of fulfillment as any prophecies in the Bible, our mistake being in wrong conclusions as to the manner and time of their fulfillment.

"For example: Joseph Smith announced upon many occasions that this Government of the United States would be broken up in consequence of their rejection of the gospel, and all of those statements were in perfect harmony with the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants.

"We gathered the inference in reading the revelation on the War of the Rebellion that the North would not succeed in subduing the South and at the most critical time the 'remnant should marshal themselves and vex this Gentile nation with a sore vexation.' It was the full faith and expectancy that the Indians would overrun the Western States to such a degree that the Government could not stop them, in fulfillment of the words of Jesus to the Nephites: 'Ye shall be among them as a lion among a flock of sheep.' This we verily belived was at hand, but that we, as the church of Jesus Christ, could find 'deliverance with the remnant,' as the Prophet had declared.

"Add to this another scripture: 'Enter ye into thy chamber and shut thy doors about thee until the indignation of the Lord be overpast.' *Among the Indians* would be the chamber. Remembering the words: 'In Zion and in Jerusalem and *in the remnant* shall be places of deliverance,' it was for that purpose we went to the North, to the Chippewa Indians, though I must say with more zeal than wisdom."

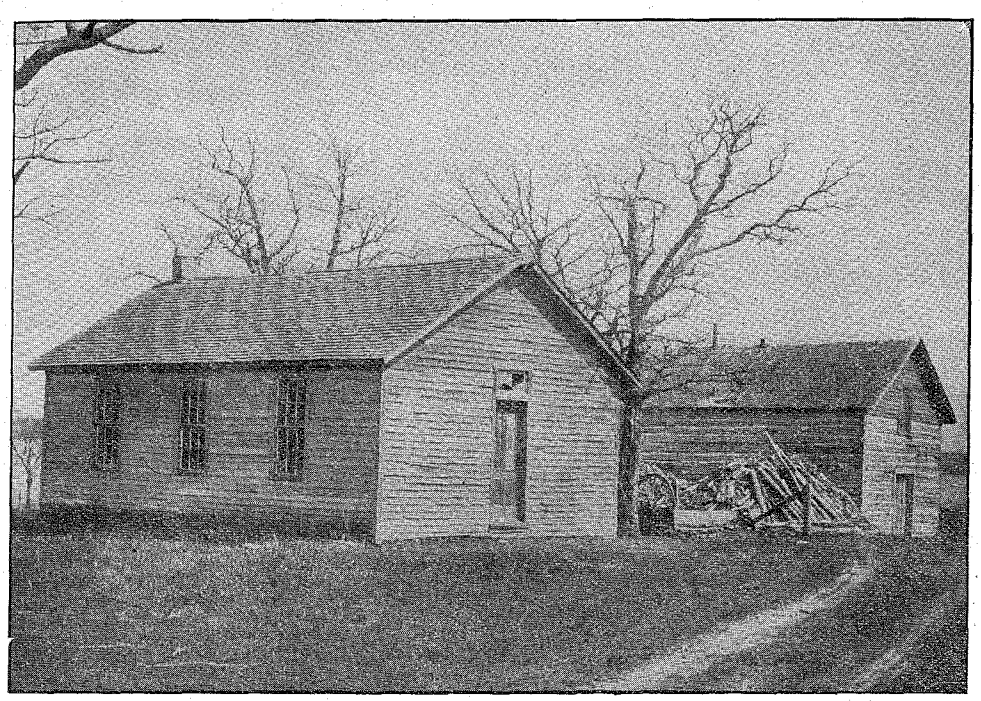
Although Cutler died before the journey was made, another president was chosen and the emigration carried out (1864-5) as they

claim to have been directed from time to time.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES

Upon their arrival, there was no delay in beginnning the work of home making. The horses were turned loose to graze on the dry, brown grass—their only subsistence at that time. The breaking plow was lifted from the wagon for immediate use in opening up fields for grain and vegetables. Axes were soon busy cutting logs for houses. Tents were set up and rude shelters built where the mothers, now thoroughly accustomed to this manner of housekeeping, made every possible provision for the comfort of their families.

Ah! those young mothers—with the tenderest mother hearts in the world! We knew them later as white-haired grandmothers, and we know from their own lips how their hearts quailed before the dangers that threatened them on every hand. They recalled how, in the early part of their journey, refugees from this region had wrung their hands and pleaded with them to turn back lest they, too, should experience the perils of their predecessors. They told of attacks by wild beasts, of depredations of drunken Indians, of children stolen, of loved ones slain.



CUTLERITE SCHOOLHOUSE AND CHURCH

To the left is the schoolhouse and to the right the old log church building, the first meetinghouse of the colony that settled at Clitherall, Minnesota. In an upper room of the church was a mysterious "secret chamber" where strange rites were performed.

But faithfulness to duty and trust in God helped these wives and mothers to face the future, and they learned that trials always come mingled with happiness. In fact one eighty-six-year-old great-grandmother declares, "We never had no hardships." Though her experiences seem hard to us, she smilingly explains, "Oh, well, we was young and spry in them days, and we didn't mind."

Down the long southern hillside, on each side of the road, and along the lake shore

to the west were erected the log cabins. No nails were had for any part of the buildings, and all boards for floors, doors, window casings, shake roofs, and furniture were hewn from logs with the broadax. Window glass had been brought in the wagons, though so limited was the supply that only a few panes could be used for each building.

Summer brought wild cherries and berries in variety and abundance; fish and rabbits could be had every day if desired, while venison and bear steak were not rare luxuries. All these with their gardens supplied their tables generously.

Three months these families lived here together when they began watching eagerly for a second caravan of friends and relatives who they knew were on their way from their old home.

A SECOND COMPANY

The second company was larger than the first, and brought with them cattle and sheep. Boys on horseback kept the bleating flock together. Some of the wagons were loaded so heavily with farm implements, etc., that three yokes of oxen were hitched to each one, and even then, because of frequent heavy rains, the wheels often became so embedded in the muddy roads that horses or more oxen had to be "hooked up" with these to move the wagon from the mire.

At noon and night, the thirty-five wagons were lined up in two orderly rows like a small town, the folding tables were unfastened from the sides of the wagons, the provision boxes unloaded, and the meals heartily enjoyed after the long rides or walks in the open air, some of the emigrants walking practically all of the way.

Not infrequently they were obliged to ford rivers, and in taking the unwilling sheep across it was necessary for a number of men to form a line across the stream, and as each sheep was pushed into the water the first man seized it and pushed it on to the next man in line, and so on to the opposite shore.

At one time they traveled for miles and miles through a great forest which was on fire and suffered both from the smoke and heat. They could not know what danger might lie before them and they dared not turn back, but succeeded in getting out of the woods without serious harm.

On July 31 friends who were watching from the crest of a high hill near the lake bank were made happy by seeing the wagon train appear on the southeastern horizon, some of the young men immediately racing off on horseback to meet them.

There was general rejoicing and thanksgiving in the little settlement, and the newcomers proceeded to make themselves at home—some of them in the log cabins already built for them. A thanksgiving feast was prepared and enjoyed, followed by religious services.

Other immigrants arrived from Iowa later, and the colonists being very industrious, inventive, and resourceful, the village became a busy, thriving place, with spinning wheels and loom, sawmill and shingle mill, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, wagon shop, and chair shop. In fact, almost every kind of furniture was made—nice appearing and extremely substantial, many of the old pieces being still in use, more than half a century later.

A FAVORITE PLACE WITH THE INDIANS

Meanwhile they made the acquaintance of their neighbors, the Indians, the shores of Clitherall Lake being a favorite haunt of the wandering Chippewas. The red men were common callers at the settlers' homes and were never embarrassed by any formality in making themselves at home. In winter they would open the door without knocking, enter quietly, and without waiting to be offered a chair would seat themselves on the floor in the warmest corner accessible and watch what went on in the room. It was not unusual to have half a dozen or more in the house at one time, warming themselves and smoking cob pipes. Added to the odor of Indians and tobacco was occasionally that of muskrat hides which they brought in to sort, count, and tie up in bundles to sell.

Though noted for their honesty, there were some slight exceptions to the rule. For instance, while several Indians were seated in one of the cabins, a member of the family noticed one of the squaws looking covetously at a string of red peppers hanging near her—the first she had ever seen.

She finally reached up slyly, and snatching one took a generous bite which immediately provoked the most hideous contortions in her otherwise placid face, the tears rolling in streams down her cheeks. Her companions watched her in sober wonder, but no one uttered a sound.

Sometimes a large party of Indians would gather in front of a dwelling and engage in a typical war dance, singing, screeching, brandishing clubs and hatchets, and pounding on kettledrums as they moved in a large circle, around and around, until a path was worn in the grassy yard. Upon leaving, one of them would call at the door for "pe-quazh-i-gan" (bread or flour), "do-do-sah-bo" (b u t t e r), "skoot-i-sim-mi" (beans), "o-pin-nik" (potatoes), or "sin-zi-boh-quet (sugar), and his request was promptly granted by the frightened housewife in her relief at seeing them prepare to leave her premises.

The Indians even took the privilege of holding their powwows in the house of one of the residents, where they would dance wildly around the room until the heavy post in the center which held up the ridgepole danced up and down on the floor.

Only when they were drunk were these Indians dangerous. After trading posts were established in this part of the country, liquor was illegally sold to them and when they were intoxicated the friendliest of them could not be trusted.

The white people sometimes returned their calls to observe their manner of living. Perhaps one observation will be sufficient to repeat. The wigwams there were of skins and bark, with handmade reed mats on the sod floor except in the center where the fire was kindled, the smoke escaping through a hole in the top of the wigwam. Over the fire hung a kettle in which everything for the meal was cooked together. There might be dumplings, beans, squirrels, muskrats, and cranberries, and if fish were to be served they, too, would be added—heads, scales, and all—to the bubbling mass. Their bread was baked among large rocks in the fire.

THE OLD LOG CHURCH

Clitherall village had not been in existence long until a school of forty boys and girls was in session, taught by one of their number for a salary of sixteen dollars a month.

And here the old log church was built. But what does "the old log church" mean to strangers—to you who never trod its old gray doorstone, never looked up with wondering eyes at that blinking window in the "secret chamber," never entered the great, dim room and sat in one of those long, heavy, high-backed seats, never saw that quaint, unpainted pulpit and the likewise unpainted, splint-bottomed chairs beside it, never listened through a l-o-n-g service to the tick-tock of that big clock to the time of its lazy pendulum, and never, never saw one of those kind, low-voiced pioneer fathers arise—oh, so solemnly—in his place to open the "meetin'." It was always the same way—"Now if the singers will select a hymn—"

THE SECRET CHAMBER

At the right side of the door as one entered was the inclosed staircase with two low steps outside. The story of what was beyond those steps and the locked door is one that has not been handed down to the younger generations, much as we have, curiously or seriously, desired to know. We know merely that only those holding the priesthood (either men or women) were allowed to enter that secret chamber, and we have heard rumors of strange ceremonies, covenants, and endowments, the altar, the tree of life, the ordinance of feet washing, and the peculiar though necessary and significant graveclothes which no one will explain. Even those of the priesthood who later forsook the church organization have been sufficiently true to the binding covenant made there to prevent their satisfying our demands for knowledge. As to where the ideas executed there originated, we must form our own conclusions, since their standard church books—the same as our own at that time—reveal nothing (except in Matthew 24: 26). Some have wondered if masonry did not have an influence on them and affect their secret rites.

A temporal union—a "oneness"—was instituted, all things being had in common. A church storehouse was provided, and vari-

ous restrictions regarding dress, etc., were enforced.

MISSIONARY WORK UNSUCCESSFUL

Their missionary efforts among the Lamanites seem to have been rather limited, considering their early attitude toward that work. They made a treaty with an educated chief—a Presbyterian minister, John Johnson—which was signed by seventeen chiefs. They also talked with them, usually through an interpreter, of the gospel restored and of the record of their people, giving copies of the Book of Mormon to those who could read. They visited White Earth Reservation, opened to the Chippewas in October, 1865, but evidently the only result of their teaching was the creating of lasting friendships, which was of course fortunate.

Occasionally a lone white man would stray into the settlement, claiming to be a hunter camping with others some miles away, but it was learned later that they were Federal soldiers sent through the country to keep an eye on the Indians and learn their attitude toward the returning white people.

Meanwhile settlers from various places were moving into this section of the country, and in a few years there were sufficient to organize a county. Although Clitherall was not nominally the county seat, the organization took place there, the officers were chosen from among those people, and all business was transacted there for several years.

"GRASSHOPPER YEARS"

Besides the hardships common to all frontiersmen, these people also endured what are called the "grasshopper years" (1877-8). One August afternoon a sudden strange commotion was apparent in the atmosphere, and very soon the population of Clitherall and vicinity found the air above them full of what resembled large snowflakes, but what they soon recognized as myriads of grasshoppers. They settled down to the ground by millions and immediately began devouring every morsel of vegetation they considered eatable.

There were such multitudes of them that they did thorough work, and in a few hours almost complete destruction had been wrought in fields and gardens, while the hard-working farmers and their families helplessly watched the fruit of their summer's labor—their provisions for the coming long winter—taken from them by the countless destroyers. Only a few garden plats were saved by covering them.

Some fishers on Clitherall Lake watched the grasshoppers falling thick around them into the water, the fish neglecting the baited hooks to jump from the water and catch the more tempting morsels. The fishermen, who lived ten miles away, hurried home and found their farms almost entirely laid waste.

After the grasshoppers had finished their work, they laid their eggs; then rose in a cloud and swept on northward to settle down later for further depredations. A great many were drowned while trying to cross the lakes.

Knowing there would be more grasshoppers the following year from the eggs left there, farmers did not plant much grain, and having two years in succession without crops left many of them very destitute. From a distance they were able to procure provisions but could afford only bare necessities. The grasshoppers would not eat redroot (pigweed) nor sheep sorrel, so the settlers enjoyed pigweed greens every day for dinner while they were "in season," and used sorrel for fruit in pies, sweetening them with homemade maple sugar, the only sugar they could afford.

REORGANIZATION MAKES INROADS

The newcomers were made welcome at the religious services in Clitherall, and some who had come to that country in dread and fear of the "Mormons," due to stories they had heard of their strange appearance (with horns and hooked noses) and their vicious habits, learned to respect them most highly and to consider their religion the most desirable of any they had ever known. Some of them used to walk ten miles to attend church there on Sunday mornings. Where their path led through an outlet between two lakes, they stopped, removed their shoes and stockings, and waded across.

One young man while working at Clitherall discovered part of an old worn Book of Mormon in a haymow and secretly carried it home where it was read aloud to the

family who, with intense curiosity, expected to find there the source of all the iniquity they had formerly heard of Mormonism. To their astonishment they found it all good, wholesome reading, and as their investigation continued they were led to accept it as truth and were baptized into the church. Some of these, however, were puzzled by certain things they found in the Doctrine and Covenants regarding the priesthood continuing through the lineage of the Prophet, and this the church leaders at Clitherall failed to make clear.

Into the little village in the summer of 1875 came a visitor—a stranger—who was received hospitably as were all strangers, and with his coming the little band of worshipers in the log church was forever divided. An apostle of the very church whose name they bore, he, T. W. Smith, came with a message that brought to some joy everlasting and to others grief and bitterness as they saw their loved ones led out from them, and, in the waters of baptism, covenant to uphold the officers of the Reorganization.

Though the usual congregation continued for some time to meet together for worship, it was never the same again. There were now two classes—"Cutlerites" and "Josephites"—and with the coming of other missionaries the breach widened. A Josephite branch was organized and a church building built by them several miles from Clitherall. Thirty-five members of the Cutlerite faction had soon transferred their allegiance to the Reorganized Church, converts also being made among those who had never joined the former organization.

As years passed the Cutlerite congregation became scattered, their location between the lakes not yielding them enough farming land to provide for their needs, which necessitated most of them securing homesteads in neighboring townships. The congregation gradually dwindled; the "oneness" became a thing of the past; in time there were so few who took any interest in the services that they were rarely held, and the old log church was deserted, the meetings being held in private homes. General Conferences were held on April 6 practically every year.

A FAITHFUL FEW

A few there were who remained forever firm in their belief that the "Josephites are deceived," and that though their own church membership "might dwindle to three, it would rise again," and in due time they would be led back to Jackson County, Missouri, to redeem Zion.

In the meantime the president, Chauncey Whiting, and other leading men died, and not until 1912 did Isaac Whiting (now holding the office), son and successor of the last president, accept the leadership. At this time interest was manifested among several of the children and grandchildren of the pioneers, and meetings again came to be held regularly on Sundays and councils of the priesthood on week days. The log church, then only a ruin, was torn down, and a neat, two-story, frame church was erected in the same place. Over the door of this building, in gilt letters, are the words: "The True Church of Jesus Christ." They have no wish to be confused with the Latter Day Saints of to-day and never call themselves by that name. The church was again incorporated, and any not willing to become members of the incorporation were disfellowshiped. The membership now includes seventeen adults and three children.

In their religious life they are exceedingly sincere and devoted, and speak quite freely of spiritual blessings enjoyed among them, especially of relief from suffering gained through administration, also of frequent revelations of the Lord's will through dreams and their interpretation. In the font of their new church they baptize for the dead, including those of their relatives who have died in the Reorganized Church. They make no attempt to convert others to their belief, but anyone is permitted to attend their Sunday services. They never attend services of other denominations except in case of funerals. They look forward to inhabiting the land of Zion when it has been sufficiently scourged and cleansed of unrighteousness. Many times they have expressed a firm belief that those who left them to unite with the Reorganization will yet return and assist in carrying on the work.

They live economically though comfort-

The Tomb of Napoleon

Apostle Williams Is Amazed at the Tribute Paid a Man Whose Life Was Devoted to War and Conquest

By T. W. Williams

WHEN A BOY I read Robert G. Ingersoll's classic, "At the tomb of Napoleon." I was much impressed. Throughout the years I have retained the mental picture so vividly portrayed by America's great word painter.

The other day I reached Paris. One of the first points visited was the Hotel des Invalides and Nusee de l'Armee. The approach to this institution is by way of the Esplanade des Invalides which leads off from the famous Avenue des Champs-Elysees. It is five hundred and fifty yards in length and two hundred and seventy yards in width. It is bordered by imposing elm trees and lies between the River Seine and the Invalides. It is connected with the Champs-Elysees by the Pont Alexandre-Trois. This pont or bridge consists of a single steel arch three hundred and fifty-one feet in length and one hundred and thirty-one feet in width. At each end is a massive pylon, seventy-five feet high, surmounted by gilded Pegasi driven by Fremiet (right bank) and Granet and Steiner (left bank). These are flanked by figures of France at different epochs of her history.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES

The Hotel des Invalides was founded in 1671 A. D. by Louis XIV. It was intended as a home for disabled and mutilated soldiers. It was designed by Liberae Bruant, completed by Mansart, and restored under Napoleon I and also under Napoleon III. Provision was originally made to care for five thousand soldiers but Napoleon richly endowed it and enlarged it to house seven thousand. The chief points of interest are the Dome and the Musee de l'Armee. It covers an area of over thirty-one acres.

THE COUR D'HONNEUR

The Facade in three stories is two hun-

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ably, paying little attention to the fashions and amusements of the world around them. Are very kind and helpful to their neighbors in times of sickness and trouble, and it would be difficult to find people more honest and upright than are the residents of Old Clitherall (called Old Clitherall to distinguish it from the railroad town, Clitherall, founded about a mile distant in 1881).

They vote each year to continue school in the little Old Town schoolhouse built forty years ago, so as to keep their children under home influences rather than send them to the village school.

As a corporation the church is apparently prospering financially. It owns several farms and two stores. One of the stores is built in Old Clitherall. This would seem to be a most impossible place for a store to secure trade, located as it is between the lakes with so little territory seemingly from which to draw customers, considering the near-by towns, but the "Justice Store" secures a splendid patronage in spite of obstacles. Nonmembers who ridiculed the church for building that fine brick store in a place which seemed to make failure a certainty are glad to drive long distances to do their trading there because of the very reasonable charges for all goods (groceries, dry goods, shoes, and hardware) in these years of unreasonably high prices. People living in a neighboring village do a large part of their buying in that country store, and rural people continually drive through their home towns to patronize it.

While we have wondered much at the persistence of these people in a faith to us so apparently groundless, we shall always remember some of the old saints of their congregation as almost the personification of "pure religion undefiled," their long lives filled to overflowing with good deeds to their fellow men.