

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.—PROGRESS
OF PRESIDENT YOUNG AND
COMPANY.ST. GEORGE, WASHINGTON CO.,
May 10, 1863.]

EDITOR NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Thursday morning last, the President's party left Washington with kind feelings for its citizens for the generous abundance provided us during our brief visit, and wended our way in a westerly direction for St. George, six miles from Washington. Rising to the summit of a ridge about mid way, the President's carriage made a half wheel to the right of the road which the entire train of carriages imitated as fast as they came up. Remaining at a halt a few minutes, we enjoyed the scene which spread out its mighty map of nature around us. Washington at our right, with its green shade and fruit trees speckled through with dwellings and garden grounds, bounded from north to south far beyond by its circular rim of mountains, with the Rio Virgen sweeping along its southern borders, and green margined brooklets winding through the level farm lands; all this was enchanting, and we cast long and lingering looks over this boundless scope of unrivaled scenic grandeur before turning to contemplate the scenery at our left, of which St. George formed the focus or great center of attraction. It lay many feet below us on an extensive plat of land, which slightly descended to the south. On the west of it, ranging from north-west to south-east, are two high air-line ridges, one above the other, behind which sweeps the Santa Clara, which could be seen south-west of us hastening to its junction with the Rio Virgen. Parallel with these ridges, on the opposite side of St. George, ranges a more broken ridge of red rock, above which, in the far off distance, the bristling peaks of mountains pierce the blue heavens.

On this eminence the Presidency were met by an escort, and, wheeling into line, away we moved down to the level plain and soon entered St. George, the new and delightful home of about fifteen hundred Saints. We passed under a flag that waved proudly aloft in the free breeze of heaven, as if eager to exhibit its ample unfoldings and show that it was the product of the soil over which it now floated, and of the element in which it so gallantly careered. A bale of cotton was also raised to the top of the flag-staff as the Presidency advanced, while bunches of cotton yarn, carded and spun here, were suspended at its base. The Presidency were entertained at the residence of Elder Erastus Snow, while we were invited to the homes of old friends, endeared by the associations of past years. Being much fatigued, no meeting was held that day, and, as if by common consent, all indulged in the luxury of rest.

On Friday morning, the President's party and many of the citizens started for Santa Clara, lying north-west of here, six miles distant. We moved out of town, and passing round the point of Black Ridge, soon came in view of the broad bottoms of the Santa Clara river, clad in the green livery of spring. Within about a mile of the settlement, we crossed what had once been a river of melted lava belched forth from its volcanic craters, eight miles north of us, amid those red and grey mountain crags. Such a sight I never saw before; but there it was, though mute and silent, yet bearing testimony of itself that once upon a time a broad, livid, glowing, burning, scathing stream flowed down to the Santa Clara, causing its waters to boil and hiss and steam with the terrible intensity of its heat. This mass of lava may be a hundred feet deep, and it spreads out over the level plain for three fourths of a mile in width. There it is charred and cinder-like—sharp, rough and uneven—presenting, perhaps, the self-same sombre aspect it has borne for ages. We entered the settlement and found a very large congregation in waiting at the meeting-house, who were addressed by Prests. Young and Kimball and Elders Orson Hyde, Geo. A. Smith and Lorenzo Snow, who expressed themselves delighted with the location, and the excellent spirit that pervaded the minds of the assembly. They gave much valuable instruction, which was delivered with a copious flow of that good spirit which ever characterizes their discourses.

This is certainly a choice spot. The soil is excellent. They are making extensive preparations for fruit raising. There are from eighty to one hundred families, all seemingly contented with their location and enjoying the spirit of their religion. They had an English and a Swiss choir here, which seemed to vie with each other in the melody of their songs. Though we could not understand one word of the Swiss, yet it was enchantment itself to listen to the inspiring strains of harmony which even yet wake their echoes in the retentive chambers of memory. The Presidency and party were entertained in their hospitable and quiet homes for an hour, when, with hearts and souls uniting in the warm "God bless you all," we passed from that interesting neighborhood and returned back again to St. George.

St. George has been located about eighteen months, and the citizens have made most wonderful progress in building up the city, which has already become a pleasant habitation for the Saints. The city is already ornamented with shade-trees, which give it a green and cheerful appearance. There are some good houses completed and more in progress of erection, but still there are a good many yet living in tents. The streets are five rods wide, including side-walks, and the blocks contain about seven acres, divided into eight

lots. They have extensively started the cultivation of almost every variety of fruit. The first attempt at raising cotton here was near the mouth of the Santa Clara, by what was called the Indian mission, and they only succeeded in producing about twenty stalks. In 1858 President Young sent a few men to demonstrate the adaptability of this soil and climate to the production of cotton, but the losses they sustained by the washing away of their dams, etc., brought up the price of what little cotton they produced to \$3.65 per lb., and the following year at the cost of \$1.82 per lb. This is said to be a better cotton-growing district than Tennessee.

It is the intention to build a meeting-house here this season, 50 by 100 feet. The basement wall for the St. George hall is completed, which is to be 24 by 48 feet, with two stories. They have a good adobe tithing office and the tithing lot is enclosed by a substantial stone wall. Several of the citizens have enclosed their gardens with good stone walls, rendering everything secure within. Some twelve thousand dollars in labor has been applied upon the ditches which convey the water to their farm land. The soil here as well as throughout nearly all this southern country is composed of red sand, and is said to be very productive. Two saw-mills are in operation in this section, and three more are in progress of erection. It is thought to be as good a stock-raising district here as in Salt Lake valley.

Yesterday afternoon, the Presidency and the Twelve and many others witnessed the operation of boring an artesian well, in the center of the public square, which seems to progress but slowly, as it has occupied the time of from three to five hands, for a period of three months—owing to the nature of the substances through which they have had to bore. They have penetrated to the depth of 166 feet, 126 of which being through rock. The poles used for boring are sawed out of clear pine timber, the length of seventeen feet, squared to 4 inches. These are screwed together with iron joints, and joined to a sinker in the shape of an iron bar, 1½ inches square and eleven feet in length. To this the auger is attached, which is shaped after the fashion of a carpenter's shell bit, and cuts a hole six inches in diameter. It cut at the commencement, thirty feet in three hours, turned by two men. When they strike rock the auger is removed and its place supplied with a drill, and is worked by five hands, by means of a spring-pole. In case of quick sand entering, it is drawn out by means of a sand pump, five feet long, formed of heavy double sheet iron with a valve at the bottom, which opens as it is forced down and closes when pulled up. The poles are let down and raised by means of rope, block and pulleys, supported from a frame twenty feet high. In consequence of the ground being soft to the depth of 40 feet from the surface, a pipe made of heavy galvanized sheet iron has been forced down to that depth by means of a lever power. This is being done at the expense of the city. Mr. Archibald Sullivan is the chief operator, and seems master of his business. If this proves a success it will be of incalculable worth. If a volume of the liquid element should be forced up to the height of thirty or forty feet, it will not only afford an abundance for irrigation and other uses, but it will be sufficient also to drive machinery. There are thousands of acres of excellent land, distributed in small parcels through this country, too high to be watered from the running streams; but the day will come, when by means of the artesian well, the cooling fountains will gush forth from the bowels of the earth to water the products of husbandry; and where now is seen nothing but the wild sage, the cactus and prickly pear, flourishing little farms, and orchards, and vineyards yielding fruit, will flourish and make the "desert blossom as the rose."

It is true this is a forbidding country when glanced over superficially; but when you come to hunt up the choice spots and prove their excellent adaptation to the raising of cotton and choice fruits, all objections are outweighed. The citizens are, as a matter of course, subjected to some hardships and inconveniences in their early endeavors to reclaim this region from the wildness of ages; yet, when towns and cities shall arise, polished with the arts and embellishments of civilization, and the blessings of civil government shall overspread this domain; then will the pioneers to all these benefits receive an ample recompense of reward.

On Saturday morning the 9th, at 10 o'clock, the citizens of St. George and the surrounding settlements met under the Bowery, to the number perhaps of fifteen hundred, for a two days meeting. In the forenoon they were addressed by Presidents Young and Kimball and Elder Orson Hyde; and in the afternoon by President Young and Elders John Taylor and Geo. A. Smith. This, Sunday morning, they were addressed by Presidents Young and Kimball; Elders John Taylor and Lorenzo Snow; and in the afternoon, by President Young, Elders Geo. A. Smith, Erastus Snow, Geo. D. Watt and J. W. Young. I need not remark at length upon this meeting, as Elder Geo. D. Watt has taken a photographic report, which in due time will find its way to your columns. Suffice it to say, that great power and spirit, which ever elicits truth and counsel from the servants of God, rested copiously upon the Presidency and the Twelve, and the great pulse of the people beat high with hope, as they listened to the many principles of truth which were enunciated.

Since the Presidency and their party left Salt Lake City, on the morning of the 20th ult., we have traveled over four hundred

miles; passed through about forty settlements and held thirty-two meetings. This has done incalculable good to the settlements. The presence of the Presidency and a portion of the Quorum of the Twelve, coupled with their words of encouragement, have roused up the energies of the people and enkindled a desire for enterprise and improvement, which cannot fail to have a telling effect for years to come.

Thanks to my friend Angus M. Cannon and lady for their kind entertainment while resting in the delightful city of St. George. In the morning we shall start for the regions of the north, to meet again "the friends we left behind us." So mote it be.

Yours,

L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

P. S.—The express came up with us at 11 o'clock a.m. on Friday last, on our arrival at Santa Clara, making a distance of 342 miles in fifty hours.

L. O. L.

CEDAR CITY, IRON CO.,
May 12, 1863.]

On Monday morning, the 11th inst., the President's party left St. George, for the north, and the pulse beat high in anticipation of home. This is human nature, to turn delightfully to home—with all its endearing connections and gushing joys—after the full extent of journey has been reached, and all our objects have been accomplished for which we venture forth.

A few miles out from St. George we met the express, which had made the trip from the city, a distance of three hundred and thirty miles, in forty-nine hours.

We gradually traveled our up-hill road, which commanded a view of a wide-spread succession of hills and rugged cliffs, while our eyes peered far through the distance to catch a glimpse of the volcanic craters, mentioned in my last, which we at length approached ten miles from St. George. For some distance before reaching them, we struck the lava bed, over which the road had been constructed, but not without considerable exertion and toil. In many places it was so rough and sharp-pointed that earth had to be carted and spread upon it. The first crater, near the base of which we passed on our right, towered up some six or seven hundred feet high, in the shape of an immense oval sugar loaf; its exterior covered with fine particles of lava, through which a still finer or pulverized earthy substance here and there appears. It seems that the fine, light substances naturally fell near and around the opening during the process of eruption, which gradually grew into a larger bulk until its present size was attained; while the heavier masses were shot far up in the air, and were hurled to greater distances around. Passing a little to the north of it, the sink in the centre of its summit, which is shaped much like the inside of a common bowl, and one hundred feet or more in depth, was plain to be seen. At about one-fourth of a mile distant there is another crater, a little way off, on the right of the road, but not quite so large, and its mouth is only about seventy-five feet in depth. Elder Erastus Snow informed me he had passed down and across them.

Leaving the craters we came slowly on over a rough road, which gradually bore us to a very high altitude; and at 6 o'clock, as we halted in Pine Valley, we were glad to draw on overcoats and tie on "comforts." This was a quick change; for in the morning, on leaving St. George, we should have been uncomfortable with more than one thin coat.

Pine Valley is a delightful place. It abounds with large pines of easy access. The hills in almost every direction are covered with pine and cedar, and in some places there are groves down on the level land, where teams can pass through them without any obstruction. There are twelve dwellings here, with one good saw-mill in operation, and one or two more are being built. A shingle machine is nearly completed. This seems to be a place which has been wisely prepared for furnishing lumber and timber for the building up of the cities on the Rio Virgen and Santa Clara. Grass is abundant, and the soil and water excellent; but not much will be done here in agriculture, as the design of the mission is to furnish lumber for building up the new locations in the cotton district.

The citizens had not known of our coming till within a few hours before our arrival; but during that time they had erected a building with boards from the mill, under which we found two tables, nearly forty feet long, spread in the most tasteful manner with every desired luxury, at which ninety-seven persons sat down at once. This was something unlooked for by us to see tables spread so bountifully, and with such good taste in that new settlement in the "tops of the mountains," as it were.

By sunrise on Tuesday morning, we were under way and rolling over a tolerably smooth road, through a romantic country. Passing through Grass Valley, we soon began to descend into canyons or deep gorges, and at length came in sight of Pinto settlement, where the Stars and Stripes were floating in the gentle wooing winds. That glorious emblem of liberty, which had greeted us so often on our journey, once more fanned the fire of patriotism within us.

There are about twelve houses in this settlement, and one school house. The soil is unsurpassed. Everything here possessed an air of industry and prosperity. Its scenery was almost enchanting to look upon. The hills in every direction were covered with cedar. The Presidency were hospitably entertained at

Elder Robinson's, while we were conducted to well-spread tables. Mr. Amos Thornton and lady are entitled to thanks for the excellent repast provided for a goodly number of the company.

A meeting was held, at which Presidents Young and Kimball occupied a short time in instructing the Saints. I omitted to mention that a meeting was held in Pine Valley, when the people were spoken to by Presidents Young and Kimball, and Elders Orson Hyde and Geo. A. Smith.

Refreshed and delighted with Pinto Valley, we passed rapidly on over the divide into Coal Creek valley, and at three o'clock, p.m., entered Cedar City again, making about forty miles' travel that day. We came in, once more covered with dust, which had been extremely liberal in its deposits.

Here we found all the arrangements complete. Again, that bell rang; and, as it is rather a celebrated bell, and its character is bandied about considerably by critics, I thought to examine and enquire for myself. On its outer surface I traced "D. I. C., 1855," which, fully rendered, reads, Deseret Iron Company, cast 1855. I learned that such a company had expended a large amount of labor and means in this place, endeavoring to produce iron from the ore which exists here in great abundance; that they had toiled years to mature and bring this much-needed material into use; but in consequence of some properties being incorporated with the ore with which they were unacquainted, they finally became discouraged and abandoned the project for the time being, after, however, producing a few castings, among which was this bell. There seems to be a little flaw in it which deadens the sound, and prevents that clear ringing tone which it would otherwise produce. Still, I am told it has been heard three or four miles. Again, it sounded, and I said, "Ring on; for it bears testimony that iron in great abundance will yet be produced here." The President's party were received into the Social Hall, where we were as much surprised as delighted at what was exhibited there. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and pictorial ornaments. Lengthwise of the room were three long tables, standing parallel with each other, at the head of which crossed the fourth table; all of which were covered with tastefully arranged dishes, containing rich varieties of food, well cooked and seasoned. The Presidency and the Twelve, with their ladies, occupied the fourth table, while the remainder of the company were seated at the three parallel ones. One hundred and six persons were seated, when a most enchanting hymn was sung by a large company of singers who occupied the large platform at the back of the stand. By request of Bishop Lunt, President Young then asked a blessing on the food. This ceremony was in perfect order, and attended by a spirit which tranquilized and soothed every feeling into the blessedness of peace. While we partook of that sumptuous banquet, the choir, from their place, performed several glees most skillfully, and, as their melodies thrilled the inspired powers of sensibility, the heart felt "God bless the Saints of Cedar City," was the mental response of every heart. A civil and well-ordered dance was inaugurated in the evening, which was attended by the most of our company, except the Presidency and the Twelve, who were too much fatigued to take part, and retired to rest. The Presidency were entertained at Bishop Lunt's residence, where every comfort was provided and every want anticipated by his kind and attentive family.

Thus I give you, Mr. Editor, an account of our return, by a new route, from St. George to Cedar City. The country along this route is truly picturesque and romantic. For the most of the distance, however, the road is rough and tedious, but nothing to obstruct loaded teams. The region of country from Pine Valley to Pinto Valley abounds with a great abundance of grass—in fact, we have not passed through so good a range for stock on the entire route. An abundance of cheese and butter is made there.

I omitted, in the proper place, to state that in St. George we partook of green peas, lettuce, radishes, &c. Mr. Solon Foster has two swarms of bees doing first-rate; and I am informed other swarms were owned in that place. Success to the bees.

Dr. Sprague reports the company in a state of convalescence. I wish to state at the close, that up to the present date of our travels, I have not heard one murmur, nor even petulant word uttered by any person composing the President's party. Every one has seemed to possess a spirit to make everything agreeable. One of the company got hurt by the upsetting of a wagon in Johnson's Twist, but he is well again. We expect to arrive home on next Tuesday, so I presume this communication will be my last, unless something particular shall transpire.

Yours,

L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

P. S.—Joseph A. Young arrived at St. George at 5 o'clock, p.m., on Saturday last, seven days from the city, in company with Bishop Warren of Parowan, his wife having stopped at that place.

L. O. L.

FINE SHOWERS.—On the afternoon of Thursday last there was a beautiful shower, not enough to water the ground very extensively, but sufficient to cool the air, lay the dust and make nature that evening look gay and smiling. It commenced showering yesterday about ten o'clock, and there was a succession of gentle distillations throughout the remainder of the day.