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TRAVELING THROUGH SOUTHERN UTAH INTO ARIZONA.

[THIRD LETTER.]

After leaving the Colorado our road followed a narrow ravine or wash, as they call them here, for several miles. On each side rose perpendicular walls of lake deposit, consisting of successive layers of gypsum, silt and salt. In places the road runs under the overhanging walls and in other parts there is hardly room for the wagon to pass between them. In other places we seemed to be engulfed in a great chasm surrounded on all sides by immense cliffs of earth and with only a narrow strip of sky far above us. The road through the wash is fairly good, but after a while you come out of it in a hilly volcanic country, parched and dry, and as barren as the desert of Sahara, where the road becomes rough and rocky.

The first evening out we made about ten miles and at dark camped on the top of a high hill. We fed the horses the hay we had brought along from the ferry and gave them a portion of the water in the barrel. In the morning we were out early and, giving the horses the remaining water in the barrel, we resumed our journey, hoping to reach the spring before the heat became oppressive. The road was very heavy and our progress very slow. Hour after hour we toiled on, and it was not until after 11 o'clock that we reached the place where we were to leave the road for the spring. We unhitched hurriedly, for we as well as the horses were sadly in need of water; and taking the barrel on the back of one of the horses, we descended a tortuous path into a deep gorge that fell off towards the Colorado. We think it no exaggeration to say that we traveled fully three miles before reaching the spring and were glad enough to find it even at that distance; but the good feed—alas, there was none. There were a few bunches of salt grass on the steep sides of the mountain that the horses would not eat. After resting several hours we filled our barrel, and placing it on the back of one of the horses we commenced the toilsome ascent to the wagon. How we accomplished it those only know who have undertaken to do the same thing; but we did accomplish it, and after an hour's hard work we reached the wagon.

We immediately resumed our journey. The heat was intense. After

traveling some distance we descended into a deep ravine up which the road ran for several miles. The road was very heavy on account of the fine gravel that covered the bottom of the wash. Our horses now began to show signs of exhaustion and before we had gone far one of them gave out entirely, and we fully twenty miles from water or feed. We rested them for some time and then pushed on. Hour after hour we rested and toiled alternately, averaging about a mile an hour. As it grew dark we reached the top of a divide and commenced to descend into another wash. The new road was not so heavy. We whipped up the horses on to a slow trot. It was a cruel thing to do, but we realized that our only hope lay in reaching water before another day, and then we did not know but we would have to travel another night before reaching a place where we could obtain feed for the horses. Altogether our situation appeared serious.

At 9 p.m. our horses stopped and refused to go any further. We unhitched them and gave them some water and a small feed of oats, and then lay down to get an hour or two's rest. At 2 a.m. we arose and giving the horses the last of the oats and all of the water but a little we reserved for ourselves, we resumed our journey. The road became gravelly again. We made but little progress. At 4 a.m. we saw plainly that we must abandon the wagon if we saved the horses. We pulled up under some mesquit bushes and removed the harness from the horses, placing a saddle on one of them. It was decided that one of us should go with the horses while the other remained with the wagon. We drew cuts and it fell to my lot to remain. B— mounted one horse and leading the other was soon lost in the darkness.

It isn't the most pleasant thing in the world to be left in the desert alone, especially so when you expect to have to remain there two or three days. I thought though that I might as well make the best of it. I tried to sleep, but my mind was too worried. I got up and cooked some breakfast, then took an inventory of the water and found two or three quarts, so that there was no occasion to worry for the present on that score. I could live on it even if it was warm. Then I went up on an adjoining hill and cut open a nail-egg cactus, thinking I would demonstrate the story I had heard of their

containing water. I found water in the spongy interior. I pressed out some of it and tasted it. It was wet, I'm like the fellow that said he could eat crow. I can drink cactus water, but don't banker after it.

One can hardly realize how still it is in these desert solitudes. There are no animals, no birds to sing, no sound of any kind of life except the rustle of the leaves made by the lizard or horned-toad as they chase about from bush to bush. I returned to the wagon and tried to read. I could not. How long the hours seemed! At length I fell asleep and dreamed I was beside a large spring of crystal cold water near which stood one of the highest hay stacks I ever saw. In the midst of this I was awakened by something walking on the gravelly road. I sprang up and saw B— coming around a bend in the road with two strange horses. I never was as pleased in my life. After all, there was no occasion for any anxiety on my part. B— had found water and a camp of wood haulers about ten miles from where we separated. He had easily procured a team to bring our wagon in and had turned our horses out to graze upon the dry grass that grew in abundance not far from the camp. Now I could go over that same road again and could be left just as I was there and I would enjoy it. The trouble was that I did not know how it would end. I suffered from the uncertainty more than from anything else, but I can be excused for that since it was my first experience alone in the desert. By noon we reached the camp safely. We learned that a short time before we arrived, an emigrant family had come over the same road. The ferryman at the Colorado had made the same representations to them that he did to us, and got them to take the cut-off road. They run out of feed and water and losing the road wandered about in the desert for two or three days. They finally reached Gold Basin just in time to prevent their perishing. The men at the mill were so enraged at the old ferryman that they were near organizing a party and going back and hanging him. I can see no reason for his misrepresentations unless it is that he wants to get the road broken across to Gold Basin so that he can market his grain there, and he thinks that every team he sends that way makes the road that much better. We would