

NOTES AND INCIDENTS OF AN EXCURSION IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR EASY CHAIR:—I don't mean Harper's Easy Chair; nor do I see why there may not be more easy chairs than his. Do I not remember you as one of the oldest of old-fashioned comfortable easy chairs; not new and polished, and be-fangled, till one seems sitting on pins to sit down upon their fine cushions, but a real old leather-covered, comfortable-made-to-be-used chair, with here and there the varnish of youth knocked off by the buffeting of time and the world, but sound and strong of joint, as when first wheeled up to the desk editorial years ago.

To make amends for a long silence, let me take you out for a short ride through Washington county.

Before you start from this place, Santa Clara, you may as well be told the country we shall visit lies as nearly east from us as may be, the course of the Virgin river being due west, and the settlement's being on or near its banks.

Now, suppose yourself seated in a lumbering old carriage, with your most obedient, with sundry adjuncts of travel, in black shrouds, to keep up an equilibrium of temperature inside and out, for fellow inside passenger. Outside (for the top comes only half way over) is James Philetus P. Jones, who has agreed, for a certain consideration, to carry us through and back, and two patriarchal mules, cropped in the ears, and minus the bush of the caudle appendage, not grown swifter by lapse of years, but we console ourselves with the sage reflection that "safety is more than speed," and "time gives opportunity for observation."

Leaving the pleasant little Swiss town of Santa Clara we turn to the left and east, passing the St. George farms on the Clara on our right. A mile travel over a good road brings us to "Lava ridge." This ridge, which is about a quarter of a mile wide, is formed mostly of lava, which has at some day come boiling down from the crater of a now extinct volcano, some six miles to the north of us. Thence up a long slope, with occasional sand, two miles; thence on a good road, with down grade, over which James P., with the wagon assisting, manages to get considerable motion into croppy's legs to

ST. GEORGE.

St. George is situated in a little valley formed by the projecting ridges of two spurs of the Pine valley mountain, open to the south and sloping down to the river, two miles from the site of the city, and is watered from numerous springs that rise in the base of the low sand rock hills on the north.

This is intended to be the "local headquarters;" is neatly laid out in squares, with streets crossing at right angle; and following the course of the best streak of land takes an L shape—a miniature Salt Lake City;—the State House block being in St. George, the Public Square, Tithing office and Tabernacle respectively, E. Snow's and O. Pratt's residence, etc., etc.

Standing at the Public Square and looking north a block, that foundation and pile of rocks you see are intended for St. George's Hall,—the first building that is to be erected in the city, for as yet, although the city is laid off, incorporated, mayor and city council, market places, and provisions in the charter for lighting the streets with gas, there are no houses, all living in tents and wagons, or under willow shades, giving at once the idea of comfort in this hot climate, combined with a very prudent economy.

Gardens are generally well fenced with willows—St. George poles—of which there is a great supply on the Clara bottoms, four or five miles away. Many of the gardens look remarkably well, while numbers more are entirely destroyed by the mineral which covers them with a white mantle, like snow in winter. One coming here in the night and looking about next morning would almost be induced to believe that nature was playing pranks and sending a snow in summer to see the ground about here.

The city is well supplied with building stone, the hills to the north being one single sand stone, for an area of two miles by three; how much further we say not; which we traversed with James P. in search of the mules, and hence happen to know.

The water is of very indifferent, not to say actually bad, quality. Several wells have been dug, without bettering the quality, except in a slight coolness.

Range, as George A. says, is extensive; that is, a long way off, and a great distance between bunches of grass.

When the city was located here, it was expected there was land enough which could be irrigated to sustain a large population, but in that we have met with disappointment. The river from which the water is to be taken being not swifter here than the Jordan, but little fall could be obtained for the irrigating ditch, which, though over four miles long, will not when finished (and it is now abandoned for this season) surround more than three hundred acres of tolerably good land, with perhaps half the amount of white sand, more; with some swamp land on the Clara is all that can be depended on in ordinary seasons, as the Clara does not commonly furnish more than enough water to irrigate the lands formerly occupied there.

Measures are being taken to sink an artesian well; the machinery and part of the material is now here, which, it is hoped, may

prove successful, as it will, if successful, bring into cultivation some very good land, which now lies above the canal.

Leaving St. George over—in summer time—a good road; in the winter, going "under-ground," in two miles travel, we ascend a steep hill to the summit of the ridge forming the eastern boundary of the valley. To our right is the Virgin ditch or canal before spoken of, and not far from under us St. George's tunnel. This ditch has been dug at an expense of about \$8,000, but proved to be useless for this season, and until the outlet is lowered.

Thence down and up hill four miles to Washington, the county seat. This place is situated on a low, marshy piece of ground, about half-a-mile from the river; is watered by springs one shade better than those at St. George. There is here the largest body of good farming land in the county, there being near two thousand acres that may be irrigated, and much of it surrounded by a canal in successful working order. As it lies from three to six miles away, and on the opposite side of the river, we will not take the trouble to visit it, but be content with hearing that the crops are looking well.

The town has a sickly, aguey look, and in the character of what tenements there are, shows that public patronage has been rather niggardly in bestowing its favors. It is to be hoped that a more enterprising spirit will prevail with the influx of new settlers, and the county seat be what it should.

On, over a high bench, good road, eight miles, to

COTTONWOOD.

A small settlement of some fifteen families. A clear stream of good water, at which you slake your thirst, which has been growing hotter and fiercer since leaving the Clara, and was only aggravated by the water at St. George and Washington. Citizens say, however, that it does not affect them so, when they get used to it.

Up hill again, over rocky road, that needs mending, six miles to

GRAPE VINE SPRINGS.

Here some venturesome Boone has pitched his camp and commenced an "opening," but from scarcity of land, water and grass, or cause unknown has abandoned it.

About here, covering the sand hills of this region, is abundance of scrubby cedar, furnishing supplies of firewood, etc., for Toquerville, three miles distant. To linger over one of these sand ridges, Philetus P. suggests that humanity to the mules would indicate that we "stretch our limbs" going up hill, and points out a cut off, which will take us more directly to the summit, while he goes round. The sun being but little past meridian and a cloudless sky, we of florid complexion and obese habit of body, and not naturally given to pedestrian exercises, would have demurred, but the pointed manner of James and the obstinacy of croppy, who sturdily refused to go until his load was lighter, left no alternative. Taking "a little something," we took the cut off; but that walk over the scorching sands, under a burning sun, why need rehearse it; the memory of it is burned into our boots and told by our blistered feet, for James "missed" us at the junction, supposed we were a-head, and we were forced to take that three miles of sand on foot. Nothing shall ever convince us that it was not a conspiracy between James and croppy to punish us for sundry disparaging remarks made about the "fine points" and "speed" of said patriarch.

However, arriving here we are refreshed with a good cool bath, good water and something to comfort the inner man, and having rested, begin to feel more at peace with the world, and especially Philetus, who has, in the most admirable manner, made ample apologies for missing us.

And, as we are half way, having made some twenty miles or more to-day, which, know ye, is no small day's travel in this country, let us rest here over night.

TOQUERVILLE

is a pleasant little village of one street, lined on either side with a fine growth of cottonwood shade trees, situated on a bench (plateau, I suppose) of Ash creek, a tributary of the Virgin, and about two miles from the latter, is watered by a never-failing spring of good cold water, capable of irrigating two hundred acres of land.

The soil is gravelly and of only medium quality, but farm lands lay immediately adjacent to the village, which compensates in part for the poverty of the soil, as it can more easily and cheaply be improved. The soil is comparatively free from mineral, which abounds to such an extent in some other parts of the county, and molasses made here finds a ready market at better prices than that of any other place.

Grapes do better here also, standing well all winter without freezing. After resting, we were shown over the best garden in the place, and saw a number of vines, among other things, literally borne down with fruit. One now before us looks as though there might be a bushel basket full of fruit on it; is only three years old from the cutting; fact, there is the voucher in the person of that little, old, sedate gentleman, who planted it with his own hands, and do you not see in every line of his face, the most undoubted veracity. Noticeable here, too, in the same garden is a half acre of Incense, which yields this year at the rate of sixty tons of green feed per acre (per annum). I insert this lest you think I am reckoning back to the days of the deluge. Don't stare; there is the voucher,

and it is determined by the most accurate weight and measurement. Hear again how this field yields dollars and cents. Part of this crop of grass is sold (and counted cheap at that price) for fifty cents per square rod each cutting. Now, Arithmetic, do your duty. 1 rod at 50c., one acre, 160 rods, one cutting, \$80; 7 cuttings per annum (voucher as above) \$560.

Come one, come all; leave the barren valleys of the frigid north. Come to the fertile south, for, if Toquerville, admittedly the poorest soil cultivated in the county, produces like that, what may not the richer portions be made to yield? Cotton crop here is about an average of the county.

Leaving Toquerville, you pass the farms of the citizens and discover a great diversity of amount in the product, and are told when you ask whose is this piece of land—this looks well? "Oh, so-and-so's; he's always in it." A standing comment on the slothful owner of the piece next to it, which is not more than half as good.

A mile, and you descend a steep, rocky hill, bearing testimony that the supervisor of roads is not a resident of these parts—to

LAVERKIN,

a small stream of poor water; thence up Johnson's Twist, two miles. Here again we take to the road; this time going first to make sure we shall not be misled at the summit. Thence over a high piece of table land, full of ruts and ravines, giving one an up and down motion, like being in a small boat, on a "chop sea," which, I believe, is the nautical term for it, five miles to

POCKETVILLE, OR VIRGIN CITY.

This town has rather a poverty-stricken appearance. The principal ditch, which was to have irrigated the upper town, proved, when too late to remedy it this season, to have been laid up hill, and was consequently abandoned. This seems to have infected the whole place with a sort of stagnation.

The mountains, which have been gradually wearing, here close down, and we enter the canyon of the Virgin river, and proceed sometimes on one side of the stream, sometimes on the other. The lands of this settlement lie on either side of the river. Those on the north (or here on the road) side are grown to weeds and there is a prospect of but little crop. On the other side they seem a little better.

Three and-a-half miles of miserable rough road brings us to

DUNCAN'S RETREAT,

a little settlement of six or eight families. The fields show good cultivation, are abundantly covered. Noticing a good piece of cotton, which we afterward learned belonged to our friend, F. B. Woolley, we were tempted to get over the fence and measure; we found the green seed or Tennessee cotton, four feet tall, good measure. The prize for the "best acre" will be closely competed for by this settlement, if not gained.

Three miles more and across the river to the south side, and we are at

GRAFTON,

the principal settlement of the upper valley of the Virgin, expected by the citizens to be a very thriving place, abundance of range conveniently near, plenty of wood, building stone and other conveniences, with good land and plenty of water, for mills, etc., as they will tell you. The crops of corn here are unsurpassed in the country, reminding one of the rich Washash bottoms. Cotton does well and the Bishop F. W. Young expects to carry off at least the second prize at the county fair, or would, if that institution had not postponed itself until another year.

Inquiring for many acquaintances supposed to be located here, I was somewhat amused by the answers given to my inquiries by a friend who still remains. Where's A? says we. Gone to the city; B? Gone to the city for an outfit; C? Gone to the city to trade with the emigrants; D? Apostatized, gone to the city; E? Begged off, gone to the city; F? Gone to the city; and so on through the list, not more than half being here now who were last spring.

Crossing the river again, a mile's travel brings us to

ROCKVILLE,

a town of one inhabitant, the rest gone to the city or elsewhere. Three miles more and we are at

NORTHOP,

a settlement of four or five families. Their crops look as well and as forward as any we have passed. From this place carriage driving becomes not only vexatious, but unprofitable and dangerous. We will leave it here, and make the next four miles on foot to

SHUNES CREEK,

the end of our trip, for to go beyond this presupposes the use of wings. This is the most romantic spot of this romantic country. A little basin formed by the junction of three streams, affords about forty acres of rich farm land, while the hills abound in pasturage for cattle, and gradually rising some distance abruptly terminates in vast piles and mountains of rocks, their naked spire-like peaks rising thousands of feet above, and seeming in their inaccessible precipices and yawning chasms to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further."

We will therefore return, having in two days accomplished a distance of fifty miles. We go back the same road we came, as there is no other, and as it is down hill and we have seen the sights, we shall move quicker.

To-day we were a little amused at an incident. Seeing a man in the road, a-head of

us, running and stopping and running again, we had the curiosity to overtake him, and was surprised to see one of our sedate acquaintances cutting such antics. "How do you do, friend B?" "Oh, is that you? Glad to see you. But look here—this sand is confounded hot; (left foot up.) Drive on—(right foot up,) to—that—(feet moving quicker, reminding one of the Yankee showman's dancing turkeys) shade"—and bolting at a 2:40 pace, he reached the shade where we could talk more at leisure. When our merriment at our friend's capers had subsided, we enquired, "Where are your shoes?"

"Well," says he, "to tell the fact, this country is so confounded hard on shoes I have got only one pair left, and I jest keep them for State occasions. If you have got shoes you can git along without apparel comfortably well, but if you hain't the sand will make you 'git,' I tell you."

After some little pleasant conversation, in which my friend entertained me with some account of the habits of the lizzard which I made a note of, intending to use the information in my nextwork on the natural history of that interesting little animal, and promising to send a pair of shoes by the next opportunity, bade good day.

The weather is oppressively sultry, scarce a breath of air stirring, and all the poetic fancy that can see

"Temples, towers, and piles stupendous"

in these naked, everlasting, craggy hills that shut you in on all sides, melted out of you, you turn eagerly to the breeze which you see is bending the tree tops and hastening to cool your fevered brow. What disappointment—instead of the cooling breeze you turned to meet, it is one of the desolating winds known here as "Deseret wind;" parching, drying everything before it; the trees droop, vegetation withers, the grass looks sickly, you feel prostrated and unnerved; even Croppy's ears flap more lazily, and the old carriage creaks out more dolefully and complainingly than before.

But on down through Grafton, past the retreat by Pocketville, over that billowy bench, down the twist and over to Toquerville to a good bath, a good supper with grapes which are just now beginning to ripen for dessert, a good bed and a sleep in which all fatigue is forgotten; and now as I have brought you back to "Toker," I will leave you to take the next mail for the north, for here the road comes down from the city, and as I see you disappear over the summit of the long hill which leads towards "home," I will try to keep my longings from going out after you.

HOW TO AVOID A BAD HUSBAND.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in what she possesseth.
  2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers. Beware!! There is a trap.
  3. Never marry a nigger, or close-fisted, mean, so-did man, who saves every penny or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.
  4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.
  5. Never marry a mop or drone, one who draws and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their chances.
  6. Never marry a man who treats his mother and sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of meanness and wickedness.
  7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.
  8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.
  9. Shun the rake as a snake, the viper, a very demon.
  10. Finally never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.
- In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

NO MORE DROWNING CASES.—A scientific person by the name of Monturiol, living near Madrid, has, it appears, overcome the great natural obstacle of human respiration below the surface of water without communication with the atmosphere by the appliances of art, which constitutes the secret of his invention in the submarine boat or ship, which he denominates the "Ictineo." The navigator of the machine and the crew can subsist for any length of time desirable below the surface, and the generation of atmospheric air goes on as fast as required for us; they can elevate or depress at pleasure, and move in any direction they choose, and the machine may be large or small to float upon the surface or dive to the bottom of the ocean.

—NATHANIEL WELLS, of Cornville, Me., aged 99 years, and his wife, aged 97, recently died in that place at very nearly the same time. They had traveled life's journey together upward of 70 years, and were buried in the same grave.