

named took any active part in making the road. I should judge that for a distance of something over a mile, in going down Hurricane hill, the traveler descends at least 1500 feet, and as soon as he reaches the bottom he finds himself in a warmer climate. While everything on the top of the ridge and beyond it still has the appearance of early spring, the vegetation below has already put on its mantle of spring green, and the beautiful evergreen, ferns, flowers and grasses are indeed very pleasing to the eye. But we are now also in the Dixie sands, and our horses had to labor hard to pull our vehicle through.

After passing the ruins of old Fort Pierce the roads are better, and after traveling down a wash for several miles we pass over quite an extensive clay flat, sloping gently toward the Rio Virgen, which stream the road crosses about two miles from St. George. Soon after crossing the river at this point the St. George Temple suddenly bursts into view, and as we beheld the beautiful white structure, as it appeared in the bright moonlight, it caused a swelling of the heart and a feeling of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father that He inspired His servants to erect houses to His holy name, and one of them in the midst of this dreary desert.

Arriving at St. George, the sight was very pleasing indeed; the almond trees were in full bloom; also the peach, apricot and other kinds of orchard trees were in blossom; the lucern was about a foot high in places, and vegetation generally was robed in its beautiful spring mantle, in plain contrast to the more northern and higher located settlements, where grim winter as yet had hardly let go its stern grasp on everything out of doors.

After attending the quarterly Stake conference at St. George, and performing historical labors, I prepared for a trip to the Muddy, in southeastern Nevada, and consequently in company with Elder Erastus B. Snow, Counselor in the St. George Stake Presidency, I left the temple city of the south on the morning of March 18th. After passing the temple the road leads over a flat where the soil is somewhat pregated with alkali, until we reach the St. George fields at the junction of the Santa Clara with the Rio Virgen, also passing the spot where the old settlement known as Tonaquint of early Dixie fame once stood. After crossing the Santa Clara creek, about two miles from St. George, we ascend a ridge, from the summit of which the little settlements called respectively Bloomington and Price, lying on opposite sides of the Rio Virgen, are seen in the centre of a cozy little village on our left, but we continue in a more westerly course, crossing rocky ridges, deep ravines, and following a succession of washes, until the vicinity of Cave Springs, situated in a deep, rocky gulch, about twelve miles from St. George, is reached. From here we begin to ascend what are locally known as the West mountains, but on West's map of Utah designated as the Beaver Dam mountains, near the summit of which we stopped to feed our horses and water them from a pool of rain water which we found in a very romantic looking spot in a side canyon. When we reached the place, however, and looked

down into the crag or pocket between two nearly perpendicular walls of rocks, we were shocked at finding the dead carcass of a yearling steer in the water; the animal had evidently fallen in while endeavoring to get down to get a drink, and being unable to extricate himself he perished. In the interest of the future traveler we dragged the animal out, with considerable exertion, so that this is the only water for many miles around should not become poisoned by a decaying carcass.

After crossing the last summit of the Beaverdam mountains, at a distance of about twenty miles from St. George, we began to descend through a rugged canyon over a very rocky and rough road; and on this western slope, as we got further down, we found the vegetation so entirely different to that we had seen on the eastern slope, that I at once became highly interested, and at the same time regretted very much that I was not both a botanist and a geologist, in order to have derived the full benefit of the strange landscape. The curious limestone formations which here abound and of which the whole mountain range chiefly consists are covered with numerous kinds of genuine desert vegetation. Here we were in the midst of a complete forest of "joshuas," which with their odd, sunshaped, prickly heads and green fantastic stems fill the landscape with wild grandeur; here also grows the different species of cactus, including a peculiar kind which in shape and size very much resembles a nail keg. It is called the keg cactus. Here also the oos, which in early Dixie times served the people a good purpose in the absence of sufficient soap, the prickly-pear in its different varieties, and the evergreen of various kinds abound in large quantities, not to mention the greasewood, the desert willow and numerous other shrubs and ferns. As we neared and finally reached the mouth of the canyon, down which we followed a dry, rocky wash for miles, an extensive open country opens to view, beyond which several ranges of lofty mountains are seen reaching into the interior of Nevada. Continuing our journey we found ourselves traveling over a beautiful mesa which extends for over sixty miles in a southwesterly direction, clear down to the Muddy, but is broken through by numerous washes which extend from the mountains on the north to the Rio Virgen on the south. The most important of these washes is one known as the Beaver Dams wash, which extends for about twenty miles through this region of country and which, in times of freshets and floods, carries considerable water to the river below. Near its mouth beautiful springs of pure, clear water at once create a little creek, on which the early Beaver Dams settlement was located on a low strip of land lying at the junction of the wash with the river. The present Beaver Dam village, consisting of four families, is situated under the bluff about one and a half miles below the mouth of the Beaver Dams wash. While their houses stand on the north side of the river, most of their farming land is on the south side. The settlers irrigate from springs which issue forth from the bluffs on both sides of the

river. This little settlement is on the extreme northwest corner of Arizona Territory. Elder Dudley Leavitt, the well-known Indian missionary and interpreter, lives about a mile below, and another family resides at the mouth of the Beaver Dams wash. The village is about 35 miles by nearest road from St. George.

Above the Beaver Dams was on the north side of the Rio Virgen, and on top of the mesa previously mentioned, lies a very extensive tract of level, fertile country, with every facility for a large settlement. The only question involved is whether the expense of bringing out the river water would not be too great to warrant the undertaking.

Having stopped over night with Brother Albert Frehner, a Swiss brother who presides over the little branch at Beaver Dams (belonging to the Bunkerville ward) we continued our journey the next morning to Bunkerville, in Lincoln county, Nevada, where we arrived after traveling 18 miles, and after having crossed the Rio Virgen 17 times below the mouth of Beaver Dams wash.

Bunkerville is pleasantly situated on the southeast side of the Rio Virgen, on a narrow stretch of low lands skirting the river, and bounded by the bluffs on the other side. This flat extends up and down the river for a distance of about six miles, and including the so-called Mesquite flat, which lies on the opposite side of the river, but further up. This opening between the bluffs is nearly ten miles long, the upper end extending into Arizona; it has an average width of perhaps a trifle less than a mile and a half. Most of the land is very rich and productive, but the settlers have had to bestow a great deal of labor in leveling down the ridges and sand mounds and filling up the lower places before irrigation could be successfully introduced. The river is tapped about two miles and a quarter above the settlement, and although the people have had considerable trouble with controlling the waters of that turbulent stream, and had lost a number of temporary dams, they have had better success in this regard than most of the other towns on the Rio Virgen. Bunkerville has at present nearly thirty families, and besides the staples produced in the more northern settlements of the Saints, cotton, figs, grapes, almonds, sweet potatoes, etc., are raised very successfully, and it is claimed that Bunkerville could be as independent as any settlement of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains, as nearly all the necessities of life in the shape of food and clothing can be produced here. The altitude of the town is (as I was told), only 1800 feet above the level of the sea, which is more than 1800 feet lower than St. George, the altitude of which is 3611 feet. Owing to this difference in altitude everything is two or three weeks earlier here than in St. George. Snow hardly ever falls.

Bunkerville was first settled in 1877 by Father Edward Bunker, of Mormon Battalion fame, and his family and relatives, and a number of others. For several years the settlers worked very successfully in the United Order, and I was assured by several of the early residents that the place could not have been a success had its