

more war-like tribes to vacate this part of the country and move further south, there are still remnants of their "kitchen utensils" left in their old dwellings, as well as corn cobs and other things suggestive of the Moquis's peculiar mode of living.

After traveling up the Escalante creek about five miles, we come to the place where the main creek is formed by the junction of North creek and Birch creek, near a point locally designated as the upper end of Lower Potato valley. We continue along Birch creek which is the left hand fork as we go up, and after traveling seven miles further we reach Mitchell's ranch and saw mill, where our friends provide dinner for us. Continuing the journey up the creek and passing a solitary farm house, we soon reach the foot of the Escalante mountain which we begin to climb through a forest of stately pines. The ascent gets steeper and steeper and, finally, in order to reach the summit of what is called the "saddle," we wind backward and forward over a succession of dugways along the mountain side, and finally reach the top, from which a most magnificent view is had of the country lying south and east of us. This consists of almost numberless mountain ridges, hills and summits, covered principally with pinion pines and cedars. Not an acre of level land is in sight, except the Escalante or Potato valley desert which is seen in the direction of the Colorado river. By piercing through a little opening between two of the lower ridges, we see something green which my companion told me was a part of a lucern field near Escalante, twenty miles distant in a southeasterly direction from our point of observation. Our brethren who first pioneered this country surely deserve credit for even undertaking an exploring trip through it, to say nothing of locating a settlement there.

Looking eastward, the Henry Mountains on the west side and the Blue Mountains on the east side of the Colorado river, raise their lofty peaks far above the intervening ridges, and southward beyond the same river the Navajoe Mountains are plainly visible. Confining our vision within a smaller radius we look down into a deep abyss and over the tops of tall pines and perpendicular ledges covered with spruce and lower down with pinion pines and cedars.

The Escalante Mountain forms a part of the rim of the basin; the streams on its southeastern slope falling into the Colorado and those on the northwest into the east fork of the Sevier. The snowfall here in the winter is very heavy, and for four or five months together it is impossible for wagons to pass over. At such times Escalante is cut off from all communication with the rest of the world save by an occasional mail which reaches the place by way of Cannonville, and is brought on horseback generally.

Continuing the journey from the top of the "Saddle" we immediately commence the descent to Sweetwater, a small tributary of the East Fork, and at the mouth of Sweetwater canyon, where the road forks (the left hand one leading to Panguitch), we turn to the right, through the valley, and after crossing Horse creek, where there are

a number of ranches and farm houses, we reach the Wilcox ranch, at a point where the East Fork enters a hilly and mountainous country, which separates the East Fork plateau from Grass valley. This place is about sixteen miles from the top of the Escalante mountain.

Proceeding to pass through the hills after dark we at length reached a ranch on Centre creek where we had expected to find friends who would keep us over night, but we found the ranch vacated, although the doors and windows were left wide open and the cooking stove in the little log cabin was yet warm. Waiting in vain for the return of the occupants, my companion told me that he remembered another ranch house lying across a creek and a mountain ridge a mile off. Setting out on foot in the dark to find the same, I was at length rewarded for my efforts by the discovery of a light, in the direction of which I now wended my way, and soon reached another log cabin, which was strongly guarded by a horde of dogs who at once disputed my right of way. The largest once without further ceremony proceeded to try the stretching qualities of my coat tail. The fracas that followed between the canines and myself, brought the inmates of the ranch, consisting of Sister Wilcox, their daughter and two daughters-in-law, to the front—the men folks all being away to a distant ranch—and the situation for a few moments became more embarrassing than ever. As good luck would have it Sister Wilcox, who had attended conference at Panguitch, recognized my voice and made me welcome, and returning after my companion we put up for the night. The next day I continued my journey to the Marion ward where I held a meeting with the Saints in the afternoon, after which I gathered historical information concerning that part of the country.

The Marion ward embraces the south end of Grass valley and the ranches located at different points in the East Fork and its tributaries as far south as Sweet Water. The headquarters of the ward are at the village of Marion, thus named in honor of Apostle Francis Marion Lyman. It is pleasantly located in the south end of Clover Flat near the point where Coyote Creek empties into the East Fork and about four miles southeast of where the latter stream enters a canyon on its way to Junction, on the main fork of the Sevier below. Only about a dozen of the thirty-three families of which the ward consists, reside in the village, while the remainder live in a scattered condition on ranches for a distance of about thirty-five miles. Culbert King presides over the ward with Isaac Riddle and Henry McCullough as Counselors. Volney King is the ward clerk and deserves special mention for keeping the ward records in good shape—a duty that is sadly neglected in a great many places.

In the morning of Wednesday, June 10th, in company with Brother Henry J. McCullough, I started for Koos-harem, in upper Grass Valley. On our road we passed the fatal spot where three friendly Navajo Indians, early in 1874, were killed by some non-"Mormon" ranchmen, a circumstance which came near bringing

about a war with the Navajoes; and had it not been for the brave venture of the late Jacob Hamblin and others who risked their lives by going into the heart of the Navajoe country to make satisfactory explanations to the Indians, most likely the settlements on the upper Sevier would have witnessed a second evacuation; but Brother Hamblin succeeded in pacifying the savages and induced them to send a delegation to the Sevier country to examine the same and learn the facts connected with the uncalled for murder of their friends. This delegation was soon convinced that the "Mormons" had had no hand in the killing, and thus the friendly relationship between the Saints and the Navajoes was preserved and has been continued up to the present time.

About twenty miles above the village of Marion we come to a place on Otter creek locally known as the "Narrows." Here we found a very substantial dam, constructed by some of our brethren a few years ago at a cost of about \$2000, with a view to reserving the water of Otter creek for irrigating purposes. The facilities for a flourishing settlement a few miles below were very good, and the reservoir site being one of the best in the mountains, our brethren were delighted with the prospects before them, when two or three non-"Mormon" ranchmen living some distance below made objections to the reservoir being built—not because it would interfere with their rights in the least degree, but from pure malicious and wicked motives, so far as I could learn—and entered suit against the brethren in the Second district court, where the notorious "Mormon"-hater, ex-Judge Boreman, found an opportunity of venting his spleen against our people by rendering what is considered by both "Mormons" and non-"Mormons" in this locality an unjust decision. The brethren were compelled to abandon their claims and improvements.

Above the "Narrows" we entered upper Grass valley and soon reached Box Creek, where about a dozen families, organized into a branch of the Church with Wm. Vest as president, reside. Three miles further we reach the defunct town of Greenwich, where Bishop Edward A. Bagley, the newly appointed Bishop of Grass Valley ward, resides with his family alone. A short distance west, near the base of the mountains, is the Grass Valley Indian farm, which was located by the late Albert K. Thurber, in 1873, for the benefit of the Indians in this part of the country, but at present there are only a few Indians there. Three miles southeast of the Bishop's place we reach Koos-harem (an Indian name for a species of wild clover), the largest settlement in Grass valley. Here I held a meeting with the Saints in the evening and had a good time.

The next day (Thursday) I gathered historical information about Koos-harem, and towards evening the Bishop took me to Burrville, a distance of four miles, in just twenty-five minutes. Here I was introduced to Bishop Joseph L. Whitehead and held a meeting with the people in the evening.

Grass Valley ward embraces all that