

## WEBER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

*Editor Deseret News:*

After attending the Morgan Stake Conference, which was held in Morgan City on the 16th and 17th August, I proceeded to visit the different wards in the Stake in order to gather historical information. In the evening of the 18th I held a meeting with the Saints at Croyden, a fine little village situated on Lost Creek, in a fertile little valley of its own. Here are 28 families of Latter-day Saints, presided over by Bishop George Knight. The village of Croyden is 13 miles north of Coalville and ten miles east of Morgan City. The narrow valley in which Croyden lies is about twelve miles long and nearly three quarters of a mile wide in its widest part.

Morgan City, the headquarters of the Morgan Stake of Zion, is situated on both sides of the Weber river, near the point where that stream receives East Canyon creek, as a tributary from the south. The town is divided into two wards, all that on the south side of the river being organized into the South Morgan ward, with Charles Turner as Bishop; and all on the north side of the river constitutes the North Morgan ward, over which Oluf B. Anderson presides as Bishop. The Stakehouse, a very plain but substantial rock building, 80x40, feet is in South Morgan, where also Richard Fry and Samuel Francis, Counselors in the Stake Presidency, reside, while President Willard G. Smith himself lives in Littleton, two and a half miles west of Morgan City. Brother Smith is one of the survivors of the Haun's Mill massacre, and his father and one of his brothers were among the nineteen brethren martyred at that memorable place, October 30, 1838. I held meetings with the Saints of North Morgan on the evening of the 20th and at South Morgan on the 21st.

Two and a half miles southwest of South Morgan centre, on the west side of East canyon creek, lies the village of Richville, which constitutes a ward, presided over by Albert D. Dickson as Bishop. Here twenty-four families of Saints reside, and a meeting was held on the evening of the 22nd.

Sunday, the 23rd I spent at West and East Porterville, speaking to the Saints in both places. West Porterville ward embraces nearly all the settlers residing on the west side and East Porterville those living on the east side of East Canyon creek. Samuel Carter is the Bishop of West Porterville, consisting of thirty-one families of Saints, nearly all of English extraction, and Joseph R. Porter presides as Bishop over the twenty-one families residing in the East Porterville ward, nearly all American born. The creek is jocularly called the boundary between the British and the Americans. At one time there was a little friendly jealousy existing between the two villages, but time and better judgment have worn this off, and the people of both wards are now anxious to amalgamate into one ward, as the two are so close together and the inhabitants so few that the people would make more headway and do better by being united under one head. The distance between the school house in East Porterville

and that in West Porterville is only half a mile in a straight line, or one mile by the roundabout road. The two villages are about four miles and a half south of Morgan, but there are farms and settlers several miles further up the creek.

Milton ward embraces the villages of Littleton and Milton. The former is the oldest settlement in Weber Valley, dating back to 1855, but the latter is the largest village, and is situated four miles northwest of Morgan City, on the south side of the river. I lectured to the people here on the divine mission of Joseph Smith on the evening of the 24th.

Peterson ward embraces the villages of Peterson on the southwest and Mountain Green on the northeast side of the Weber, or all the settlers residing in the lower end of Weber Valley. The ward contains about a dozen families, of whom eight reside in the village of Peterson, which is pleasantly located on a bench nine miles southwest of Morgan. Mountain Green, once a thriving settlement, but now occupied by only a few families, is four miles southwest of Peterson, or three miles east of that noted mountain gorge, widely known as the Devil's Gate, in the lower Weber canyon. John A. Walte, a young man residing at Mountain Green, is the Bishop of the Peterson ward.

Enterprise is a thrifty little village whose inhabitants have just spent \$4000 in conveying the waters of the Weber a distance of seven miles on to their farming lands. Although only containing eleven families, this place has a ward organization and is presided over by Bishop John K. Hall, formerly of the Fifteenth ward, Salt Lake City.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Morgan Stake of Zion consists of nine Bishops' wards, which together have a total membership of 1661 souls, or 263 families. It is one of the smallest Stakes of the Church, but has a good name. The majority of the Saints are alive to their duties, are willing to follow the advice of their "wise men," and are thrifty, industrious and economical in their habits as a rule. Generally speaking the people occupy good and comfortable homes, and own some of the best and most productive land in the Rocky Mountains. The climate here is also good, although a little colder in the winter than many would call comfortable. But the summers are pleasant and delightful, the thermometer seldom reaching eighty degrees. The altitude of the railway station at North Morgan is 5,080 feet above the level of the sea, which is the approximate altitude of the entire valley.

The Weber Valley, including its extension up East Canyon creek, is about sixteen miles in length, with an average width of about two miles. Lengthwise it extends from southeast to northwest. It is well watered, and the streams abound in fish, notably the mountain trout. The Weber river and its tributaries are fringed with cottonwood timber and willows. The slopes of the surrounding mountains are dotted with groves of pine and fir.

ANDREW JENSON.

MORGAN CITY, Morgan county, Utah, August 27, 1891.

## MELBOURNE INTERVIEWED.

"Doctor" Melbourne and brother arrived in this city Friday, Sept. 11, on the 5:35 train. Two and a half hours later they entered their names on the hotel register at the Walker. Later still they were found in Mr. Wantland's office on Main Street by a NEWS reporter.

The elder Melbourne is the "rain compeller," and received the newspaper man with a pleasant smile and a hearty hand shake.

"It is needless to say why I have called on you," commenced the reporter.

"It is," responded Mr. Melbourne, smilingly, "as I have been subjected to so many interviews since my arrival in America that I can now, without difficulty, divine your object."

In reply to the question, "Are you an Australian?" Mr. Melbourne said: "No, sir, I am an Irishman. I was attracted to Australia about twelve years ago by the flattering opportunities of making money in the land business that existed in certain parts of that country. I accordingly became and was a real estate broker for several years. The realty mart in Australia has been nothing but a series of booms and depressions."

"When did you first begin your experiments as rain producer?" interrupted the reporter.

"About four years ago I made my first experiment."

"Were you successful?"

"No, sir, I was not. For nearly three years my efforts were attended with failures. Then for a few months I labored with indifferent success, and only about a year ago perfected my invention."

"You are confident that you can cause rain at will?"

"Yes, sir. It is now a demonstrated fact."

"And in the quantities desired?"

"I can."

"How about the cost?"

"That is not great, as the means employed are only simple."

"Of course you will not reveal this great secret that seems to be agitating the minds of so many people in the United States today; but will you state in a general way your method of operation?"

A smile and a shake of the head was the only response.

"Is it or is it not by the aid of chemicals that you bring about the purported atmospheric changes?"

"I (hesitatingly)—Yes, I confess that I use a combination of chemicals, but how I use them is the great question."

Mr. Wantland (interrupting)—"That is the first time that you have ever made that admission, is it not, Mr. Melbourne?"

Mr. Melbourne conceded that it was, but that other reporters had guessed it before. However, I have now made the admission that they are the agencies I use and I will not recant."

"My first successful experiment was made in Queensland, Australia," continued Mr. Melbourne, "a little less than a year ago. That country is in great need of artificial irrigation, as it is afflicted with severe droughts and is thinly populated on that account. I made twelve experiments there, all of which were successful in the highest