

CORRESPONDENCE.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.—PROGRESS OF PRESIDENT YOUNG AND COMPANY.

St. George, April 7, 1863.

EDITOR OF THE NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Last Sabbath morning—not being where so large a company could be supplied conveniently, we left Kanarrville and passed down the slope on the southern rim of the Basin. Over the Black Ridge the road was very rough and rocky, about one-third the distance across it, when we struck the new road, which was found to be very good. Within a month, it is expected that the road will be worked all the distance, when the Black Ridge will no longer be an obstruction to the passage of carriages and loaded teams.

The scenery, which here stands in bold relief on either side and in front of the traveler, is calculated to excite the wonders of romance, and bring the powers of imagination into lively exercise. On the left rise bold mountains with openings, where far away in the background spiral peaks tower into the blue ether, while near their bases spouting rills meander and plunge their tiny currents down the adjacent rocks. On the right a chain of mountains with peak succeeding peak, stretch far out into the borders of the "land of cotton," their prospective gradually lessening down to the point where they terminate in the blue distance. In front is a boundless expanse of mountains and valleys; red sand ridges; rocky crags; sharp mountains and air line mountains; green vales and barren rocks, deep defiles and gentle declivities, over all of which is spread an enchanting halo of scenic grandeur, from which the love of fabled literature might borrow additional glories. In the midst of all these enchanted surroundings, we moved on as rapidly as possible, pointing out to each other as well as we could each successive beauty as it appeared.

The ooze, the prickly pear and the cactus here began to be seen. The ooze sends out a blade often two and three feet long, shaped like a bayonet and about as dangerous if a person should happen to fall into a bunch of them where a hundred bristle up together, for the leaf is very stiff and is pointed with a sharp, hard substance. The leaves when pounded are found to possess fibers like hemp, which can be twisted into very stout ropes. With the prickly pear you are acquainted; but I never before saw them put out such beautiful flowers. Delighted with their appearance we sprang out to pluck them, but the sharp thorns resisted us! Alas, thought I, this enchanting flower, rising from out this mass of thorns is illustrative of human existence. In our happiest state there are thorns which goad us. We grasp after fancied conditions of bliss and the barbed arrows of adversity pierce the heart. Again I reflected; it truly exhibits the life of the Saint, for as this fragrant flower blooms with beauty above the thorns, so shall the reward of the Saint be glorious after treading meekly the thorny paths of persecution and malice—for he shall soar into newness of life. The cactus resembles the prickly pear, but instead of spreading upon the ground, it forms a bush from three to five feet high. Rising at length upon an eminence, we came suddenly in view of Toquerville, with its green trees like an oasis in the desert. Our hearts were glad, for it was warm and we were weary, and those fragrant boughs wooed us to the cooling shade. This place is situated on Ash Creek, close to the base of high mountains on the east; it was laid out five years ago. It is pleasantly situated; with better houses than I expected to find our young "Dixie land." I was astonished to find the peaches about one-third grown. Peas were in the bloom. The new growth of the grape vines measured two and a half feet, which were nearly ready to bloom. It was cheering to look into vineyards and gardens, and see everything about one month earlier than in Salt Lake City.

At 5 o'clock the people came the school house and were addressed by Presidents Young and Kimball; Elders Orson Hyde, Lorenzo Snow and G. D. Watt, in a manner calculated to cheer their hearts and encourage them to perseverance. Here we were kindly received and entertained for the night, and in the morning pursued our way in a south-eastern direction for Springdale.

Two miles out we crossed the waters of the Leverkin, and entered Johnson's Twist, which runs through a deep ravine, about one and a half miles through; the road twisting first one way and then the other, like a w-r-m fence. I was glad when we got through. Passing along a high ridge for some distance, through a grand and imposing scenery, we at length looked down upon Virgen City, situated upon the Rio Virgen. The green trees with which it was ornamented, gave it a sequestered and inviting appearance. The fruit trees, grape vines and garden vegetables looked prosperous. The fences and houses were good, and all the improvements; considering it was a new place, only about two years old.

The people were assembled at the school house, where they were instructed by Presidents Young and Kimball and Elder G. Hyde, at half past 10 o'clock, a.m. Their discourses were prolific with useful instructions adapted to their present necessities. After meeting we moved on up the river to Gratton, eight miles from Virgen City, where we arrived at

half past 12 o'clock, noon, and found the people also assembled in the school house, where they were addressed by Presidents Young and Kimball, and Elders Orson Hyde and Geo. A. Smith, which greatly rejoiced the eager listeners. The meeting was dismissed, and the Presidency were entertained at the Bishop's in a hospitable manner, and the remainder of the company were distributed to well spread boards, through the settlement. Refreshments over, we moved on to Springdale, passing through a small place called Rockville, where we arrived and cared for our teams in good time, and at 6 o'clock, p.m., the citizens were addressed in the bower by Presidents Young and Kimball, and Elder Lorenzo Snow. Their remarks were of deepest interest, and cheered the hearts of the Saints in their secluded retreat.

This place contains eighteen families, and, considering the settlement is only five months old, it is truly wonderful to witness the amount of work that has been done. Their gardens are all fenced in superb order, and they have built them neat little dwellings—some of logs and some of stone, and the place already looks like life. It is situated on the north fork of the Rio Virgen, twenty-two miles from Toquerville, which distance we had traveled that day, and three meetings had been held. It is a sequestered little place amid the "munition of rocks," which send their towering battlements far into the sky, where they have for ages withstood the war of elements.

Our day's journey was truly a romantic and interesting one. In all these settlements prosperity and thrift are visible. Their grounds are filled with young fruit trees, grape cuttings, etc., which soon will become of great value. The river is skirted along with cottonwood trees, from one to three feet in diameter, which, in some places, have been cut down and rolled to the outer limits of fields and formed into fences. Much of the land is fenced and ploughed, but I presume we passed over one thousand acres of excellent farm land still unoccupied. The soil is made up chiefly of the washings of fine sand, which will be excellent for cane, grapes and everything the people may wish to cultivate. Settlements can be made up the north fork of the Rio Virgen, it is supposed, as far as its source. A mile below Springdale the north and south forks of the stream unite. They are about of a size, and nearly an equal quantity of water is running in each, which affords an abundance for irrigation. To sum up in a few words, the settlements on the Virgen are prosperous and the people contented. Their delight at receiving a visit from the Presidency and a portion of the Twelve, was evident by their countenances, and in the abundant preparations they had made to entertain them and their company.

Feeling highly gratified with the facilities afforded along the banks of this stream, to sustain a large increase of settlers as well as with the vast improvement already made, we took leave of Springdale on Tuesday morning the 5th, and returned to Toquerville. In passing through Virgen City the company called a halt at a large tent, where Mr. Hugh Hilton and lady regaled the entire party, with a variety of excellent cakes and beer, for which they have our thanks. We arrived at Toquerville safely, and another meeting was held, at which the people were addressed by Elders Orson Hyde, Geo. A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow and Erastus Snow.

The next morning, (Wednesday the 6th) we started for Washington, which lies in a north-westerly course from Toquerville, about twenty-five miles, by the new road. We soon found ourselves rolling along upon a high ridge in a southern direction, and on our right, far below was Ash Creek, and on our left flowed the Leverkin, each stream skirted with cottonwood trees. These streams at this point are not more than twenty rods apart. The ridge on which the road runs widens out as the streams diverge to the right and left, and anon, our carriages began to wind down to the left and struck the Leverkin. A little below that point these two streams form a junction, immediately after which they empty their waters into the Rio Virgen, which came sweeping down on the left through a narrow channel, cut in the rocks where the black crags looked frowningly from either side. Crossing the river we followed up the serpentine windings of the road, which placed us again upon a commanding eminence, which overlooked a landscape dotted with hills, mountains, ridges, peaks, crags, rolling mounds, level plains, deep gorges and red ridges of rocks; so fantastically arranged and in such variegated order, that the scene was at once grand and imposing. Passing on we again crossed the Rio Virgen, and on reaching the outskirts of Washington, the Presidency were met by an escort with flags and a band of music. We entered this place covered with dust, an article with which we had been abundantly supplied during the day.

The Presidency were sumptuously entertained at Bishop Covington's, while we were all hospitably cared for by the liberal minded Saints. At 5 o'clock, p.m., the people were entertained at the school house, with addresses delivered by Presidents Young and Kimball, and Elders Orson Hyde, Geo. A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow and Geo. D. Watt.

Washington has been settled about six years. It is pleasantly situated on elevated ground, commanding a view of a wide scope of country on either side. It is said to be healthy and the soil is productive. We saw there the finest prospect that had greeted our anxious looking eyes since we left our own loved city, of extensive orchards and shady

walks. The people are certainly entitled to credit for the improvements made here, and when they still further progress and they have time to erect some more commodious residences and buildings, Washington will be a delightful habitation for the Saints. They have one grist-mill. Mr. Harris, residing there, has nine hives of bees, all doing well and furnishing an abundance of honey. Speaking of bees and honey; I will state, that a man residing in Fillmore has two swarms of bees, and at the table of Mr. G. Huntsman, I ate the first honey I had seen in Utah.

At Washington we were all gratified to meet with Elder John Taylor, who was still feeble, but had sufficiently recovered to be able to ride, and had come by a more direct route than we came, which enabled him to reach there in advance of us. We were kindly entertained by the people of Washington, and the next morning, the 17th, we took our departure for St. George; of which place and its delightful surroundings I will endeavor to give some account in my next.

According to programme, next Monday morning will find the President's party "homeward bound."

Yours truly,

L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

P. S.—The express came up with us at Toquerville, at 7 o'clock last Monday morning—a distance of three hundred miles from the city; which it accomplished in about forty-six hours. It immediately returned.

L. O. L.

NEWS FROM GOSHEN!!

MR. EDITOR:

While perusing the NEWS from time to time and gleaming with peculiar interest and very great pleasure from its columns the various and important items, both foreign and local, I have frequently and earnestly wished that some ready hand would pen a few items in behalf of Goshen, but up to the present time my wishes have not been realized, and it now devolves upon me (although ill qualified for the task) to do the work myself or let it go undone.

A report has obtained circulation in which it has been made to appear that Goshen is a poor, miserable, barren, "God-forsaken place," and its inhabitants a rebellious, worthless set. Now this is rather too much to shoulder without complaining a little about the matter, especially when the report has no foundation in truth.

It is true that Goshen has had its "ups and downs," and what place has not. It is also a remarkable fact that Goshen has been singularly ill-fated in the selection of a suitable building site, having selected, built up and improved consecutively three several locations which in their turn have been abandoned, and subsequently all improvements demolished.

The first in order of said locations known as the "Old Fort," but more generally by the very ancient name of "Sodom," was abandoned in consequence of its unhealthfulness. At the abandonment of that place, a few of the inhabitants moved over the creek opposite to and not far from the old location, and built up a small town known as Mechanicsville. The majority, however, moved west, and located upon a sand-ridge and built up a decent little town afterwards called "Sand Town." This, however, owing to the drifting of heavy bodies of sand during periods of high winds which were often recurring, was also abandoned. Mechanicsville was subsequently given up, and out of the ruins of the two latter places a fourth town has been founded which has been known as Lower Goshen, but some, by way of a more technical nomenclature, have given it the significant appellation of "Swamp Town." Some of the "knowing ones" strongly prognosticate that not a very long time will elapse before this will share the like fate of its predecessors. Present appearance, however, give strong indications of its becoming a permanent and flourishing place. Improvements of a public and private character are going on. The site for a very commodious tithing office has been selected, and the basement story nearly completed. Bishop Price, the chief Ecclesiastical Executive of the place, is held in very high repute by the people generally as a very energetic, prudent, far-seeing man, and it is generally believed that by his indefatigable exertions Goshen will finally be established "no more to be thrown down."

There is one well-conducted common school established in this place, at which the boys are taught in the general branches of education. The girls are also, in addition to this, instructed in the arts of sewing, embroidery and other branches of industry and domestic economy. Also, under the very able management of Mr. E. Williams, a well-regulated Sunday school has been established, which is well attended by the young people generally. Mr. W. Smith has recently completed a very good grist-mill about three miles up the creek above Goshen, which is said to be doing excellent business. As to the facilities and resources of the place in general, they are rich and abundant—both vegetable and mineral. The range is almost inexhaustible, both bench and bottom, and the grass of a superior quality. Firewood is also in great abundance.

A dam has been constructed across Salt Creek for irrigation purposes, and a field containing some six or seven hundred acres of choice, arable land, snugly and completely closed in with a good, substantial picket fence, said to be the best field-fence in the Territory. Most of the crops for the present season are

in and the wheat and oats up and looking extremely fine.

Mr. E. Edwards, professor of chemistry and practical geology has recently made two very valuable discoveries, the one of magnetic iron ore, the other of a cave or rather a large chasm in the mountain, containing a large quantity of nitrate of lime. The former, Mr. Edwards, assisted by a Mr. H. Sharp, is preparing to turn to good account in the manufacture of spades, shovels, hoes, etc. The latter, Mr. Levi Stewart & Co. are making ample preparations to convert into saltpetre, etc. Mr. H. L. Cooke, of this place, has discovered two quarries of splendid paint, one a beautiful vermilion, the other a fine yellow. He states that the paints are perfectly free from grit. He intends preparing a quantity for market.

A person from Sanpete county passing through here a few days ago, reported that it was the intention of President Young and party to visit Goshen on their return home from the south country. Everybody is now on the tip-toe of expectation. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will not be disappointed, as a visit from the President would forever settle all controversy about "location," and give strength and permanency to the energies of the people.

Many other items of importance present themselves, but time forbids that I pen more at the present.

With profound respect, I subscribe myself
Yours, etc.,
A GOSHENITE.

May 9, 1863.

INDIAN DEPREDACTIONS IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

BRIGHAM CITY, }
May 12th, 1863. }

ED. NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—On Friday last, a party of Indians belonging to Sagwitch's and Sanpitch's band made a thievish and murderous attack upon some of the citizens of this place in Box Elder canyon, or as more generally known as the little valley at the head of Box Elder canyon, five miles east of Brigham city, used in the summer season as a herd-ground for the benefit of the people of this vicinity. In the afternoon, a couple of young Indians came to where two boys were getting out some lumber—each on a pony, and armed with bows and arrows and a butcher knife. At their first approach no unfriendly feelings were manifested towards the boys, but shortly after, however, they asked them where the soldiers were—to which they answered they did not know. The Indians then said, "You lie, you do know; the soldiers camped near Ogden last night and you know it, and you know they are coming to fight us again?" and then sprang at one of them, snatched off his hat, put it on his own head and rode off, exhibiting a great deal of impudence and madness, in the direction of some horses in sight on the range, and drove off four head and an ox. The men, not being armed, thought best to make their escape, and succeeded in reaching home without any further molestation. In another part of the valley, at about the same time, another party of Indians drove off seven more horses which they have taken to some place at present unknown.

As soon as the news reached this place, a company was dispatched to ascertain the condition of affairs more fully. On arriving in the valley they ascertained that a man by the name of Wm. Thorp, who was engaged burning coal, was missing. The company searched for the lost man, but could find nothing of him until next morning after daylight, when his body was found about half a mile from the coal-pit, stripped, entirely naked and literally perforated with arrows. The skull was split in two places by blows inflicted with a tomahawk, battle-axe or spear; also there was a deep cut with a butcher knife on the throat, ranging downwards.

On Sunday, at 1 p.m., his remains were conveyed to and deposited in the Brigham City cemetery followed by a large concourse of people, who with due solemnity paid their last respects and duties to a worthy man who had thus ruthlessly been killed leaving a wife and ten children to mourn his premature death and untimely loss.

I have been informed that in Cache valley, the same day, there were also a large number of horses stolen by Indians belonging to the same band. On Saturday a dispatch from North Ogden was received here, informing us that in Ogden Hole valley, on Saturday, about 5 p.m., the Indians succeeded in taking and driving off about one hundred head of horses belonging to citizens of that valley. A company of men from Weber and thirty from this county have gone to Cache valley to act in connection with a like company from Cache to endeavor to recover the property stolen, and to inflict such chastisement upon the murderous thieves as the magnitude of their outrages justly demands.

Night before last, two horses belonging to the Bannock city Express Company were stolen by the Indians from Mr. George Reeder's herd, six miles north-west of Brigham city, on Bear river. It is very evident that the design of the Indians is to steal as many horses and as much other property and kill as many of the men, women and children of these northern settlements as will satiate their blood-thirsty propensities and traditions of revenge for their defeat and the losses sustained by them in the battle last winter on Bear river with the California Volunteers.

Respectfully,

J. C. WRIGHT.