

the country, and a brief report of the incidents of the trip.

We started on the 14th and drove thirty miles, and camped for the night in good, old-fashioned style.

On the morning of the 15th we drove to the Mountain Meadows, twelve miles, where we arrived in time to get a late breakfast; and, after being properly refreshed, met with the Saints and held meeting in a private house. There are some half dozen families at this place, who are presided over by Bro. Richard Gibbons. They have a little grain growing, which looked well. But this is a stock-raising place, and a very good one, with excellent hay land and a good range for milch cows. Still, with good management, a small settlement of dairymen could raise their own bread.

After meeting and a good dinner, we drove to Shoal creek, eighteen miles, and held meeting in the evening.

This place is much like the Mountain Meadows, an excellent place for stock-raising and dairying, having plenty of range and good hay land; but not very great facilities for grain raising. Father Zera Pulsipher and his sons and sons-in-law comprise the largest share of the inhabitants. But the place is growing, and will by and by become quite a settlement. They have built a nice log school house, and I was told that a well attended school was kept up for about nine months in the year. We had a very good meeting in the evening, and were kindly welcomed to all the hospitalities which the people possessed.

On Thursday morning (16th), we rolled out for Panacca, or Meadow Valley, a distance of thirty-seven miles, about one half of which is over high rocky hills, and, at present, not much of a road, as teams very seldom go from Shoal Creek to the settlement west; and as the settlement is off from any line of travel, the road is not much used.

It should be understood that in going from St. George to the Mountain Meadows and Shoal Creek we have to cross over the divide into the Great Basin. The Meadows are nearly due north from St. George, and Shoal Creek nearly west of the Meadows; and these western settlements are to the north of west from Shoal Creek, but they are not in the Great Basin. Hence we have to cross the divide again between Shoal Creek and Panacca. But by the application of a good deal of patience, some backs, and a heap of jolting, we made the trip, arriving about sundown. We were met four or five miles out by Bishop Baron and his counselors, accompanied by a mounted escort under the command of Captain Samuel Hammar, and a very nice amateur martial band. We were very kindly received by the brethren, and were well prepared to accept the kind attentions they were so willing to show us.

MEADOW VALLEY

Is the largest of a chain of valleys, situated on the Meadow Valley Wash. This Wash, as it is called, is simply a cañon, that heads about due west from the Buchhorn Spring, between Beaver and Parowan, in the mountains which form the southwest boundary of the Great Basin, and runs down to the Muddy, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five, or fifty miles. It intersects the Muddy at the crossing of the California road. There is no regular stream of water running down it, but springs break out in different places, and run together until they form quite a large stream which flows sluggishly along for a few miles, and sinks to break out in other springs below, and so continues the whole length of the cañon. But when the snow is melting on the mountains, or when heavy rain storms come, this dry wash becomes suddenly a mighty river, pouring its torrents towards the Colorado, with terrible fury, sweeping down everything in its way.

In some places this wash is very narrow, being bounded on either side with perpendicular rocks looming up hundreds of feet high; and these deep cuts will, in some cases, continue for miles, and then open out into a beautiful little valley, with springs of water, and beautiful patches of meadow land.

Meadow Valley is the largest of these, and is some seven miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to one and a half miles wide. It possesses many advantages for a settlement, though like all these southern valleys, it has its disadvantages, the greatest of which is the mineral in the soil. There is plenty of good hay land, plenty of timber on the mountains close by and eventually we may look for a large and prosperous settlement at this place.

Heretofore the brethren have had to go to Cedar City or Parowan for their lum-

ber, and to get grinding done; but these annoyances are about overcome, as the brothers, Jas. and Saml. Henry, have built a saw mill and a grist mill. The saw mill is now running, and the grist mill will be in a few days; in fact it only lacks the bolt, and many already avail themselves of its aid, preferring Graham bread to going so far to mill.

They have just enclosed a very neat frame school house, which is 24 by 36 feet, if I remember aright, and when finished inside and painted it will be a creditable building.

Their wheat and oat crops looked very promising, but they are late, being just nicely in the milk, however, they are as early as at Parowan and Beaver.

Late frosts during the past Spring have operated against "garden truck" and young fruit trees. It seems to be difficult to start trees growing, either fruit or shade trees, and my opinion is that they will not be able to raise much fruit until the mineral has been washed out of the soil.

Perhaps some of your readers may doubt me when I say that all the town lots have to be lowered down, or settled before they are fit to build on, or to set out in trees. This is the process. A deep ditch is dug across a lot, which is kept full of water; as the ground becomes saturated it settles down from two to six feet; and as the water soaks out to the sides the land caves, and falls in; and so they keep at work until a whole lot is settled down.

The cause of this is the loose, ashy nature of the mineral land, which for centuries has not been thoroughly wet. This has given the people much trouble and labor, but some years hence, it will only be among the things that have been, as irrigation and the trampling of cattle will pack the soil. This town is destined to be a place of some importance, lying, as it does, at the cross roads, of the two great thoroughfares that are to be; the one leading from the upper Sevier, via Beaver, to Pahranaagat, Belmont and Austin; and the other from Salt Lake City through Rush Valley and down Cherry Creek in Tintic Valley to Deseret City, thence to the Black Rock on Beaver Creek, thence over the divide to the head of Meadow Valley Wash, and then down the Wash to our settlements on the Muddy.

On Friday, the 17th, we held two meetings with the Saints in their new school-house. An excellent feeling was manifested, and much good instruction was given by the Elders, admonishing, instructing and encouraging the Saints.

Saturday, the 18th, we drove up to Eagle Valley, a distance of twenty miles by the road, but only about fifteen by the cañon, but as there is no road marked through, we have to go around, and over the mountains, making five miles more travel, over a hilly road. We arrived at Eagle Valley just in time to avoid being caught in a severe thunder-storm. It was the first shower of the summer, and will do the people much good, a part of their grain not having had any water since it was sown. They have not been able to get the water down to their new field for want of more labor; the consequence will be very light crops in this field. The grain in their old field looked well, though it is late; but I think the people will make their bread.

EAGLE VALLEY

Is a pretty little place. The valley is some two or three miles long, and perhaps half a mile wide, with a deep, narrow cañon leading out of it, and on each side high bluffs covered with cedar and pitch pine.

Bishop Melitah Hatch is putting up a saw mill, which is intended to be running in a few weeks. The settlement is above the mineral land, but it will have to contend with late and early frosts, more or less.

On Sunday, 19th, we held two meetings with the Saints, which were well attended, and in which much good instruction was given. Many of the brethren had accompanied our party from Panacca, and we had a right, good re-union.

Monday, 20th, drove up to Spring Valley in the forenoon, and held meeting in the afternoon. This valley is separated from Eagle Valley by a cañon three miles long, but we had to drive around over the mountains for ten miles to get to it.

This place was first settled this last spring by some fifteen families, and of course everything is new, and the crops were got in very late; but, perhaps, will ripen before frost comes to do much damage. However, this is a very frosty place. It is one of the best stock ranges in the mountains, there being a great many springs through the valley, and

very fine hay land, with plenty of mountain grass all around. It reminds me very much of the head of Echo Cañon. It is high up in the mountains, and the north winds always blow off from snow; so that it will always be liable to late and early frosts; but I am told that the snow never lies long in winter, because, as I suppose, the south winds blow up the cañon, and come warm from the deserts below.

Tuesday 21st, drove back to Eagle Valley, and took dinner, and in the afternoon drove over to the point of rocks, twenty-two miles the place where the roads from Eagle Valley and Panacca join and just on the edge of the desert. Here we camped for the night.

Wednesday 22nd, drove to the Meadows, or, as it is called, Fort Hamblin, twenty-two miles, and got dinner. In the afternoon drove to Pinto, six miles, and stayed all night. This place is so well known, and has been written about so many times, that I need say nothing about it, more than that we were kindly entertained by Bp. Robinson and his people, as we always are.

Thursday 23rd, held meeting in the morning and in the afternoon drove over to Grass Valley, six miles to Bro. Rancher's, where a sumptuous dinner was in waiting for us.

After taking in the little that poor human nature could endure, of bread and butter and roast mutton, and fried trout, (I hope my brain is stronger) with a little old cheese, rice pudding, &c., &c., we drove over to Pine Grove, where our brethren from St. George, and other places had already begun to arrive, and where our Pine Valley brethren have erected a bowery and a spacious platform, preparatory to celebrating the twenty-fourth.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

At daylight our camp was astir preparing for the festivities of the day. One party was delegated to butchering a fat steer, that had been provided for the occasion, while others hoisted the stars and stripes on the top of a tall pine, and all were busy at something.

At eleven o'clock the camp was called to order, and all the people comfortably seated on the platform.

St. George was represented by Prest. Snow, Bishops Gardner and Carter, F. B. Woolley and Jas. G. Bleak, Esq's, and many others too numerous to mention. Pine Valley was represented by Bishop Wm. Snow and his entire Ward. Pinto was represented by its Bishops, and its pretty juvenile choir lead by brother Eldridge, and most of the people of the Ward. Bishop Dame of Parowan came, bringing with him about fifty persons, not the least of whom were Bro. Durham and his splendid brass band, and choir of sweet singers. Besides these there were a few representatives from Mountain Meadows, Shoal Creek, Panacca, Eagle and Spring Valleys. The meeting was opened by prayer and addresses were delivered by several of the brethren; treating of the persecutions, trials and privations through which we passed in Ohio, in Missouri and Illinois, and our final expulsion from the walks of "civilization;" how our people came out of Nauvoo in the Winter, scantily supplied with food and clothing, and with poor teams, and old wagons badly covered; how we toiled through snow, rain and mud, across the State of Iowa, then a wilderness, making our own roads, bridging rivers and creeks that were high swollen with the spring floods, until we reached the banks of the Missouri; how when there, the United States Government sent a requisition for five hundred of our best men, to go and fight the nation's battles with Mexico; and how these men went without a murmur, leaving behind them, on the bleak prairie, wives and children, father's and mothers, brothers and sisters, and sweethearts, without food, with little clothing and no shelter, and with no friend but God; how this "Mormon Battalion" marched to California under the most trying difficulties, and there hoisted the flag of our country, and wrenched from Mexico the very land on which we now live without a title from our Government; how our camps were weakened by the absence of these five hundred to that degree that we could go no further that season, and had to make Winter Quarters, on the Missouri river, where for want of proper food, and from continual exposure many hundreds died; and how, early in the spring of 1847, our beloved President, and his brethren of the Twelve, and others to the number of a hundred and forty-six, left Winter Quarters, and traveled trackless plains, and rugged mountains, until, on the 24th day of July, they pitched their tents on the ground where Salt Lake City now

stands; and when these scenes were rehearsed, and these days compared with our present condition, is it any wonder that we rejoiced.

After meeting we all partook of an excellent dinner, combining the fat beef and potatoes of the north with the early peaches and grapes of St. George.

At four o'clock the company again assembled at the Bowery, and enjoyed the happy hours till ten in dancing, singing songs, and music from Captain Durham's band. It was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Saturday, 25th, the people assembled at 11 o'clock, and listened to discourses from several of the brethren, who talked on the same subjects dwelt upon yesterday. Meeting was adjourned until four o'clock, when we were to renew the amusements of last evening, but instead thereof we were treated to a "thunder-storm on the mountains," and it was a storm! In five minutes every thing that was "floatable" was in motion, and it became necessary to remove all the wagons that were near the creek, and all those who did not have the very best of wagon covers got a right old-fashioned wetting. The brethren went to work, and in a few minutes built a large wickiup out of the plank from our dancing floor, and all were made comfortable for the night.

Sunday, 26th, we held two meetings in the Grove, at which much valuable instruction was given; and at four p.m. the company was dismissed, and all hands hitched up and started for home. Our party drove to Pine Valley, where we stayed all night.

The shower yesterday damaged this valley considerably by washing away dams, mill flumes and races, and covering much wheat with mud and sand.

J. W. YOUNG.

Brudder Bones, is snuff injurious to de brain? Oh, no, Cuff; for nobody dat has any brains eber takes snuff.

The happiest family in France lives at Lyons, and consists of fifteen unmarried brothers.

Jones, in a dilemma, said that he was at his wit's end. Smith sarcastically remarked that it would not take him long to return—he had not gone far.

E STRAYS.

(From Fairfield.)

Ox, 8 years old, brindle, little white on belly, G 8 left hip, J T DAVIS X X left horn.
Steer, 2 years old, red and white, N left hip.
Stag, 7 years old, pale red, A right hip, 2 left side.
Bull, 2 years old, brindle, white face, slit right ear.
Ox 7 years old, black and white, N MAX-FIELD and J A Y left horn.
Ox, 7 years old, red and white, H. SAGERS vented left horn, brand left hip.
Steer, 3 years old, red, white belly and hind feet, little line back, hole left ear, underbit right, D O with combined JP and L under both left shoulder, combined JP and L left hip.
Cow, 4 years old, brindle, swallow fork left, crop and hole right ear.
Heifer, 2 years old, brindle and white, speckled, brand left shoulder.
Heifer, 3 years old, brindle and speckled sides, hole split out each ear.
Steer, 1 year old, red.
Heifer, 2 years old, yellow brindle, spot in forehead, crop and slit left ear, underbit right.
Mare, 3 years old, gray, Mc combined left shoulder, W left thigh.
Mare 4 years old, roan, N left thigh.
Mare 2 years old, white feet and face, N left thigh.
Mare 4 years old, bay, O right shoulder.
Horse, 1 year old, bay, hind feet, face and one fore foot white.
Horse, 1 year old, bay, white hind feet and face white.
Mare, 3 years old, sorrel, right fore foot and face white.
Mare, 2 years old, iron gray.
Horse, 2 years old, gray.
Horse, 1 year old, clay bank.
Horse, 1 year old, bay.
All the above described Stock, if not sooner claimed, will be sold to the highest bidder at County Pound, Provo, Sept. 12, 1868. Sale to commence at 9 o'clock A. M.
EDSON WHIPPLE,
s57 2w28 1 Utah Co. Poundkeeper.

NOTICE.

I HAVE removed to the 20th Ward, one block east of the road to the Grave-yard, where I am prepared to weave all kinds of Cloth on the shortest notice and at moderate charges. Wool Rolls and Yarn wanted in exchange for Cloth. Cloth for sale.
w26.1m ROBERT McKAY.

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