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AS TO SPRING.

I love the Spring, it is so free
From ardor and activity.
It predisposes man to shrink
All but inexorable work
When grasses start and buds foretell
The blossoms by the way they swell
When feathered things distract the air,
Getting their dwellings in repair;
When eggs and bugs and flowers and weeds
Are all a-hatching, Nature needs
All the spare force there is afloat
To make her enterprises mote.

For men it can't but foolish be
To strive with her for energy.
Give in to her: give over wishing
To overcome her. Go a-fishing:
Find a fit stream and duly try
If angle-worms will justify
Their title. For the time ignore
Remote results. Consider more
The vagrant impulse of the present,
And what it offers that is pleasant.

Brief is the season of transition—
The jog-trot summer has its mission.
In its fierce sun you dark not bask,
To shun its heat becomes a task
That lasts till Fall comes back again
And Nature's work is finished. Then,
When growth at length in harvest ceases,
The energy that she releases
Comes back to man and holds his mind
Down to the work of humankind.
Spring is alone the time of choice,
Respect her, then, and heed her voice.

—Edward S. Martin, in *May Scribner*.

ON THE DESERT'S BORDERS.

Editor *Deseret News*:

On Wednesday morning, May 6th, Elders C. D. Fjeldsted, Adolph Madison and myself, accompanied by Miss Ettie Madison and Mrs. Annie Critchlow, left Brigham City, with a light carriage, for the purpose of visiting the settlements of the Saints lying in the western part of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, in the interest of the defense fund and Church history. A journey of fifty-five miles brought us to Snowville, where we were kindly entertained by Bishop Goodliffe's family. The following day we traveled forty miles by way of Kelton to Park valley, where we held a meeting in the school house in the evening, and had a good time. A few hours before our arrival Bishop Mechem had been seized with a most distressing sickness, from the effects of which he suffered to

such an extent that we, upon our arrival, found him unconscious; but after praying for him and administering to him the ordinance for the sick, he immediately began to speak, and when we returned from Grouse creek a few days later he was able to get up and travel five miles to attend a meeting.

On the morning of Friday, May 8th, we held a pleasant little meeting in the Bishop's house, and in the afternoon drove five miles west and held another meeting with the Saints residing in the west end of Park valley, at a place called Rosette. After this we were kindly and hospitably entertained by Jacob Kunzler and Jonathan Campbell, with whom we stayed over night.

According to the statistical report the Park valley ward contains twenty-seven families belonging to the Church, or 143 souls, who are scattered for a distance of nearly sixteen miles from east to west. Erastus D. Mechem, a member of the "Mormon" battalion, presides over the ward, with C. J. Rohwer and Christian Hirachi as Counselors. A large percentage of the Saints in this part of the country are of Swiss and German descent.

Park valley proper is about thirty miles long from east to west and fifteen miles wide from north to south. It is bounded on the north by the Clear Creek mountains, the highest point of which is Kelton's Peak, having an altitude of 10,045 feet above the level of the sea; on the west by a spur of the Raft River mountains; on the south by low mountains known as the Matlin range, and on the east by rolling hills which separate it from Curlew valley. The principal streams in Park valley are Marble creek, Fisher creek and Pine Canyon creek, all of which head in the mountains north of the valley and are used by the settlers for irrigation purposes, together with some smaller streams and numerous springs which are found principally in the west end of the valley. Dove creek, which rises in the mountains on the northwest, takes a southeasterly course through the valley, receiving all the other streams as tributaries in times of high water, and finally sinks on the borders of the Great American Desert near Ombe, a small railway station on the C. P. Ry. Dove creek is used for irrigating meadows. A number of artesian wells have also been sunk.

Park valley contains a population of about forty families, of whom the ma-

jority are Latter-day Saints. They are all farmers and stock-raisers, and live in a scattered condition on their respective quarter sections, mostly in the north side of the valley. The center of the east end of the ward, where a brick schoolhouse is located, is about thirteen miles northwest of Kelton, the nearest railway point and about ninety-five miles by way of Snowville, northwest of Brigham city. The soil in Park valley is generally rich and productive, although in some places where the mountain streams have carried the soil down from the mountains it is rocky and gravelly. All kinds of small grains are raised, and the hardier kinds of fruits will also grow, although the valley so far can not boast of extensive orchards. The natural vegetation is sage brush, with here and there groves of small cedars, which undoubtedly have suggested the name the valley now bears. Were there sufficient water for irrigation purposes, thousands of families could be accommodated with farms and homes in this extensive valley.

From the upper farms of Park valley a most magnificent view is had of the Great Salt Lake, the northwest corner of which is about fifteen miles southeast of the Park valley schoolhouse. Due south lies the Hangup range and the Newfoundland mountains, rising like islands from the midst of the great desert; and in looking southwest the snow-capped summit of Pilot Peak (10,900 feet above sea level) is plainly seen far beyond the intervening mountain ranges. On the north the Clear Creek Mountains prevent a view of Southern Idaho, and also make communication with the Saints on the tributaries of Raft river difficult, although the distance between Park valley and the branch of the Church on George creek (by trail through Pine creek canyon) is only about eight miles.

On the morning of Saturday, the 9th, we left our friends in Park valley and continued the journey by team about fifty miles to Grouse creek, crossing a spur of the Raft river mountains on our way. Here we received a full-hearted reception in the house of Benjamin F. Cooke, one of the first settlers of this region of country, and the following day (Sunday, May 11th,) attended meetings and Sunday schools with the Saints in their new log meeting-house or social hall, which the good