

## Correspondence.

POWELL'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION,  
SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 10, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

Sir:—At the close of my last letter the expedition had reached the third Moquis ruins. That was on the 9th of July. From there we went down through Mound Canyon, the walls of which, as a general thing, are low. We climbed several places and found the country for miles, on the other side of the river, nothing but bare sandstone cut up into mounds, with here and there a pocket of water. When about sixty miles down Mound Canyon we came to two more Moquis ruins; they were very indistinct, and we could find nothing but pottery and a few cornerstones of the houses. We ran several rapids, some of them not very bad ones, and found one house in very good preservation. It seemed to have been a store room for corn, as it contained corn cobs, arrow heads and pottery. This place was sheltered by an overhanging rock, so that the weather had had no effect upon it. We could see finger marks on the rock work, which was well done, being put up as true as a die. The footstone to this house, or store room, where the people had gone in and out, was worn down several inches.

We arrived at San Juan river on July 7th. It is about as wide as the Jordan, the water being very shallow. We found a few ruins there, and some pottery different from any we had seen before; it was of a yellow color, and the markings on it were very fine. We now entered Monument Canyon, and camped at the mouth of the gulch, and on going a mile and a half up the gulch we came to the famous music temple—a large amphitheatre, 200 feet across, about 300 feet long and 600 feet high, the walls being domeshaped—coming nearly together at the top. At the far end there was an aperture through which entered the waters of a small fall. All around, the walls were beautifully decorated with ferns. The echo in the Music Temple is the finest I ever heard—one person singing in a low voice, sounds like a whole choir. In this temple we found cottonwood, redwood, maple and currant bushes. It is a beautiful place. There was a big pool of clear water where the fall was. We camped there two and a half days—rained in; and during the rain storm we saw some very fine sights in the shape of cataracts and waterfalls, one of the latter, right opposite, on the other side of the river, fell one thousand feet. The water—as large as a man's body—fell into the river with a terrible roar.

Five miles below this we came to Mount Seneca Howland, so named after a member of the Major's first party, killed by Indians in 1869. Here we came to a rapid, the roar of which we heard two miles before we got to it. It was about three-quarters of a mile long and very rough, the waves running twelve feet high. We got safe through, but ran great risk in doing so. Two miles further along we encountered another rapid, and got safe through it; and ten miles further we came to another.

The walls of the canyon were now over a thousand feet high, and perpendicular, except here and there a place, where they leaned a little. The water came right to the walls. The day before we entered the Paharia, we ran forty miles in our boat in six hours.

Twenty miles above the mouth of the Paharia we came to Sentinel Rock Creek, a kind of "elevator" rock, standing alone right in the river at the mouth of a large clear creek. This rock is about 300 feet high, and 20 feet broad at the top.

The next day we ran into the Paharia—a very muddy stream. We camped in Lonely Dell, and remained there until we got ready to go down the Grand Canyon. We left Lonely Dell on the 13th of July, in company with Mr. John D. Lee, for Kanab, to see the major and Professor Thompson. The country, the first day out from the mouth of the Paharia, is very barren—no vegetation, nothing but a kind of saleratus soil into which the pedestrian sinks ankle deep at every step. The next day at noon we reached Jacob's Pools, where Mr. Lee has started a dairy, with a good many cows. We went to the base of the mountain and found several pools of nice clear water. Next day, after traveling ten miles, we came to House Rock Valley—a very fine valley, bordered on one side by the Buckskin Mountains, and on the other by the Pink Cliffs. The valley is about

twenty miles long, and from one and a half to two miles wide. It is a very fine grazing country. At the head of the valley is a fine, clear, cold spring coming out of the cliff.

The next day we went over the Buckskin Mountains. They are about eighteen miles across, heavily timbered, and very rough, being composed of limestone and quartz. We found some fossils, which proved to be "productors," and some fine crinoids and coral. We came down the mountain the same day, went fifteen or twenty miles through a fine grazing country, and arrived at Johnson's just after sundown. We next went to the Kanab, and on the 29th of July, in company with C. H. Oliphant, went up to the Upper Kanab, and found it to be a very fine grazing country, low rolling hills, with any amount of grass and timber, but not any too much water. Here is located the St. George Co-operative Cheese Factory. Next day crossed the divide, and went on to the head of the Sevier, and there saw as fine a country as we had seen anywhere on the trip; low hills full of grass and timber, and plenty of water, but rather cold. Followed down the Sevier and, next day, arrived at Pangwitch. Just above this place on the night of the third of August water froze a quarter of an inch. The country around Pangwitch is very desert, rocky and gravelly; there is plenty of grass, but no gardens. It is a good place for small grain and stock raising. The settlers feel well and are doing first rate. They have plenty of lumber to build their houses.

We left Pangwitch towards evening, and traveled fifteen miles, and that night went down through the narrows on the Sevier, and about noon next day arrived at Circleville—a deserted town. We counted fifty houses, some with the doors open; saw ox bows and hayracks lying around. Everything was in good order, just as if the people had only been gone an hour, but not a living soul to be seen. Saw some of the finest hay there I ever saw in my life; it was over knee-high, and thousands of acres of it. Circle Valley is about fifteen miles in diameter.

The next day arrived at Marysville—a splendid district of country for stock. There are a few ranches scattered along the river. On the following day went to Alma—the largest settlement we saw on the Sevier. Things looked well here, considering that the people only returned to the settlement last fall. They have raised such a large quantity of grain this season, that it is worth only three bits a bushel. An hour after leaving Richfield, arrived at Alma, a very fine settlement, and contains about seventy-five families. Any amount of grain has been raised this season. Could see Glenwood on the east side of the river. Passed Rocky and Gravelly Ford, where the settlers had fighting with the Indians in '68. There is no fear of Indians there now. Arrived next day at Selina, where there are fine salt springs; found there some fine specimens of salt, and some crystal salts. Fourteen miles from Selina, reached Gunnison—a very fine looking place. The people are lively and stirring, and have raised many thousands of bushels of grain this season. Same night arrived at Warm Creek, where there is more hay than grain, and the finest looking houses seen on the trip. Here also we struck the telegraph. Left the Sevier that day, and arrived at Levan on Sunday noon, and came on to Salt Creek that evening. From there on, in all the settlements passed through, found the same evidences of prosperity among the people. Reached this city on the evening of Tuesday, 6th instant.

Respectfully,

W. D. JOHNSON.

PARIS, Idaho, Aug. 6, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

The contrast that presents itself to the visitor to this valley, between the present date and one year ago is marked.

Then the grain, the grass, the weeds, in fact everything green had suffered fearfully from the ravages of the 'hoppers. The fields were a weary waste of dust and stubble, the range was bare and dreary-looking, the trees lifted their leafless branches skyward, denuded of every vestige of summer clothing. The towns and villages looked forlorn in the prospect for future improvement, but to-day how great is the difference!

Fields of grain of immense magnitude stretch across the valley, the grass carpets every available foot of ground, the mountain sides are green with a

luxuriant growth of bunch grass, whilst the meadow land promises better than for years before. As a result, the people are feeling better, the towns look pleasanter and the spirit of progress and improvement is rapidly growing.

Messrs. Kimball, Price & Duffy have just started their shingle, lath and planing mill. The shingles are of as good a quality as can be found in the Salt Lake market. Their machinery is of the latest style and most improved pattern—Hall's self-acting shingle and heading machine, J. A. Fay & Co's planer. The capacity of the shingle machine is from ten to eighteen thousand per diem. Sold for \$4 per M.

A grist mill owned by President Rich is under way, and judging from the prospect for grain in the Valley, cannot be finished too soon. A large tannery, owned by Kimball and Duffy, only awaits the procuring of a good tanner, to commence operations. These improvements have been accomplished in twelve months. Several good buildings for private residences are under way, and will add much to the appearance of the place when finished.

The recent establishment of a telegraph line between this point and Franklin, has done much to stir up public spirit, and to increase the desire to open up rapid communication with the outside world.

Possibly no locality in the mountains is as much isolated as Bear Lake valley, and whose people would be more benefitted by railway interest. A line of road from the southern extremity of the valley, touching all the settlements on its way north to Soda City, would be of immense value to the people. The grade would be of small moment, the ties could be obtained near the road, as a fine body of timber skirts the mountain range the whole distance. The road once completed from Soda to Evanston, would enhance the value of property here about four fold.

A line of telegraph is talked of to connect Soda City with this point, and will doubtless be put through ere winter.

A heavy frost, or more properly speaking, a freeze, a night or two since, in some localities injured the potatoe and vegetable crop some, but not to an extent that will prove at all disastrous. The cold was sufficient to cover the top of a common wash tub with ice. To one coming from the city and its heat the cold suggested the idea that the "Northwest passage" could be sought for advantageously in this locality. Stoves and over-coats came into requisition at the close of the day. It was something unusual for the season of the year, but the older citizens did not appear to be disturbed in the least, when to all human appearances the result would prove a great disaster to the valley. But little damage was done, however, and a few days moderated the weather down to a temperature that was a perfect luxury.

Visiting St. Charles, to attend a two days' meeting, we got a good view of the lake—one of the finest bodies of water in the mountains. St. Charles is certainly a beautiful place, and the efforts of its citizens are rapidly making it an ornament to the valley. Bro Jonathan Pugmire has a flower garden that would do credit to the oldest city in the Territory. It contains a profusion of beautiful flowers that appear to thrive and grow luxuriantly, especially every variety of pink, which apparently bears a heavier and richer bloom than I ever observed anywhere before. Fine specimens of rose, sweetwilliam, larkspur and marigold were bordering the walks of his tastily arranged grounds, and bespoke a feeling of refinement, a degree of intelligence, and a laudable spirit of enterprise that were certainly very commendable. A nursery of fine, thrifty fruit trees adjacent to his garden, appeared to promise splendid orchards of fine fruit in the future. Bro Wilkes also possesses a fine variety of flowers that add much to the beauty of his home, in addition to an apple tree with veritable apples upon it.

Of course this is understood to be the summer view of the valley. Only those who winter here can form any conception of the character of the winter. Think of the front yard fence remaining out of sight, under the snow five months, you who are accustomed to eight and ten inches of snow! A lady, a former resident of Salt Lake City, informed me that for many weeks callers slid from the top of the front gate into the door of the house. Instances are related where neighbors on the same block, visiting, have lost themselves in the snow, and required aid to extricate them. In the northern

end of the valley, a lady informed me that during the winter season she never made a call, or visit, except on snow shoes. Just think of some of our modern belles making fashionable morning calls skating over the tops of the fences on a pair of Esquimaux snow shoes, varying from three to eight feet in length!

I have searched assiduously for a single case of sickness, but have so far failed, in fact the citizens here have almost forgotten the time-honored complimentary inquiry, "How are your folks?" and seem at a loss what to say in reply, deeming it a question altogether unnecessary under existing circumstances. The children are strong, hearty and healthy—genuine specimens of robust boy and girlhood. They live on plain diet, are in the open air a great deal, and are not at all alarmed at getting sunburnt. One young man struck the key note to a few of the ideas, when alluding to in the fashions he stated, "That while he was opposed to the fashions of the day, yet he did not wish to go to an extreme. If a man wanted to wear a paper collar all right, he could see nothing particularly wrong in it, especially if the collar was of a decent style, but a man that would wear a 'Shakespeare' collar was a booby that did not deserve a place in respectable society." Everywhere one goes the same kind, warm, hospitality is to be found, that gives to frontier life its greatest charm. All appear to vie with each other in their endeavor to make the surroundings of the visitor pleasant.

The "monster" has not yet made his appearance this season, but is doubtless only awaiting the return of his contemporary in fame, "Saxey," from the East, that his debut may be properly chronicled.

All in all, no more healthy, pleasant place can be found, than Bear Lake Valley, for the emigrant, and there is room here for thousands.

Very respectfully,  
J. MORGAN.

PROVO CITY, Aug. 10th, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Sir—Since commencing the correspondence on the drone question, I have endeavored to gather all the information I could, by corresponding with many of the oldest and most successful apiarists in the United States, and I thought it but just to give the bee-keepers of Utah the benefit of what I have learned from them.

I find there is a diversity of opinion on the subject among those with whom I have corresponded, some sustaining me in all I have said, some going still farther in the opinion of the use and benefit of the drone bee; but those I rely most upon differ with all of us who have written on the subject. The prevailing opinion is that the drone bee is of no especial benefit to strong swarms, except to pair with young queens, but that it is best to leave a small piece of drone comb in every hive to prevent the bees from raising drones in worker cells, as they have done in several instances in the apiaries of brother Whitney, of Springville, brother Meecham of this city, as well as in my own. A young queen will cause less drone comb built and rear less drones than an old one. In localities where there are but few swarms of bees we should leave more drone comb than when there are a great many swarms, for the reason that the young queen is liable to get lost if she does not meet a drone on her first or second flight; and when there are but few drones it lessens the chance of her meeting one, as they invariably fertilize in the air.

One word concerning milk weed, and I dismiss the subject. Brother Meecham tells me that he knows, from experience, that it is wax from the milk weed that causes so many crippled bees, but he advises not to destroy the weed, for it is of more benefit than harm to bee keepers. I trust that what has been said will do more good than harm. My bees are doing better than at any time this year.

Very respectfully,  
W. D. ROBERTS.

## DEED.

At Neenah, August 4th, of cancer in the stomach, MARY ANN, wife of Edward Morris, aged 54 years, 6 months and 3 days.

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Herriman, on the 6th inst., JOHN THOMAS, son of George and Emma Butterfield; aged seven months and 12 days.