

## Correspondence.

POWELL'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION,  
Camp at the Mouth of the  
Dirty Devil River,  
On the Colorado River,  
June 24th, 1872.

Editor Desert News:

Since writing you from Windsor Castle, we have passed over a large extent of country. On the 25th of May the party left Kanab for the mouth of the D. D. River, went twelve miles to Johnson, and camped for four days. While at this place quite an adventure befell our unhappy photographer. In company with two others he left Kanab on the 27th of May, near evening. Having forgot something he hurried back to get it and overtake the others, who had gone on. It soon became dark, and our hero had never been on the road before, and not being used to country life did not track the other party as he should. The consequence was, he took the wrong road and kept riding until about midnight, when he came to the conclusion that he was lost. So tying his mule to a cedar, he wrapped himself in his saddle blanket and tried to sleep, but between an empty stomach and the wolves he slept very little. At the dawn of day he was up, and to his dismay could find no mule. It had broken loose during the night. After traveling around for some hours, he arrived by chance in Johnson about 10 o'clock the next day, nearly "gone in," but a good cup of coffee and breakfast brought him to himself.

May 30th.—We started with twelve pack horses, eleven riding horses and ten men, provisioned for six weeks or two months. From Johnson we passed up through what is called the Narrows. The walls are about 1,000 feet high and the cañon very narrow, full of grass and willows, a fine place and quite a change for us, as we had seen nothing of the kind—nothing but sage brush, cedars and sand, for the last two months. After going three miles through the Narrows, we came out into a large open valley, called Skumpah Valley (meaning rabbit brush water). There we camped for the night. A nice little town is just starting here, composed of six families. They have plenty of land and water, and a good range. This place is Clarkston, twelve miles north of Johnson.

May 31st.—Took a northeast direction from Clarkston, with a Piute guide. After traveling twelve miles over gulches, rocks and ridges, we came to a nice little valley full of green grass and a large clump of willows, in which we found water. From this valley, five miles over a large ridge and gulch, we came into one of the prettiest valleys I ever saw in this country, which we called Swallow Park. This valley is ten miles long by a mile and a half wide. In the Park, under a large cedar tree, we made our camp. A hundred yards from camp we found a nice cold spring of water. This valley is full of tall, luxuriant grass. The hills are low and they slope gently down into the valley, covered with pine and cedar timber. Branching off to the east and west are innumerable little side valleys, filled with grass, which look like fields of grain. There is enough grass here to support a thousand head of cattle for winter and summer range. One mile below camp, and in the lower end of the valley, we found a large clear lake, three hundred yards in diameter and nearly round, abounding in fish and ducks. At this point the valley runs into a cañon. Four or five miles below, we found another large, narrow valley of the same description.

Swallow Park heads in what are called the Park Cliffs. The Cliffs are very high and covered with Norway pine, fit for lumber. Being of a bright pink color it contrasts strangely with the green valleys below.

June 1st. In a direction N. E. we traveled seven miles over low rolling hills, covered with grass and timber, and then came to the divide between Swallow Park and Paharia Valley. We then commenced going down grade, up and down gulches, over ledges, &c., composed mostly of sandstone and gypsum. Our Indian guide seemed to be lost and tried to leave us, but we hunted him up again. Soon after we found an old trail made by Andrew's party, crossed a fine clear creek called Buffalo Creek. Two miles from this we came to a steep ledge of rocks and down into the gulch, where we found Elijah Averil, jr's, grave, who was killed in 1866, by two Piede Indians, who ambushed him. He belonged to Andrew's party, who were on an ex-

ploring trip from St. George for the purpose of examining the facilities of Potatoe Valley and the head of the Sevier. Two miles further we crossed Clear creek. Then we traveled three miles and came to the Paharia river, camped here for the night.

June 2nd.—Took our way up the river for four miles, in a N. E. direction up the east Fork of the Paharia. Found signs of camp fires, &c., made by prospectors, who had been here this spring. Eighteen miles from last camp we came to the divide between Potatoe Valley and Paharia. At the foot of the divide and head of the river we found a nice valley, where were hemlock and pine in abundance. The divide is composed of clay shale, and is 1500 feet high, very steep, an angle of 30°. The divide was cut into innumerable gulches and ridges that looked like hogs' backs, only they were moresharp. Just as we started up the divide the packs all became loose and it commenced to rain, slowly at first, then faster, until it poured down. Had a lively time coming up. The rain had made it slippery and sticky. The trail followed up a narrow ridge only two or three feet wide and outside the trail the precipice was nearly vertical for 1,000 feet, with here and there a sharp rock making its appearance in the side. But all of our trouble and vexation were repaid by the sight we saw when we reached the top of the divide. Before us lay the head of Potatoe Valley. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life. The sun just then came out and cast a look of pleasantness upon everything. The valley was six miles long, running east and west, surrounded by low hills covered with large pine timber, the valley full of grass, with a fine clear stream of water. On the north side loomed up Table Mountain, one of the finest I ever saw. It is composed of arenaceous rock of a bright clear pink color, and capped on top with a stratum of pure white sandstone. The mountain was 3000 feet above us. One and a half miles down the valley pitched tents under a grove of pine trees and near a cold spring of water.

June 3rd.—Found us in a rain storm. Our Indian guide became sick, I think from the boys making fun of him. He started back for his "wick-i-up." Traveled twelve miles and camped in the cañon between the two valleys—upper and lower Potatoe Valleys. Camped at the forks of the creek.

June 5.—Found us under way again. Lay over yesterday on account of the rain. Traveled six miles and came into a large and open country which proved to be Potatoe Valley. The valley is six miles long by two wide, and with generally smooth surface, well situated for farming and irrigation. A large stream of water, enough to water at least 1000 acres, runs through it. Plenty of grass and wood near at hand, and altogether a good and suitable place for a farming community, but not so good for stock. Climate nearly like Kanab.

At this place the valley runs into a narrow deep cañon on its way to the Colorado river. Found an old trail and followed it up, in the morning, for ten miles, then came to a wide cañon, where we found plenty of water in large and small pools in the solid rock. Camped for the night. It was supposed that the creek running out of Potatoe Valley was the main branch of the Dirty Devil river, but by observation we found we were altogether on the wrong track and too far south.

June 7th.—In the morning took the back track to Potatoe Valley, where we camped. Three men were detailed to go back to Kanab for provisions, and the rest of us to go north and northeast and try and find our way into the mouth of the Dirty Devil river, on the Colorado.

June 8th.—Three of the men started with seven horses for Kanab, the remaining seven took a north direction and followed up the north fork of Potatoe Valley creek (Big Boulder), for seven miles, toward a spur of the Wasatch mountains, then came to a gulch leading up the mountain. After climbing and scrambling for an hour over rough volcanic rock, we arrived at the top of the mountain, just at sun down. After traveling for two miles on the top of the mountain we came into a nice little cañon, with a clear stream of water in it. Camped under a large pine tree. It was a fine camp, plenty of wood, water and grass. Here we saw plenty of deer sign. We found by observation that we were 7,000 feet above the sea, and 3,000 above Potatoe Valley.

June 9.—Crossed Quaking Asp Creek, traveled north for two miles. The snow had not been off the mountain very long. The leaves and flowers were just

fairly out. The mountain was thickly covered with large pine and aspen timber. After traveling two miles further, we crossed a large clear creek, which we called Birch Creek. On going up a small hill found ourselves on a large divide between two deep and narrow cañons. Then down, down we went for 1,500 feet and crossed a large stream of clear cold water. Called this Deep Creek, then climbed up the last slope of the cañon and came to another cañon. Down into it was a very steep descent, and on this divide we could see a great deal of country, it being the highest point for some distance around. We were now 10,800 feet above the level of the sea and here we found plenty of snow around us. We went down through a dense grove of aspen and pine, and had quite a time getting the horses and mules over fallen trees, steep rocks, &c. At last arrived at the bottom and crossed Rush Creek, a large clear mountain stream.

In coming down the side of the cañon, it was so steep that the horses slid on their haunches and we were in danger of the rocks rolling down on us. The scenes and traveling on this mountain are wild and exciting.

From Rush Creek we followed up a side cañon, down which ran, jumped, and rolled a large stream of water, full of cascades and falls, and studded on both sides with large pine and aspen trees. The scene was a fine one. Half way we came to a large clear spot, containing some 50 or 100 acres fit for cultivation, with plenty of water for irrigation. The grass on this mountain seems to be endless. Up this creek we traveled for four miles up a steep grade and came to the top of the Lake Mountain, where we found a large clear lake, one mile in diameter, nearly round, with snow all around it, under the trees. A large creek came out of the lake. Camped for the night. Here we found plenty of ducks. In the lake we found a curious water lizard. Grass, wood and water abundant, a fine place for a summer ranch. This we called Aspen Lake and found to be 10,000 above the level of the sea.

Left Aspen Lake next day and traveled in a S. E. direction for one and a half miles, during which we passed a small lake and two creeks. Along the mountain at this point the country is composed of little valleys and hills covered, here and there, with a clump of aspen trees. It is the finest stock range I ever saw. The mountain is covered with fine bunch and meadow grass, and is watered by myriads of little creeks and springs. During the forenoon we passed through a large grove of quaking asp. In the centre we found a nice little lake of about five acres and a clearing all around it of about 60 acres. (We were now about one third of the way down the south side of the mountain), which, looming up behind, makes a lovely picture. This grove was one and a half miles through and contained fine chair timber. At the edge of the timber we came out upon a divide, looking into a large cañon. We descended and crossed a large stream of water, which we called Musk Creek, on account of the peculiar odor of the weeds and brush. Went three-fourths of a mile farther and camped under a large pine, near a cold stream of water. Here one of the party killed some dusky grouse, which were very acceptable—fine birds, seem to be quite plentiful hereabouts, as we got them often afterwards. They were the size of a common wild turkey. On account of our photographer being sick, we lay by the rest of the day.

At this place found four lakes, all good size and very beautiful, also game in the shape of ducks. The largest lake we named the Hidden Lake. It was about one and a half miles in diameter, and completely hidden by timber. We found by observation that we were 10,500 feet above the sea.

Some six miles further lies what we afterwards called Big Boulder valley (400 feet below us), about ten miles long by eight wide, containing any amount of farming land, a large stream of clear water running through it to water all the land needed. This is a fine location for settlements, where the people can raise grain and stock at the same time. The mountains hereabouts are covered with grass, and I can say without exaggeration that enough beef can be raised on this mountain to supply the market for Utah, Nevada and Wyoming without cutting the feed short. In fact it is one of the finest countries that I ever saw in my life and will prove to be the richest and best part of Utah. On the south side of the mountain it is low and not colder than at Kanab, while higher on the

mountain you can get all the cool and pleasant summer days you wish by traveling only ten miles. The mountain is one of the best watered I ever saw, and the timber is in great abundance—pine, hemlock and aspen. The mountain also is full of game, such as deer, elk, bear and ducks, grouse, and I think probably the streams contain trout.

We were three days traveling along the south slope of Lake mountain and during that time we crossed 20 to 25 creeks, some very large. The distance was fifty miles and the whole extent was covered with fine grass and meadows.

June 11th.—Found us at the Big Boulder creek (more like a river), that runs through Big Boulder valley and into Potatoe valley creek. It was made up by two large forks. The stream was so large and the current so strong that we had to cross above the forks of the creeks.

While climbing the divide on the east side of the last fork of the Boulder (Cascade creek), and on looking north we saw the finest sight I ever saw in the shape of a huge cascade, the water falling from the very top of the mountain. It makes a descent of 1500 feet. The first fall was 500 feet without a break in it, then for 1000 feet it bounded over steep rocks and went hissing and boiling into the valley below, this height is only estimated. Under the first fall was a large cave where a person might stand and admire it. It was a grand and impressive sight. The stream headed in a large lake on the top of the mountain and was surrounded completely with snow. This mountain is entirely volcanic and composed of trachyte and lava, but is rough only on or near the top, while below and down the slope the decomposed lava and basalt have made a fine black soil fit for cultivation.

I must close for this time. The boys, three of them, start back for Potatoe valley to day, and the remaining four of us take the boat from here and run down to the Paharia river and meet them, when we shall all start down the Grand Cañon.

Yours, &c.  
W. D. JOHNSON, Jr.  
Topographer in  
Col. River Survey.

## DIED IN TIME.

WHAT STOKES' BULLET SAVED JIM  
FISK FROM.

Many things are now brought out concerning Fisk which may surprise his admirers. One is the fact that at the time of his death he was running down in business habits, and that had he lived he would soon have been ousted from his well-feathered nest. Fisk was not a first-class business man. His friends claimed this distinction for him as a compensation for his bad habits, but it is now evident that he was vastly overrated. It may, then, be inquired how he could have obtained so important a position. The reply is, that he got into the confidence of Daniel Drew, who had an extensive influence in the Erie road and desired the former to be in its service. In this manner Fisk was placed in a position which he improved to commit the most reckless robbery. It is now said that Drew became disgusted with Fisk's management, and had for three months planned his removal, but was anticipated by the assassin. Fisk, at the time of his death, was utterly insolvent. He had wasted a large part of his stealings in dissipation of a costly character, and it is said Miss Mansfield had a powerful rival, whose establishment cost an enormous sum. It is supposed that Fisk spent from \$3,000 to \$4,000 per week. This rate is suggested by the fact that his pocket money, found on his person after his death, consisted of fifteen one hundred dollar bills. This was not business funds. Indeed, had it been such, it would have been deposited in the bank. It was evidently his "loose change," to use a common term, and it is probable that it would have been all gone before Monday. Fisk was overrated prodigiously because his bravado passed for courage and his impudence for enterprise. Sudden death no doubt saved Fisk from becoming a street loafer.—Correspondence Rochester Democrat.

"I don't care much about the bugs," said Warmley, to the head of a genteel boarding house, "but the fact is, madam, I haven't the blood to spare; you see that yourself."