

Correspondence.

PARIS, Idaho, August 1, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

Every city, town or village has its distinctive features, that crop out in its general outlines, to that degree that the most casual observer cannot fail to be attracted thereby, and these "distinctive features," when traced to their legitimate origin, we find to be only the reflex of an active brain, possessed by some individual, whose feelings lead him to impress himself upon surroundings; settlements and country towns especially indicate this idea, and the peculiarities of build and make up are to a certain extent traceable to this cause: the cleanly street and tasty house as surely indicate the moving spirit in that direction, as does the neatness of the house bespeak a clever housewife.

One cannot but be impressed by the general air of thrift and progress that pervades all the settlements of these northern valleys, and the well ordered indications that are to be met with on all sides; the waving fields of grain of Cache Co. stamp something agricultural upon its entire surroundings, from the mansion to the lowly thatched cottage, its teams and wagons are heavier, its improvements are of a more solid character, its foundations are laid down deeper apparently, than in most places, bespeaking a settled purpose and permanent investment. Apropos of things that are down deep, Bishop L. Hatch, of Franklin, informed me that he, in thinning out a carrot patch, pulled one that measured three feet two inches in length, "and," added the energetic Bishop, "there was plenty of soil still farther down for it to grow through." This certainly indicates a solid agricultural basis, whereon to build future prosperity. A large stone Tabernacle and a commodious school-house of similar material, at Franklin, indicate the character of the public spirit of its citizens; but just over the way, the stately stone mansion of Bishop Hatch seemed to me an index to point to the reasons why things were so. The initial steps have been taken to finish up a twenty-two mile ditch, for the purpose of irrigating an immense tract of unoccupied land near Franklin; and as we crossed over the long level bench, stretching miles and miles away before us, the thought would intrude itself, "Is the Government dealing out justice to its citizens, requiring them to pay so heavily for lands that to all intents and purposes are utterly worthless, without the aid of years of toil on the part of these hardy pioneers?"

Leaving Bear River, Clarkston and Newton to the left, passing fine meadow lands with here and there a ranch, streams of pure limpid water, skirted on either side by a fringe of cottonwood, whose leaves rustled, shivered, glistened and glistened in the afternoon sunlight, we commenced the toilsome ascent of the mountain range dividing the valleys of Cache and Bear Lake.

The first few miles were over a succession of rolling hills, covered with fine herds grass, on which fed countless flocks of cattle, sleek and fat, that in many instances bounded off down the hills at sight of our party, showing too plainly their Texan origin, turning ever and anon to take another look upon the disturbers of their quiet fastnesses. A young man of the party, well acquainted with the locality informed us that it was *just* fun to see an Indian go through that part of the country with his red blanket on, owing to the fact that the cattle usually manifest an anxious desire to become very familiar under such circumstances, and "Poor Lo's" fate is often uncertain unless he has a reasonable start, and is the possessor of a nimble pair of feet: all this while we are slowly ascending, up and up, the vegetation exhibiting the gradual change of climate, the leaves on the cottonwoods growing smaller, the wild flowers on either the side of the road growing fresher and brighter, the grass greener, the atmosphere more and more rarified, the water in the little stream at our side colder and colder, until almost under the brow of a towering mountain we halt for a rest, preparatory to a climb for the summit. Divested of all surplus clothing, on foot we make our way up the side of the mountain, halting every few moments, to take in a fresh supply of breath, and then toiling upward again, two hours of climbing, and the second bench is reached, where we can have a resting spell, and look down upon the beautiful panorama of nature spread out before and below us. Silvery

threads of streams go sparkling down the mountain side, to the valley thousands of feet below, crags and rugged rocks are all around and tower still high above, trees dwarf into insignificance below, our trail looks like a thread of dust in the distance, that could be threaded upon a cambric needle; while away off to the west loom up range after range of snow-capped mountains, with here and there a towering peak, reaching its giant head heavenward, until lost in the dim distance, seemingly a grim sentinel placed by the mighty hand of an unseen, but not unfelt, power to guard the vales and valleys below from the tread of strange feet. Surely these grand manifestations of a superhuman influence bear with them their lesson, and if they teach us nothing else, serve to remind us of the puny efforts of even giant human intellect.

Higher up yet in our track, towers the summit, covered with forests of tall pine, whose cone-like tops away to and fro in the evening breeze, casting lengthened shadows down the mountain side. Not so abrupt, but up and up we continue to go, until the chill air from the snow above and around us changed August heat into a raw April coldness, but the sun's rays, even at this altitude, had their genial influence. And "the modest, crimson-tipped flowers" peeped from sheltered nooks and corners, while the air was fairly laden with the perfume of hardy roses of varied hues, with here and there a stately mountain tulip, rich and rare. Within a few paces of the summit a beautiful stream of snow water starts on its course toward Bear Lake, and makes merry music, as it leaps from rock to rock in its rapid course. The descent is not so steep, but gradually and steadily descends, exhibiting the same change of climate found on the other side, only of a more gradual character. As we go down, crossing the brook time after time, its pure waters entice us to drink, if only to taste of its purity. After quaffing time and again, kneeling by its side, we raise ourselves to a sitting posture, and our gaze involuntarily falls upon a huge mass of browned crickets, heaped against the bank, directly above us and in direct line with the water we have been drinking. Let's change the subject.

Bear Lake and valley come in sight, and our weary team is soon resting and we enjoying the hospitalities of kind friends.

J. MORGAN.

POWELL'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION,
Music Temple, Col. River,
Utah, July 10, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Brother.—Since writing my last letter we have run 72 miles of river, arriving at the famous Music Temple on the 9th of July. On the 11th of June we left the large fall of Big Boulder, took an easterly direction along the slope of the Wahsatch Mountains for 12 miles, and camped on the last end of the mountain, at a fine clear spring. We had a fine view of the Dirty Devil mountains, and in fact all the country around here. We are 10,000 feet above the sea and can see east and south for hundreds of miles. Here we camped for two days to reconnoitre for trails, &c. Capt. Dodds and Prof. Thompson took a north direction, while F. S. Dillenbaugh took an easterly course. After traveling about an hour, found an old trail, with fresh Indian sign on it. Followed it up for eight miles and found it took the direction we wished to go, when we returned to camp. Our camp proved to be a fine one, well supplied with wood, water and grass. Next morning started on the old trail and followed it with much difficulty for eight miles over sand hills and among cedars. Passed two water pockets in the solid rock. On going four miles further we came into a nice little valley that was full of a lily called sego by the Indians. The bulb is very nutritious, sweet and very pleasant to the taste. Here we found the Indians had stopped and gathered a lot of the sego bulbs to eat. They relish them as much as white children do candy or sweetmeats.

Here we came near losing the trail, but found it after awhile. Went four miles further over rough sand stone ridges and gulches and thick cedars, which made it difficult for the pack train. Then we traveled for two miles over the bare sand stone, without a vestige of vegetation. We afterwards found it was the only way to get into the valley we called Pleasant Valley. We came 1,500 feet down into the valley, in which we found a large stream of water. The soil is of a reddish cast, but very rich, there being large beds of gypsum in the upper end of the valley. It was four miles wide, by ten or twelve miles long, filled with wild oats and grass nearly waist high, and had the appearance of a large field of waving grain.

Camped for the night on this creek. Saw a large smoke in the lower end of the val-

ley (which runs east and west), supposed to be Indians camped. After traveling four miles in the morning, we came to a camp of Indians without their knowing of our being in the country. They all ran away hollering, with the exception of an old Indian who could not travel. I never saw fear so plainly depicted on any one's features as it was on this old Indian's. He came towards us trembling in every limb, and pale as a white man. I was afraid the old fellow would actually die of fear before we could convince him of our friendly intentions. All he could possibly utter was, "How do do?" We went up to his wick-i-up and smoked with him, etc., until he became quite calm. Then he called the others back, and after much coaxing they came into camp. They proved to be Red Lake Utes. Camped with them the remainder of the day and traded with them. Tried to get one of them to take us to the Dirty Devil mountains, but was unsuccessful. The band consisted of seven Indians, two squaws and two papooses.

Next morning took the old trail and started for the mountains. After traveling seven miles came to an abrupt dip in the stratum of the cretaceous period, also found fossils of otreia and grapphia in abundance. Then went up a canyon for two miles and lost the trail and could not find it. In this canyon found fine specimens of coal and iron. We were two days hunting up every gulch and canyon for miles around, but had to climb out on top of the cliffs the second day and camped at two large pools of water in the solid rock. In what we called Lost Trail Canyons we found places where the Indians had kept stock (cattle and horses) and killed as they needed. This explained the cause of the timidity of the Indians. We also found that the Navajoes had driven horses through here from Beaver and the settlements along the Sevier River. One of the party found a government canteen in the trail, with water in it, two or three years old, and supposed to have been lost by the Navajoes.

Next day, after traveling twelve miles we reached the foot of the Dirty Devil Mountains.

They were steep, but at the same time clear of underbrush, which made the climbing comparatively easy. We climbed 2,000 feet and camped on Pine Alcove Creek, in a large grove of pine and aspen timber. There the water in the creek was 1° below zero F. and the weather was cloudy and quite chilly.

For the last few days we have been in a warm sandstone country, now we are in a cold one and the mountains are covered with trachyte, a kind of igneous rock.

This range is composed of five mountains, running nearly S.E. and N.W., the first being the largest. They taper down to the east, which is small for a mountain.

On the 18th of June, F. S. Dillenbaugh and myself attempted to climb the first mountain. We took our maps, canteen and dinners and started at 7 o'clock in the morning. We traveled six miles (about) to the foot of the mountain, then ascended some 3,000 or 4,000 feet above camp. Were caught in a severe snow storm. We climbed within 500 feet of the top and found we were 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The soil at this place is bleak and bare, with stunted brush and moss and any amount of snow the year round. During the storm and after, it was very cold indeed, so much that it benumbed our fingers while sketching the surrounding country. The thermometer stood at 30 F. at 1 o'clock—while the sun was shining, as it had quite done snowing.

While coming down the mountain I found some fossil which proved to be of the tertiary period, thus verifying the date of the upheaval of the mountains. We got back to camp precisely at 7 o'clock p.m., having been gone 12 hours and worked very hard.

Next morning we crossed the divide between the 1st and 2nd mountains, and went down into Bear Park. Here we found plenty of bear sign. The park is quite large and filled with large aspen timber with a clear stream of water running through it. At this place found some of the finest poles I ever saw, only 6 to 10 inches at the butt, and 70 and 100 feet high with a tuft of limbs at the top.

The Park was full of timber, grass and flowers and was indeed a pretty place. After traveling twelve miles down grade, over gulches and benches and through thick groves of cedar, we came to a clear creek, which we called Trachyte creek, from the amount of pebbles in the creek being composed entirely of trachyte. Camped for the remainder of the day. Three fourths of a mile from this creek found the trail again, and followed it the next day for ten miles, then lost it altogether. Followed six miles further down Trachyte creek and camped in a deep gorge. Next day traveled in an easterly direction for five miles, then north five miles to get south two miles, down grade, over the base, sand rock, some places so steep that the horses slipped and fell a good many times. Then went down into a large deep gulch. Had a very rough time getting down. Followed down the gulch for one mile and camped in a large grove of cottonwood trees, with two large pools of water. The gulch here was very narrow and walls about 1500 feet high, vertical. It was a grand camp and we all enjoyed it hugely.

Next morning we followed down the gulch until we came to a creek coming in

from the north. Here the Canyon became larger and wider, but the walls higher. We traveled fourteen miles down the bed of the creek and came to the Grand Colorado River. It was very high and half a mile wide at the mouth of Lost Creek, (the one we came down.) The river is some 20 to 30 feet higher than it was when the party passed last fall. At the place we made camp and found by looking around, that we were only two miles below the mouth of the Dirty Devil River. After dinner six of the party went up the river to find the boat left at the mouth of the D. D. After clambering over the rocks for an hour we arrived and got a glimpse of the long lost Dirty Devil River. At length we found the *Canonita*, all safe and sound, just as they had left her, with the exception of being a little leaky. Caulked the boat, and by sundown we put her in the water and went back to camp in the boat, instead of afoot. Andy, our cook, was much surprised when he saw us coming full sail for camp. Hauled her out on the bank to dry, paint and fix for the trip down the river.

Next day, 24th of June, wrote my last letter. The other boys were fixing the boat. In the evening Prof. Thompson, Captain Dodds and Andy left us for Potatoe Valley, to meet the boys with provisions, which left four of us to proceed down the river in the boat. Our photographer took some fine views at this place. We are camped under a huge overhanging rock, and directly behind us is a large elevator shaped butte, about 1,000 feet high. The walls on the other side of the river are about 800 to 1,000 feet high.

In the forenoon of the 25th of June, a very hard wind came near blowing all our things into the river. In the afternoon came a storm of wind and rain. While it was raining we saw a sight which well repaid us for getting wet. On the opposite side of the river we saw innumerable little water falls come tumbling down the cliffs rushing and dashing, all trying to make the most noise. A rain storm in the canyons is indeed gloomy and grand, and any person interested in the fine sights of nature looks on with pleasure and forgets all else save a feeling of humbleness and joy. It rained the remainder of the day and night, which proved a very miserable time for us all, as we got wet through, and a sad plight morning found us all in, nothing dry, all wet and mud. But the sun came out in all his glory and soon warmed us.

Finished the boat and got ready to start about 10 o'clock, when we pushed out into the stream, and away we went with the current for the mouth of the Paharia River.

We ran down the river four and a half miles and came to a creek on the left hand bank, two rods wide at the mouth. Ran a quarter of a mile below and camped, to give our photographer a chance to take views of some Moquis ruins, situated on a cliff near the creek. After dinner we all went up to the ruins. Half a mile up the creek we came to a vertical cliff, 300 feet high, on which we found a large ruin of a once fine house. It was built on the solid rock overlooking the river. The size of the house was 30 feet long by 21 wide, and two stories high. As we could find no entrance to the lower story it is supposed they entered the upper and lower story by means of a ladder. The building stood east and west, the east end was 15 feet high, the south side 10 feet high, west end 12 feet high, north side only three or four feet. All around the shelving rock on top of the cliff contained smaller houses, built in the caves. We also found an underground passage from the small houses to the large one. On a large flat rock on the south side of the house, found a great many hieroglyphics of singular shape; some showed considerable skill; also found large pieces of pottery and arrow points and heads made of chalcedony and quartz.

In walking over the ruins of perhaps hundreds of years where once trod many people, and all busy and active, one feels and experiences a sensation that one cannot explain.

On the creek and river found quite a large tract of land fit for cultivation and supposed to have been tilled by the Moquis. We found in some of the buildings, two or three feet below the surface, corn cobs in good preservation.

Pulled out in the morning and ran one and a half miles and stopped at some ruins at Trachyte Creek, on the right hand side. On a low cliff found ruins of a small house 20 feet long by 10 feet wide. The walls were nearly all fallen down. Found a wall built from the house to the edge of the cliffs some 50 feet. Plenty of bottom land for cultivation. Found pottery, &c., here. Pulled out again and ran a quarter of a mile and passed a large island. At Trachyte Creek found plenty of horse and cattle sign, also a very old trail running up the creek and across the river to the other ruins on the left of the river. One mile below the ruins No. 2, we came to a little rapid. It made quite a noise and the waters ran high, but there were no rocks, so we ran through all safe. Passed a large gulch coming in from the west on the right hand side. Five miles further we passed Shenemo Butte, a large butte 1,000 feet high, in shape of a cone nearly. Passed around an island and came in sight of Ruins No. 3, on a creek coming in from the east or left bank. Camped for the night. Here we found a large