

DESERET NEWS

WEEKLY.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

WEDNESDAY, - JUNE 21, 1876.

THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Now and for a month or two hence is the time of all times to see the country, this part of the continent, because it is verdant only during the summer time, and that not a very lengthy one. Everybody knows that this is a backward season through all our valleys. It is now near the middle of June, with the longest day at hand, and yet most of the sown and planted vegetation is but little above the ground, and some of it only coming through. Nevertheless, for grass, hay, and small grain, the present appears to be one of the most favorable seasons ever enjoyed in the Territory. The prospects are flattering for fine crops, and if nothing untoward intervenes, there is a likelihood of stackyards and bins being comfortably full after harvest.

Going northward we take passage on the Utah Central Railroad, and are carried along at a pleasant pace out of this city of orchards, past the Warm Springs and the Hot Spring Lake, which latter has swelled to very large proportions within the last few years, inasmuch that it would make a capital place not only for pleasure boating, but for regattas, boat races, as it must be somewhere about two miles long by a mile wide, and has a placid appearance. It is a fine piece of water, and if it occupied some of the lower wards, or was immediately at the foot of the city, west or south, it would vastly enhance the appearance of the landscape, as well as become the most popular of pleasure resorts. As it is, it is a little too far off.

Leaving the lake, we speed outward through the smiling fields, orchards and gardens of Bountiful or Sessions, one of the garden spots of the Territory, and pleasant to look upon, the mountains receding in a sort of crescent shape, and the land sloping sharply from them.

Centerville and Farmington follow. Along there the mountains approach us again, and the Salt Lake comes close to us, to vary the view. Then we branch off westward to Kaysville, the great bench intervening between it and the mountains, and the Lake keeping at a respectful distance. Passing on, to our left several miles is Hooperville, and soon we come to the Weber bottom, where the muddy Weber rushes north-westward, though not quite so swiftly and voluminously as the watermarks show him to have done but lately. The iron bridge over the roily stream is crossed, and we are in Ogden at the depot, where the four roads—the Utah Central, the Utah Northern, the Union Pacific, and the Central Pacific, meet, and where various engines and cars run to and fro in a manner rather to bewilder the stranger, who does not know the "lay of the land." Here the musical voice of the hotel touter is heard, and we find out where we can obtain refreshments or stay the night. As the depot at Ogden is but temporary, the approach from and to that city is not very imposing, nor very clear to the uninitiated, and he is likely to stand a few minutes and consider the best way for him to take to get handily into the heart of the city, if he wants to. To those who knew Ogden years ago, and have not seen it for years, it will appear much changed, with a marked increase in substantial, pretentious, and showy houses and other buildings.

If we wish to continue further north, we cross the track of the Utah Central to the West and going few rods northward we see the diminutive carriages of the Utah Northern, narrow gauge, inside of one of which we take a seat. After a while the engine comes to us and pulls us along out of Ogden. We pass through a wilderness of green willows with a few trees interspersed and an occasional small clearing for grass or grain, cross the Ogden river, and various subsidiary streams and swampy overflows, for it is the time of high water, and by and by the fields open out, and

the grass and grain crops appear.

A few miles along and we leave North Ogden to the east and Slaterville further to the west. Continuing on, divers farms are passed, and Willard City, or Willow Creek settlement, is reached, a pleasant place. Here the Salt Lake comes pretty close to us again and the mountains are not far away, nor have they been for some distance, on and off.

Leaving Willard, we pass through some attractive meadow and farming country near the settlement, and our next stopping place is Brigham City, or Box Elder. This is a city set on a hill, or high bench, at the foot of the mountains, to our right, coming down within half a mile of the railroad. It is evidently a clean, pleasant, prosperous city. The city approach to the depot is the finest of any on the journey, coming down a gentle gravelly slope at a right angle with the railroad. With a row of fine trees on each side of the street, it would constitute a beautiful and imposing avenue.

Leaving Brigham there is some more meadow and farming land, which looks very inviting. From Ogden up, the most of the best farming or grass land of each city or settlement appears to bear north-westward from the respective city or settlement. The Central Pacific road, which hitherto, from Ogden, has kept us company, sometimes close, and at others more distant, shoots off for Corinne, and leaves the Utah Northern alone.

We continue our journey and come to a large, shallow saleratus lake, through which the road runs a mile or two, and through which branched off the U. N. line that went to Corinne, about five miles westward. Now we have an uninterrupted run for several miles, a pretty straight run much of the way, towards the head of the valley and Hampton's. The mountains to our right vary from within a mile or two down to nothing from the road. If we have thought that the Utah Northern, being a narrow gauge, creeps along at a snail's pace, we have by this time become undeceived, for the ears rush along at a rattling rate, that equals and indeed surpasses the speed of the wide gauge. Most ordinary people would think the narrow gauge goes fast enough for them.

Along up here the mountains are rather steep and almost precipitous, generally rising right up from the valley, without any high intervening bench. Another peculiarity of this stretch of country from Willard and especially from Brigham City to Hampton's is that along the foot of the mountains there stretches a string of farms and farm houses, mostly, but not invariably, lying east of the Utah Northern, and varying from a field of a few acres to a mile or two in width. There are houses and farms all the way, with very few intermissions. West of the railroad, and some portions of the way east of it, there is much land of a swampy nature, with a sort of half barren, over Jordan look about it. This, however, like the over Jordan country, furnishes much pasture land, of greater or less fertility and value, much of it being wet enough. These strings of farms, and long strings they are, we understand are known as Willard north string, Willard south string, Brigham north string, Brigham south string, and so on. In many places in these strings little evidence is there of running streams for irrigation, though we see a few small ditches with a little water in them, and occasionally a pond, or slough, or narrow lakelet. There are probably springs of greater or less magnitude in various places. Starting from the foot of the mountains, apparently nearly on a level with, or sloping gently to the body of the valley, much of this farm land may be naturally moist, like the bottom lands hereabout, and may not require irrigation, or but very little of it. Certain it is that many of the patches of grain look very green and vigorous, while some near the road do not look so flourishing. Many of these farmers evidently practise dry farming. Pretty dry farming too some of it seems to be. As we near Hampton's we can see that many fields are of rye, which is headed out, rye being early and better suited than other grain to dry farming, but the crops do not look heavy.

The houses along these strings of farms, like those in the settlements generally, are of a substantial nature, and are evidently built by

people who mean to stay. The houses range from the log hut to the adobe, brick, or rock structure of one story, story and a half, and two stories. Not a few indicate a comfortable, well-to-do position for their owners, and some, but not all, are adorned with orchards and shade trees.

MORE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

OUR previous chapter left us speeding away in the north end of the valley towards Hampton's. Here to the west, a mile or so away, and wending south-westward, we perceive the deep channel of the Bear River, which looks somewhat like the channel of the Jordan at and near the point of the mountain at the south end of the valley. A mile or two further west, we see the channel of Malad River, on which further south Bear River City is situated, a place apparently where the people have not practised tree planting extensively. The cars begin to creep up the incline of the hills dividing Salt Lake from Cache Valley, which lies east of us. Having crossed the string of farms we leave them to the west, and push our way until we arrive at Hampton's, a small way-station, where we meet the down train and stay "twenty minutes to dinner." We can run up from Salt Lake to Hampton's by the up train, and return by the down train in one day, and see a large extent of country in that time. But the best of all we shall miss seeing—Cache Valley. We are now pretty high up, though not yet at the summit of the ridge dividing the two valleys. We have an extensive view to the westward, across the Bear and Malad rivers over the plain to the mountains ten or fifteen miles away. A mile or so west of us, right down on the Bear, is Hampton's old bridge over that river, now kept by Henry Standing, late of the 12th Ward of this city. Over this bridge was wont to pass the Montana traffic and travel of years ago, when that Territory was rising in the world and Utah supplied her with considerable bread and dinner, and other things, and received in return a goodly quantity of her gold dust and nuggets. The old Montana road goes along partly in sight northward from the bridge towards Malad Valley.

An extensive range of pasture land is spread out before us, extending a dozen miles or so to the Promontory mountains westward, and the same northward to the summit bounding the south end of Malad Valley. A dry land it appears to be, though it has a noble river flowing in the bottom, and a lesser one also. There is a very solitary rancho here and there visible on the distant wide spreading plain. If it were well watered, there might be several large settlements made, and a large number of flourishing farms, as there is ample room, while the cattle-range on the thousand hills and elsewhere is very extensive.

Away northward two or three or more miles, for distances are deceptive here, is the channel which the Bear river has cut through the mountains in its passage from Cache Valley and the east, apparently a deep, precipitous gorge.

The "twenty minutes for dinner" having elapsed and the dinner having been dispatched, we are "all aboard" once more, and our sturdy little engine hauls up and over the divide. The passage across or through these hills is several miles long. They are usually rounded and smooth. It is through and along these hills that the troublesome snow blockades occur in the winter time, for there are many places where the road runs through a groove of one, two, three or several more feet in depth, which are quickly filled up and blocked with drifted snow, when the wind blows, so as to render them impassable for the trains, until the snow has been cleared out at a great expenditure of labor. It is held that ultimately this cut over the divide and through these hills will have to be given up, and the road be taken through the Bear River cañon into Cache Valley, on which route it is claimed there will be less of these snow blockades to encounter.

These balmy summer nights a young enthusiast with an accordion can turn more souls from Zion in three hours than Brother Moody can restore in three months.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Local and Other Matters.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY, JUNE 16.

Utah Fire Clay.—Messrs. Morris & Evans have received from California an order for ten tons of pulverized Utah fire clay, which is probably the initiatory step to a considerable trade in that line with the Coast.

Sprinkling Wagons.—Mr. Ellerbeck, superintendent of the water-works, has been engaged to-day putting in an apparatus in connection with the water main, at the south-east corner of the Temple Block, for filling the street sprinkling wagons.

The Temple.—Car loads of rock from the quarry keep rolling into the Temple Block, where a large number of stonecutters keep the lively click of the chisel going from morning till evening. A very large amount of rock, at the present rate of progress, will be got ready the present season for laying upon the walls.

The Bingham Shooting.—The preliminary examination of Sanders for the shooting and killing of John McLaughlan, at Bingham, last Saturday evening, was to take place, before Commissioner Sprague this morning, at the Federal Court House, but, owing to the absence of witnesses, the matter was continued.

The Wiggins Case.—This morning the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Wiggins case, motion for a new trial. The judgment of the Court below was confirmed, and counsel for defendant gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the execution of Wiggins will, of course, be stayed, until the matter is finally adjudicated in the Court of last resort.

"All Among the Roses."—This morning Mr. Thomas Fenton, nurseryman, of the 6th Ward, laid upon our table a splendid collection of roses, fresh pulled from the bushes, there being no less than eighty varieties represented, among them the "King of Blacks," "Beauty of Belgrave," "Bengal," "Giant of Battles," "Lion of Combats." Mr. Fenton makes a specialty of roses, in producing a choice and extensive variety of which he has been decidedly successful.

Beautiful Work.—To-day we were shown some samples of work, for the Ladies' Centennial Fair, in this City, the handiwork of Sister Allington of the 6th Ward. One of the specimens consists of a large crotchet-work bed spread, as fine a one as the eye need desire to look upon. The pattern represents, in the centre, an urn, surmounted by a large leafy sprig, on which is perched a "bird of Paradise," the whole being surrounded by a floral border. The other specimens consist of tidies, pin cushions and the like.

Attempted Burglary.—Another attempt was made last night to enter the premises of Taylor Bros., on Fifth Street. The window through which the burglars entered before was nailed up. But the thieves managed to draw the nails, and would have repeated their former exploit, but some one was sleeping on the premises. If they hadn't a relish for buckshot they had better keep away in future. A good double-barreled shotgun awaits them. Citizens, prepare for night prowlers. There are several suspicious characters in town.—*Ogden Junction, June 15.*

Beaver Land District.—We are indebted to Mr. V. M. C. Silva, Receiver, of this city, for the following—

Notice of the establishment of the Beaver Land District in Utah Territory.

The Act of Congress, approved April 25, 1876, provides: That so much of the public lands of the United States, in the Territory of Utah, beginning at the southwest corner of said Territory; thence running north on the line between said Territory and the State of Nevada to the fourth standard parallel of latitude; thence easterly along said line to the eastern boundary of said Territory; thence southerly to the southern boundary of said Territory; thence westerly to the place of beginning, be formed into a land district to be called the Beaver Land District.

By Executive order, dated May 4, 1875, the President of the United States has designated Beaver City,

in Beaver County, as the site of the Land Office for the district created by said act.

Further notice of the precisetime when the Register and Receiver at Beaver City will open their office for the transaction of public business will be given by those officers by publication.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, this sixth day of May, A. D. 1876.

By the President:

U. J. BAXTER,
Acting Commissioner of the
General Land Office.

At the Lake.—Yesterday a company of 200 or more pleasure and recreation seekers went in six cars on the Utah Western to Short Branch, late Clinton's. It was a quiet, well behaved company. Leaving the city depot a little after 8 a.m., the company arrived at their destination at 10, and most of them went at once on board the steamer *General Garfield*, which lay moored at the pier. The day was warm enough, but in running across the valley the breeze was quite cool. The Lake was calm, with a slight breeze, sufficient to render it pleasant on board, and to raise a few small white caps on the water at a distance from shore. The intense color of the bright green waters was a pleasant sight. At half-past 10 the steamer left the pier, and headed for Church Island, after awhile turning westward toward Kimball's Island, eventually returning to the pier at 1 o'clock, after having made a sort of horseshoe trip. On board, a band being present, dancing was the rule on the hurricane deck, while in the rooms below, the picnickers fell upon their edible and drinkable stores with great vim, precision and enjoyment, so that if compelled to pay tribute to the Lake they would have been no lack of the wherewith to contribute handsomely. However, the waters were too still, and not a single heave to on board is reported during the entire trip. There was some song and partysing, both on board and on shore. For the greater safety of little children on the steamer, it might be well if the bulwark strips around both decks were increased in number so as to be nearer together, for a child might slip between them as it is, and it would be safer too if they were nailed to the inside of the uprights instead of the outside.

Having landed, many of the party dined at the hotel, where mine host Beattie supplied dinner at a very reasonable figure, and also furnished hot water for picnickers for a slight consideration.

After dinner, dancing commenced in the hall of the hotel, and was continued, with an interval, till near the time of return. Some of the company strolled around, though the weather was too hot for much of that, others enjoyed a row on the Lake, or a plunge from the bathing houses into its clear, shining, briny waters, the girls enjoying a bath as much as the gentlemen.

The hotel is elegantly furnished and fitted up for parties. The one great lack is a grove. An acre or two of trees, or an avenue a few hundred yards long, would add immensely to the attractiveness of the place. As it is, Short Branch may be termed wholly a marine pleasure resort, and as such, to many, it has no mean charms of its own. There are the extensive water and mountain views, the refreshing moist and cool breezes from the Lake, the steamer and row boat rides upon the waters, the bracing baths in the same, and the general calmness and quietude of the locality, all of which combine to render it an attractive and beautiful place to while away a few hours, days, or weeks, as the case may be, in the pursuit of recreative pleasure and renewed health. There are those who claim that nowhere do they receive so much benefit to their health as at the lake, and to those who "have shaky nerves" or are slightly invalid from many other causes and in many other ways, an occasional visit to the Lake, or a stay there of a few days or weeks, might prove of signal benefit.

Shortly after five o'clock the company having boarded the cars, left Short Branch, and after a pleasant run round the point and across the valley, arrived at the city depot at seven o'clock, everybody apparently well pleased with the enjoyment of the day.

A Great People.—The "Mormons" are a great people, and consequently draw the attention