

EDITORIALS.

THE Philadelphia *Independent* thinks that things political are in a very bad way and that there is no health nor soundness in them; that vice and crime are running riot throughout the land; that in every department of the government, national, state, and municipal, are to be found men who are daily plundering and robbing; that good men of all parties see and feel the necessity for a change in the administration of public affairs; that the only difficulty in the way is to get rid of the political tricksters who manage and run and rule the great political parties of the country; that there is nothing to hope for from a change from one party to the other; that both are corrupt and rotten to the core; that the people desire a change in the administration of the government; that it would only be going from bad to worse to restore the Democratic party to power again, and that it never will be restored; that that party has been practically dead for twelve years or more, and the best thing for the welfare of the country is that it should be forever buried and forgotten (to think of anybody saying such things of that "grand old party"); that what the great mass of the people desire and demand, is the restoration of peace and harmony throughout the land and an economical and honest administration of the government; that although more than seven years have passed since the war was practically closed, yet through the folly and madness of the Republican party, thousands of the very best men of the South are deprived of any voice or part in the administration of their State or local governments; that the whole South has been handed over to the keeping of the very worst class of men in that section—men ignorant and debased, without either influence or character, who have robbed and plundered the people until the Southern States of the Union are in little better condition than Ireland or Poland; that to heal existing wounds and restore peace, harmony, and good will throughout the land, should be the highest aim of every good citizen; that this can only be done by restoring to the people of the South the rights and privileges now denied them, and treating them with kindness and good will, so that those who were lately endeavoring to destroy the government may become good and useful citizens and thank God that they are yet a part of this great nation.

Having thus effectually impeached and condemned both the old parties, the *Independent* suggests what ought to be done, and that is that a sort of a new departure should be taken and a new party be formed by the best men of all parties; that it will be madness for the Democratic leaders to persist in their folly and weakness of attempting to regain lost power; and that if independent and patriotic men are driven to choose between two parties they will choose the least of two evils, which the *Independent* seems to be satisfied is the Republican party, bad as that paper represents it.

Not less than five expeditions are expected to proceed in search of the North Pole, or rather to endeavor to find and explore the open polar sea at the north, the ensuing summer.

There is the current American expedition of Captain Hall.

Our San Francisco dispatches a few days ago spoke of the expected early departure thence of a dog, sledge, and raft expedition.

The Swedish government is also contemplating the sending of a sledge expedition toward the Pole immediately north of Spitzbergen. Fifty select reindeer have been in training and exercise for this expedition.

Energetic efforts are being made to organize an expedition from Germany to go northward, under a former explorer, by way of East Greenland.

Austria is also projecting an expedition. Since the discovery, by lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer, of the open Polar Sea between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen and northward last September, Dr. Petermann has been actively exerting his influence in Germany in behalf of an extensive and protracted exploration of the North Polar regions. Throughout Germany the spirit of research has been aroused and \$87,000 has been privately contributed in Austria since the return of Lieut. Weyprecht and Payer. An expedition on the largest scale is being fitted out, to which the Emperor of Austria has contributed extensively of material aid.

This expedition is to sail in the screw steamer *Admiral Tegehoff*, now building at Bremerhaven. She is to be 220 tons burthen, 118 feet long, 25½ feet beam, 13½ feet depth below deck, rigged as a three-masted schooner, with an engine of 95 horse-power, capable of propelling her five to six knots an hour, and accommodations for coal sufficient for forty days' use.

Connected with the expedition will be Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer, two other Austrian naval officers—Brosch and Orel, an accomplished machinist, two Tyrolean glacier guides, and 16 picked marines, in all 24 men. Count Wiltsecheck, a wealthy and liberal-spirited, who has contributed 30,000 guilders toward the expedition, will also accompany its summer voyages, and will establish and maintain in Nova Zembla a depot of provisions and supplies, toward which he further contributes a large amount.

The plan of this expedition is to advance, if possible, toward the Pole, on the meridians east of Spitzbergen, in the open sea discovered last September. The expedition is to be provisioned and thoroughly equipped for a stay of three years in the Arctic regions. It is proposed for it to winter the first year at Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of Asia, longitude 100 east; to prosecute the survey and exploration of the central polar region the second summer; and the third summer to strike eastward of Behring Straits if possible.

If these expeditions result in the discovery of an inhabited or a habitable country near or at the North Pole, it will be the great event of the century, and the next question will be how to utilize the great discovery.

Correspondence.

POWELL'S COLORADO RIVER
EXPLORING EXPEDITION,
Windsor Castle, Arizona, May 10, 1872.

Editor Deseret News.

Thinking that a few items concerning our party, would be interesting to your readers, I will try and entertain them a short time with the doings and intentions of Powell's Colorado River Exploring Expedition, which embraces a geological and topographical survey of the Colorado river, and the surrounding country.

The party had mapped the Buckskin or Kibab mountain and the country north and south and east to the Colorado river, and west to Kanab, before I joined them, so my description will be of the country west and south of Kanab.

The mapping is accomplished by a series of triangles or the method of triangulation, having first measured a base line from half a mile south of Kanab, thence a little over nine miles south. This took nearly two months' steady work, it being measured with fourteen foot leveling rods, and is an accurate piece of work.

From this we triangulate to prominent points, either signal stations or geodetic points, according to the importance of those points. We travel from one mountain or point to another, to get angles and sketch the country, with pack animals, as it would be impossible to travel with a wagon.

The party is composed of twelve members at present, and all have their different duties to perform, such as topographers, photographers, geologists, and those who herd and tend to the horses and drive the pack train.

Leaving Kanab on the 10th day of March we made camp at Windsor Castle, or Pipe Spring, as more commonly called. Here we stopped for ten days, taking observations for longitude, latitude, and time, also taking angles to and from prominent points on the Vermillion Cliffs, and Kibab Mountain. By observation we find that Windsor Castle is eleven miles south of the line between Utah and Arizona.

Leaving Windsor Castle we took our course S.W. to Mount Trumbull, 50 miles distant. The horses, having had nothing much to do for eight or ten days, felt very good, and we had quite a runaway with both pack and riding animals. One of the party lost his gun (a Henry rifle), which he found after hunting for it two days. After traveling all day over a desert-looking, pebbly and clayey plain (covered with stunted sage brush and grass) of 20 miles, we found, after much hunting, the Wild Band Pocket, so called from a band of wild horses having watered there two or three summers ago. This was only surface water and not very good, being in a pool of small size, in the bed of a new dry creek. At this place we first

found the upper portions of the carboniferous period. Next day traveled all day over a lava-covered country, which was barren and desert looking with only now and then a scrub cedar. Finding no water, we made what is called in this country a "dry camp," and we found it dry indeed. Five miles south from us we could see Mount Trumbull, with plenty of snow on its sides.

The country here is very rough, indeed filled with large boulders of basalt rock and gulches and small, extinct, cone-shaped volcanoes.

We found water about 9 o'clock next morning, in what we called Rocky Pool. We found the Pool in a deep, wild-looking gulch, imbedded in the solid basalt rock, which had been worn out by the water flowing over a small fall of 25 feet. This pool held about 100 barrels of cold water, good, with the exception of being nearly alive with small red amimacules. At this place our photographer, Mr. Fennimore, took some fine views of the pool and surrounding picturesque scenery. We stopped here three days. Flowers were beginning to blossom and grass to grow.

We are now in the carboniferous formation, which we have proved from fossils found here. Mount Trumbull proved to be an extinct volcano of huge dimensions. After climbing the mountain, which is 8,900 feet above the sea, and finishing our work, we went our way S.W. around the mountain to what we called Lava Spring. Here we made camp a few days, and a fine camp it was, in a large grove of oak, the trunks from one to two feet through. We found here also plenty of black locust, some very large. There is one very interesting feature at this place. It is a stream of lava two miles long by half to three-fourths of a mile wide, which came from a cone shaped mountain south of Mount Trumbull. This we found to be of comparatively recent date. The stream ran about one and a half miles and then, coming in contact with a small hill, separated into two equal forks. The lava is very little cracked and looks as if it was but a short time since it was a liquid, molten mass, running down the sides of the volcano. It is grand indeed, and it makes one feel the power and greatness of an all-wise God. Mount Trumbull is one of a range called the Uinkaret or Shebit Mountains; they are composed of three peaks besides Mount Trumbull, viz., Mount Stanhoe, Mount Lucy, and Mount Emma, all very high and volcanic, having once been the rim of a vast crater.

The Colorado River is within nine to twelve miles of this place, there being only two places to get down to the river in the Grand Cañon, for some distance along the river south. Prof. Thompson, Capt. Dodds, and myself took a trip to the river to try to find a trail to get provisions down for the use of those going down in the boats next summer. From Lava Spring we commenced going down hill for 3,000 feet, and here we found summer flowers in bloom, some of which are rare and new.

The geology of this country is very interesting indeed, which we found to be of the carboniferous formation, and composed mostly of lime stone, grey marble, of good quality, micaceous shales and conglomerates.

At the river the thermometer stood at 70° F. at five o'clock p. m. We found much difficulty in getting down to the river, the walls being 5,000 feet high, not perpendicular, but terraced one above another. The sun shines here only two and three hours a day, and it is "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." It seems as if one was shut out from the world entirely. Here we found where Mount Trumbull had sent lava seething and boiling into the Colorado, but the mighty river has cut its way through again. We found some fine specimens of basalt rock in six-sided columns, which looked as if the hand of art had formed them, they were so perfect. But the sights we saw on all sides are indescribable, they are so grand and beautiful. By examining the sand at the river we found small glittering particles of gold, but it was very fine. The discovery of gold on this river has caused many a man to go back "broke," as it is termed, and perhaps not much pleased with the Colorado, but let the man who admires nature visit this place and he will be well paid for his trouble.

We found a natural bridge composed entirely of basaltic rock, spanning a gulch ninety feet wide. From the bed of the creek to the top of the arch it was about fifty feet. Just below we found a precipice of 100 feet, where the water went dashing and foaming down to join the Colorado. The bridge was ten feet

across the top by over a hundred long and was clear of anything but grass and flowers. The basalt rock had rested on a soft arenaceous rock, which had corroded away and left the basalt forming a natural arch.

Captain Dodds and myself followed down the river one day's ride to try to get to the river again, but we failed, yet we were repaid for our trouble by climbing a small mountain, whence we could see away down nearly to the river, 5,000 feet below us, and grand gulches and high walls. The view is so grand and extensive that the eyes cannot take it all in at once. While looking at some wonderful and magnificent piece of scenery, another perhaps as grand or more so claims your attention. This one sight will repay anyone who may wish to see scenery rare and beautiful. Here is the place for the artist with his pencil and canvass, and for the legend writer, and his thoughts can weave many a wild and thrilling story of the vast cañons of the Colorado.

On the plateaus of the Colorado you can find no springs nor creeks, only in a storm, which comes often along the river. We depended alone on the holes in the rocks, which are generally full of water.

We left the river in a rain storm, but when we got within five miles of Lava Spring, we came into a snow storm, which lasted three days. A few hours before we had left summer and her flowers 3,000 feet below. It changed the scene materially for me, for my horse gave out and I had to walk and lead him five miles through mud and snow. At Lava Spring we found the snow two feet deep around the camp. At camp the thermometer stood at 28° above zero, F. Quite a change to experience in one day.

On the 4th day of April we left Mount Trumbull for Fort Pierce, twelve miles south-east of St. George, by a trail over the mountains. In crossing the divide between Mount Trumbull and Mount Lucy, we found three feet of snow, and on top of the mountain four feet. During the first day's travel we lost the trail, and we were unable to find it again. The second day found us in a snow storm, and the same the third day. The fourth was a pleasant one, we having now got into the "Dixie Basin." Instead of being two days from Mount Trumbull we were four, and we arrived at the Berry Spring instead of at Fort Pierce. We were also very fortunate in finding our supplies here, as what we had with us were nearly exhausted.

Here we made Camp for two weeks, during which time we mapped the country around. Mr. Jones, Andy Halton, and myself attempted to climb the Pine Valley Mountain, but did not succeed, on account of the depth of the snow, and it being so cold. We got 6,000 feet above Washington and within 300 feet of the top. This mountain is very high and perhaps the highest in Utah. It is thickly covered with mahogany, cedar, maple, black locust, white, yellow, pinion and Norway pine, also some fir and spruce.

This mountain is evidently a very old one, as its upper 2,000 feet is composed entirely of trachyte, a kind of igneous rock similar to granite. The lower portion of the mountain is composed of limestone of the cretaceous period and conglomerate, also sandstone of the triassic. The snow in the gulches was from ten to thirty feet deep. It was very cold and the snow was hard and crisp. We were much amused at Andy, our cook, who thought he would rather slide down the mountain than walk. We came to a gulch that was full of snow and about 2,000 feet to the bottom, with a slant of 45° or 50°. Andy, having on a new pair of canvass overalls, thought he would have a slide, and as none of us would go with him he started, quite slow at first, but gaining all the time he soon was going at lightning speed, and away he went over the ice and snow like the wind, his coat tails flying in the air, and he trying with all his might to stop himself. But the last we saw of him there was when he disappeared over a large rock. After awhile we saw Andy hobbling along down at the bottom. He told us afterwards that he began to go so fast that he could not stop himself until he landed in a snow bank head over heels, out of sight, and he had quite a hard time in getting out. He had nearly worn out his overalls and sprained his ankle. I doubt now whether you could get him to try coasting again down a snow-slide without anything but new canvass overalls to slide on.

On the 27th day of April we broke camp at Bury Spring and separated into four parties. Professor Thompson and three others went south of St.