

for market at pleasure, any time of winter. He has gathered his crop, that which he has not sold, packing it in his storehouse so as to keep it growing and fresh. This once nearly useless swamp, now the most desirable land is of rich black soil the result of much labor. The swamps, not all but many of them are thus being subdued, and as far as common comforts are concerned here is a prosperous community, the most so in my observation of this present trip.

I held conversation with a Mr. George Ferry, aged about 70, and because of a peculiar expression on his face I asked him what was the matter with him. Why, he asked, because I have talked half an hour with you and you have not swore once. I believe I never traveled where there was so much hard swearing as in Michigan. While at the hotel a young man was so profane that I spoke to him. He hesitated, then said, "It is a habit I have acquired. I know it is not right, but it is the custom of the country." The early history of the country was referred to, when to my knowledge money was loaned without interest or note and mortgage, as a matter of friendship. "That time is past in Michigan," said one of the party; "show me a man who is not after the dollar, and who is strictly honest in all things, and you will find hair growing in the palm of his hand." "A very singular expression," said I. "Yes, sir, but it is too true."

Two and a half miles out from Pontiac, on the Sinclair turnpike, I came to a schoolhouse where I went to school, and where the Prophet Joseph Smith preached to crowded houses and the first Mormon sermon was preached. In those days of new settlements the schools were well attended. As I was preparing to take a photo of the spot where myself and many others received the Gospel, and where the gifts of the the Spirit were manifested, the school mistress requested to be taken in the picture with her scholars; but when she gathered all of her school around her they numbered only eight. I marveled at first at so great a change, for the country had become so thickly settled; but as I visited the families I soon learned the cause of the great change: one and sometimes as many as two children and often no children at all composed the household family.

After taking a few pictures of our old home, the lake where I was baptized, sleeping one night on the old farm where the Prophet Joseph partook of our hospitality, and where my father died before the Gospel came here and where once a family of seven of us dwelt in comfortable circumstances with good hope and cheer, I retired to a secret spot, poured out my soul in thanksgiving, dropped a tear, not of regret for the steps taken, but joy for the knowledge received by the Gospel, feeling that my hopes in the West more than repaid me for the sacrifice I had made. I was satisfied soon to bid adieu to the land from whence I had gathered.

The people have not improved in morality since that time. I am content with my Western home, so much so that the whole township here would be no inducement in exchange.

Thinking people are looking for changes to come, and truly they are close at hand; we will quietly wait and see what comes next.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

Written for this Paper.

IN THE GRAND VALLEY.

MOAB, Grand county, Utah,
November 13, 1893.

In all my travels throughout this intermountain region I have seen but very few spots that are more lovely than this little valley where I am now tracing history. Surrounded as it is by high mountain cliffs and dreary "bad lands," Grand valley is truly an oasis in the desert. It is reached from Thompson's Springs, a station on the Rio Grande Western railway 213 miles from Salt Lake City. From the station named the traveler passes through a barren region of rolling country for about twenty-five miles, then he descends through a rough and very rocky canyon for nearly five miles into the valley, the altitude of which is about 3000 feet lower than the upper country, traversed by the railway. About two miles from the point where the valley proper is first reached the ferry is situated in the mouth of a box canyon, through which Green river enters the valley; thence the distance to Moab is three miles.

Grand valley extends from northwest to southeast about thirteen miles; its average width is about two and a half miles. A low range of hills divides the valley into a lower and upper valley. In the upper one, where water is scarce, there are only seven families, most of whom are poor. Their location is distinguished by the beautiful name of Buena—that is by some of the people; others call it Poverty Flat. The lower valley is about five miles long, and near the center of this lies the town of Moab, containing some of the best fruit growing land in the Territory of Utah. Grand river flows through the north end of the valley and is ruggedly "canyoned" both at its entrance and exit. Mill Creek (formerly called Elk Mountain Creek) and Pack Creek (formerly known as Pack Saddle Creek) unite near the center of the valley and emptying into Grand river at or near the point where that stream enters a box canyon in the mountains west of the Moab townsite. The cliffs which form the immediate boundary of the valley vary in height from 500 to 1000 feet, and are very steep. The La Sal Mountains, (called the Elk Mountains by the Mormon missionaries in 1855) rise their snowcapped peaks heavenward about thirty miles southeast of the main settlement. The two creeks already mentioned, from which the settlers obtain water for irrigation purposes, rise in these mountains; none of the Grand river water is utilized by the settlers.

I do not recollect that I ever ate finer or better flavored fruit than that to which I was treated by the people of Moab. The apples, peaches, grapes, etc., which are raised here are superior to anything known on the markets either in Utah or Nevada. Brother O. W. Warner leads in the fruit line, and owns one of the finest orchards and vineyards that can be found in all

this Rocky Mountain country. The fruit produced in Grand Valley is large and free from worms; and in other respects superior in quality; consequently it finds a ready market. Apples, for instance, sell at home for three and four cents per pound, and at least one cent more laid down at the railway station. Anything in the shape of fruit, vegetables or grain sells readily in western Colorado. Only a very little small grain, however, is raised—not enough to supply home demands. The staple of the valley is fruit, the sandy soil being so well adapted for this.

It was in 1855 that President Brigham Young called a company of settlers or missionaries to go and locate among the Lamanites in this valley, in order to teach these aborigines the arts of farming while they were instructing them about the principles of the Gospel. This company, consisting of 41 men, with fifteen wagons, under the presidency of Alfred N. Billings, arrived in this valley in June, 1855. They immediately went to work and built a stone fort 64 feet square on a lovely spot about one and a half miles northwest of the present center of Moab town site; they also put in crops and were making fine progress when the Indians attacked them in the following September, killed three of the brethren (James W. Hunt, Wm. Bebuin and Edward Edwards) and drove the rest away. The walls of the old Mormon post are still standing, at least in part, though in ruins, of course.

For many years after the troubles in 1855 Grand valley was left in undisputed possession of the Indians, who later on seemed to feel sorry for the way they had treated their best friends—the Mormons—whose only object in sending out the so-called Elk Mountain mission in 1855 was to do the red men good. In the course of years stockmen began to take cattle herds into the valley to graze; but it was not until 1877 that the first bona fide settlers came in with a view to make permanent homes. In 1878, 1879 and 1880 a number of families, both Mormons and non-Mormons, took up land claims and commenced farming and horticultural operations very successfully. In February, 1881, a ward organization was effected with Randolph H. Stewart as Bishop, since which there has been a slow and steady increase of settlers. At present the honors are nearly equally divided as to numbers between Mormon and Gentile; but as some of the latter are willing to sell out, there are good opportunities for Latter-day Saints possessing a little means to come into this lovely valley and secure homes; thereby strengthening those of their faith who are already here and helping them to make the ward organization a stronger and more successful one.

I arrived here on Saturday, the 11th inst., and met Elders F. A. Hammond and Wm. Halls, of the Stake presidency here already. Elder Brigham Young and Elder Robert Watson arrived here last night (Sunday.) Five meetings were held here Saturday, Sunday and Monday. In the special meeting held this morning (Monday, September 13, 1893) Elder Stewart, who had served the people as their Bishop since the organization of the ward in 1881,