

THE DESERT WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

JUNE 1850.

NO. 12.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

VOL. XLV.

IS THE COUNTRY SAFE?

If you don't think the country 's safe, jes' take a look around.
Where the melon vines are runnin' and a-cov-erin' up the ground;
Where the cotton bolls are bendin' with their fleecy clouds of white,
An' the tall corn is a-rushin' of its blades from left to right!

If you don't think the country 's safe, jes' stand and look your fill
At the moonlight on the clover an' the moon.
Light on the still,
Where the candidates are runnin' an' a-kickin' up the dust,
An' the 'possum an' the 'gator is jes' full enough to bust!

If you don't think the country 's safe—but what's the use to talk?
She's a-goin' on to glory in the fastest kind o' walk!
An' there's pence enough, an' plenty, an' she wears a smilin' face,
As she draws up to the table where the world's a-sayin' grace!

—Atlanta Constitution.

ASHLEY VALLEY.

While traveling over the mountains and deserts, and through canyons and forests during the past few years of my life, endeavoring to reach all the settlements of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains, I have often had reflections like these: Suppose the Saints had not been driven from their homes in Jackson County, Missouri, nor from any of their former places of gathering in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, how comfortably and conveniently could we not have been located today. A few fertile counties of Missouri—say a scope of country consisting of about fifty miles square, with Jackson County as the centre, could contain and sustain all the Latter-day Saints now existing upon the earth in an organized capacity, provided, that the same heavenly blessings and prosperity followed them which has characterized their movements in these mountains. Were we thus located as a compact community, it would be an easy matter for an Elder with a special mission to visit all the wards and organizations of the Church; but as it now is it takes a man several years of hard and constant travel over some of the worst and most dangerous roads imaginable to get around to all the stakes of Zion, as

they are organized at the present time. It seems as if the Saints are being gathered in from the different nations of the earth to scatter again immediately on their arrival at headquarters. This is undoubtedly all right and consistent with the great plan of Jehovah in the consummation of the latter-day dispensation, but the facts in the case are, nevertheless as I have stated, and they have been deeply impressed upon my mind during this my first visit to Ashley Valley, or the Uintah Stake of Zion, to reach which I have had to cross a wild, uninhabited country, which put me in mind of crossing the plains with teams many years ago.

On Wednesday the third inst., I set out from Heber city, Wasatch county, with a one-horse buggy, accompanied by one lady passenger and a child, for the purpose of visiting the Saints in Uintah Stake. Five miles traveled in a southeasterly direction brought us to the mouth of Daniels Creek canyon, up which, over a rocky and somewhat dangerous road, we continued the journey for nearly twenty miles further, which brought us to the rim of the basin, or the divide, which separates the waters that course their way through Daniels Creek, the Provo river, Utah Lake and the Jordan to the Great Salt Lake from those that reach the Pacific ocean by the way of Strawberry Creek and the Duchesne, Green and Colorado rivers. The summit of this divide is nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and the traveler at this point finds himself surrounded by forests of pine and quaken-asp, and his views out off by the surrounding mountains.

From this elevated point the road descends gently for three miles to Strawberry Creek, where we camped for the night, after being overtaken by two teams containing two families who were to be our traveling companions to Ashley. The altitude being so high the night proved cool and the air was so thin that at least the baby part of the company failed to sleep, and instead kept up a regular scream during the night, preventing the rest of us from getting that rest and repose which our mental and physical organization stood in need of.

Thursday, the 4th, we continued our journey down Strawberry Valley, which at this time of the season was dotted with camps, whose occupants were principally rusticated Salt Lakers, who, finding the August sun in the lower valleys hot and the air

sultry, had sought a high altitude where the atmosphere is cooler and the mountain breezes purer. There were also a number of Indian wigwams pitched on some of the bends of Strawberry creek. Evidently their occupants were here for the purpose of fishing.

After proceeding down Strawberry Valley for several miles our captain, Brother McCarroll, led the way over a cut-off leading over a very swampy and springy part of the valley, where on several occasions our horses came very near miring down, and our vehicles too; and before getting across we had fully determined to take another road coming back.

Leaving Strawberry valley, which by the way was covered with luxuriant grasses representing a vast meadow, our road led over a succession of steep hills, until finally we looked down from an eminence upon Currant creek, a tributary of Strawberry creek, and the next half hour found us traveling down one of the rockiest and steepest dugways that I ever drove a team over. But good fortune favored us with a safe descent, and next we proceeded to cross several other ridges, until we at last reached Red creek, another tributary putting into Strawberry from the north. There we encamped for the night, having traveled during the day twenty-eight miles.

Friday, 5th. Our forenoon drive consisted of crossing a 23-mile stretch of "bad lands," or desert, without water but abounding with cedar-covered ridges, rocky gulches and dangerous dugways. On one of the latter which was very steep our youngest driver came near emptying the contents of his wagon, consisting of two women and half a dozen children, into the rocky abyss to the left, from which there would have been no hopes of escaping alive. With both man and animals panting with thirst, we finally reached Strawberry Creek, which takes a different course through the mountains to the one mapped out for the road; and here we stopped for noon, expecting trout for dinner, but our captain, who was also our chief hunter and fisherman, had bad luck; the fish refused to "hook on," so we made our dinner on bacon and bread, and as the loaf of bread, which my friends in Heber City had kindly furnished me for the trip was all gone by this time, I had to invite myself to partake of the hospitality of my traveling companions. In the afternoon