

the future greatness and rising spreading glory of Zion. He rejoiced to behold the prosperity of the Latter Day Saints, but when he saw the fruits of the earth bestowed upon them in such abundance he felt anxious to see the people adopt measures to take care of and use wisely those early bounties which our Heavenly Father is constantly pouring into the laps of his Saints.

Tuesday, 21st.

Leaving Box Elder county about 8 a.m. we passed over the divide into Cache Valley, arriving at Wellsville in time to dine with our friends, who all appeared happy to see the President and his friends. In proof of this the people turned out by hundreds, including the scholars of the day school, formed into lines, and as the company passed by waved flags and banners in token of the welcome they felt to extend to the company.

The congregation assembled in the School-house, and were addressed by Elder George A. Smith and President Brigham Young, principally upon subjects of a local character, and pertaining to those improvements which tend to make home desirable.

In the afternoon we started for the county seat—Logan—taking a distant view of Mendon lying off in the north-west and Paradise in the south-east of the valley; then passing Millville and Providence, reaching the point of destination a little after 4 o'clock.

At all the settlements there are unmistakable proofs of a plentiful harvest. San Pete county has been considered the granary of the Territory of Utah, but Cache county bids fair to become the granary of the State of Deseret.

Before we came to Millville, we were again met by an escort and band of Music, with the "Stars and Stripes" floating in the breeze.

The inhabitants of Logan came out by hundreds, and like most other towns in the north manifested a great interest in the visit of the President, all receiving him with tokens of enthusiastic joy.

On Wednesday the conference of instruction commenced at Logan. Hundreds of the Saints from Hyde Park, Summit, Richmond and other places had come to hear the counsels of the servants of God. Unfortunately the meeting house was not capable of accommodating more than about one-third of the people who flocked to the place of meeting.

The assembly being called to order and the meeting opened in due form, President Young arose and preached the opening sermon. His subjects were the building up of that kingdom which the Prophet Daniel says shall stand forever, the organization and classification of labor for the better development of the resources of our Mountain Home. Counselled the brethren not to raise wheat next year, but direct their energies to the procuring of lumber, the making of bins in which to save their grain, then to build some good dwelling houses, make good fences, plant orchards and do such other things as will make their families comfortable, and that their homes the most desirable of places, and that their cities, towns and villages may be filled with peace and happiness, and then the Spirit of God will be a constant companion.

Elders John Taylor and George A. Smith followed upon the same important subjects.

In the afternoon Elders Charles C. Rich and Lorenzo Snow spoke of the promised inheritance of the Saints being upon this earth, and not, as had been vainly supposed, away off in the unknown regions of space. President Young observed that the reason the people did not make more and better improvements was for want of better economy, and more of that good common sense of calculation and decision which they ought all to possess. Said all the intelligence now in the minds of men, all the scientific knowledge, together with all the knowledge of the arts has been revealed by the Almighty, at different periods, for the benefit of mankind, and that he will bless them in using and curse them for abusing the many precious things made known unto them. Elders F. D. Richards and E. T. Benson each made a few remarks, and the meeting was dismissed.

The several quorums of priesthood were called together in the evening, and President Joseph Young preached to them on the duties of their respective callings. Dr. Rutau was invited to the stand, and made some remarks expressive of his convictions of the truth of our religion, and of his desire to obey the gospel.

On Thursday we held one long meeting, at which Elders G. A. Smith, George Goddard, James S. Brown, J. Smith Young, sen. and C. C. Rich preached; all giving good counsel and imparting much valuable instruction relating to the duties of the people of God, both temporally and spiritually. President B. Young also addressed the assembly on the necessity of living pure and holy lives before the Lord.

The singing at Logan was a credit to the brethren and sisters composing the Richmond and Logan choirs, especially the former, which has attained greater proficiency than any body of singers I have heard north or south of G. S. L. City. This choir sang and performed several select pieces and anthems, all performing their part to great perfection, and perhaps in none better than that entitled, "Hard time, come again no more."

I was pleased to see the enterprise and praiseworthy example set by Elder Benson in fruit culture, he having got a nice orchard of one hundred trees, about eighty of them being choice varieties of cultivated fruit. This, I understand, is the only orchard containing cultivated fruit in Logan, but I hope that many others will soon engage in the laudable enterprise of fruit raising.

Our company returned to Wellsville and held meeting in the evening, at which Elders Lorenzo Snow, John Taylor, George A. Smith Joseph Young, sen. and myself preached on the science of the gospel.

Friday, 24th.

We resumed our return journey, an escort of ten men accompanied us half way to Box Elder, at which point, agreeably to the previous arrangement of Elders Benson and Snow, they were relieved by a company of brethren from Brigham. On coming into Box Elder county, we saw the flags of our country unfurled to the breeze, emblems of the union of the people. We were again received with marks of kindness, hospitality and brotherly love. A public dinner was given to our party in the Court House; every thing was served up in good style.

We drove on again after dinner, and by 5 o'clock found ourselves with the good folks in Ogden. President Farr called a meeting to commence at "early candle-light." The preaching was done by President Joseph Young, Bishops Raleigh and Davis, and Elder George A. Smith. Elder Kilburn pronounced the benediction.

Leaving Ogden in good season on Saturday, we made pretty good time to Farmington, where we dined and allowed our horses time to rest, after which we drove to this city by a quarter past four o'clock, when we found ourselves literally covered with dust. An escort accompanied our party from Ogden changing at Farmington.

The long continuance of dry weather has filled the north country with dust, Cache Valley in particular, where the soil is a fine, rich loam, which when finely pulverized by constant travel, affords an abundant supply of that very troublesome article.

As ever, your friend and brother  
in the Gospel,

J. V. LONG.

### REMARKABLE INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Some two months since, the *Alta*, California, published a communication, purporting to have been written by an overlander en route from California to Washington, giving an account of his trip and of the sights which he saw on the road to and during his short stay in Salt Lake City. From the peculiar diction of the letter and the high-sounding expressions of "learned ignorance" contained therein, it was supposed, by some, to have been the production of a sectarian preacher, probably on his way to Washington in quest of a chaplaincy in the army, where many of the like class of men have obtained situations for which they are so peculiarly fitted. Recently, and since the arrival of the individual in Washington, he has written another communication to the same journal, in which he endeavored to describe some of the wonderful things which he saw "eastward from the city," but having drawn so largely upon the English language, and upon his stock of knowledge, in describing the scenes he witnessed "westward from Salt Lake City" and during his stay here, he was unable, without the too frequent repetition of words and phrases, to fully explain what came within range of his remarkable vision which enabled him to distinctly see things in the night time or by "pale moonlight," which other emigrants and travelers have failed to descry aided by the light of the sun. Had not language failed him in describing what he saw, his "notes of a trip overland" would, unquestionably, have been more interesting. He represents that he left Salt Lake City at 4 p.m., July 31, and saw "sights" in going up and down the mountains before reaching "Echo," which, with the passage through, he describes as follows:

The latter part of this day we commence the passage of "Echo Canyon," celebrated not only for the unapproachable majesty of its scenery, but also for its having been fortified by the Mormons in the days of James Buchanan, and the times when he made war upon them. As to the fortifications, they amount to nothing, being the most absurd imaginable, and about as likely to stop the march of any army, save James Buchanan's, as a scarecrow.

But as to the Canyon itself, I do not well know where the world has combined a more sublime and beautiful scene. The Canyon is about twenty miles in length; and all of the way on one side, and parts of the way on the other, is walled up with the most wonderful sublime precipices of castellated rock. In color, the walls are of a bright vermilion, polished as if painted and varnished. They rise from three to five hundred and a thousand feet perpendicular, and overhanging in the air. The indented niches in the massive sides are filled with majestic and grotesque colossal figures as if of statuary—huge elephants pressed with mighty loads; antediluvian monsters—dinotheriums, pterodactyls, winged and couchant horrors of ages before the birth of man; Hercules in his lion's cloak, and Jove himself upon his throne—these all in brilliant, varnished, polished red. The road lay close along the base of these for twenty miles; at times it ran underneath their beetling sides. A bubbling brook ran just beside the wheels

and made the narrow vale a green line of willow, hazel, wild rose, honeysuckle and wavy grass. The day was deepening into twilight and night, and we were in an open wagon as we rode through the scene. There are storied scenes in Nature that I have visited, that travelers have come thousands of miles to see, that dare not be named in comparison with this.

After passing through the Canyon, the beauties and sublimity of which he saw in the dark or by moonlight, he describes the ascent of "Wind Gap" range of mountains, how cold it was and how the night was spent in and out of the coach, etc. The night having passed away, he says:

We journey on without incident until we reach Fort Bridger, which is located in a beautiful valley, full of streams of water. There is not a soldier here, and all the Government property is going to destruction. Large numbers of new Government wagons, made in the strongest manner and of the best materials were sold together for ninety dollars. The purchaser built a large house out of the sides and bottoms of some, and has plenty left to fit up a good train for a small army. This was accomplished in the days when another "J. B.," J. B. Floyd was Secretary of War. The "store" here looks as if, some time or other, it had had plenty of custom; it is now full of all manner of goods. There seems to be about a couple of dozen of inhabitants here, who are awaiting with great anxiety the arrival of the California soldiers from across the plains.

Leaving Fort Bridger, he says:

Away we go, and soon strike a desert about like that between Carson and the river Jordan, west of Salt Lake; and the everlasting sage brush and greasewood fill the scene for hundreds of miles. The sun becomes hot by day and at night we gather our blankets around us, for it is cold. As we ride we reach a beautiful stream—Lick's River, or some such absurd name. At the station here we find a woman and her daughter. They "like it pretty well," for they have come from so far north in Iowa, that not even apples will grow there—no fruit but the wild plum. Still on as we ride, we reach Ham's Fork, another river; and on and on, and we reach Green River, about midnight. This is a large, turbulent and dangerous stream, and can only be crossed in a ferry-boat by daylight. So we blanketed down for a sleep on its banks. The next morning, in the bright and beautiful sun, we ferry the river without damage, but it is a fierce stream, and runs wildly along the bases of the Rocky Mountains.

From Green River to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, through "never-ending sage brush and greasewood," the ascent he describes as being so gradual that "you only know the fact from your geographical position" and when he had reached the "backbone of the continent" he found it as level as a plain. The air was exceedingly cold and chilly, but immense mosquitoes lit upon the poor fellow and bit him "like the dragon" compelling him to "bunk down" on the ground and cover up with blankets while a change of mus were being looked up on the range in the night time.

Leaving the "back-bone" and commencing to descend the eastern slope, the visionary sharp-sighted "overlander" became enraptured, and he thus represents what he beheld:

There is one strange series of scenery, extending for hundreds of miles on either side of the road, on either side of these mountains, that astonish the most unimpassible of wayfarers. Even the Pike county immigrant pauses and wonders. They are usually termed "The City Mountains," and are the most exact resemblances to the ruins of mighty cities that could be conceived. They are on a much more gigantic scale than those of Echo Canyon, but lack their beauty of color and polish. The city of Elom, that "dwelt in the clefts of the rock," is here reproduced in every half-dozen miles. Walls, far higher than those of Babylon, and covered with statuary as multitudinous and varied as those on the temples of the ancient Athens, surround you on every side. Immense fortifications frown upon you; pyramids higher than those of Egypt, with tiers of layers of rock more massive than of those—temples, palaces, monuments of proportions that would make pigmies of those of Nineveh and Thebes—all their proportions and ornaments in the most marvelous symmetry, ascend, separate and apart from each other, from the level, sand-d plain, aspiring to the sky—a hundred Egypts into one. Did you not previously know to the contrary, you would, on seeing them, never doubt but that they were the works and the present abodes of the greatest and most enlightened of the nations of man.

Travelling "on and on and on and on" he made another discovery, which he thus notes:

Before we reached the Platte, we reached the first grass-swarded beautiful country this side the mountains; around it ran the "Medicine Bow" Mountains, and in their bend we rode over the greatest Indian battle-field on the continent, where many thousand red warriors spilled their redder blood in a long and desperate fight, several tribes being engaged on either side. Right here upon this

ground the United States are erecting a fort; the huge logs and material are on the ground; skillful officers and willing men are at work; and its name is to be "Fort Baker" in commemoration of the name of the Son of the Pacific, whose unequalled eloquence and chivalrous deeds have made his habitation and his mausoleum—California and Oregon—renowned throughout the earth.

Proceeding with his wonderful narrative, he says:

We reach the Platte River; the meanest of rivers—broad, shallow, fishless, snakeful, quicksand and muddy water—you must hurry up as you ford it; for if you stop you will disappear, horses, stage, passengers and plunder, under the quicksand. The main productions of this stream are countless myriads of the most venomous mosquitoes. Having forded this river we are at "the Junction," the junction of the Pike's Peak and Denver stage with our own. And here the "Colonel," and the "Judge," and the "Major" from Pike's Peak get in with us, and we are a stage load. It is mid-day, and it is hot without and hotter within. On we ride, day and night, and on the second night reach Julesburg, absolutely a village of four or five houses, some four hundred miles or upwards from Atchison.

The next marvellous thing chronicled is the following:

A short distance beyond Julesburg, there had been, a day or two before our arrival, one of those terrible prairie storms that desolate the land, unparalleled elsewhere on the globe. The hailstones fell in great hunks of ice—four inches in diameter, a foot in circumference—and mules and horses and men and women lay dead in a awful track. Emigrant wagons were scattered in shreds that not a piece could be found; and the few trees that grew on the banks of the Platte were shivered and torn up and whirled away beyond the hope of discovery.

One night we thought the piteous Demon of the Storm was upon us, and we hastened to the shelter of a strongly-built station-house. It passed over us, however, in the form of a moderate thunder shower.

As the "Overlander" neared the Missouri River, he became, according to his statement, wonderfully elated, and he exclaims:

And thus we ride on to Fort Kearney, 200 miles from Atchison; and on, and on, through a most beautiful country, more and more beautiful as we ride. Horses, stages, drivers, roads, everything of the very best. And thus we reach Atchison, in eighteen days and twenty hours from San Francisco.

A person possessing such extraordinary descriptive and visual powers would be well qualified, according to the notions of the Christian world, to prepare a dying soldier for that "bourne" from which, as said, "no traveler returns."

### EXPLOITS OF THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER ALABAMA.

Various rumors have been in circulation, within the last two or three months, concerning the destructive operations of certain Confederate steamers, and among them mention has been made of the *Alabama*, supposed to be a formidable vessel and capable of doing more damage than any other Confederate craft on the high seas.

From recent reports it is made to appear that the *Alabama* has been making sad havoc among the American merchant ships in the vicinity of Flores Island, and off the Bermudas, and some ten or fifteen vessels of various kinds are reported to have been captured and destroyed by her recently. She is represented by some who have been captured by her, and subsequently paroled, to be a very fast sailer, armed with six thirty-two pounders, besides two pivot guns, one a forty-eight and the other a one hundred and ten pounder. Her officers were confident of their ability to cope with, or escape from, any vessel belonging to the United States Navy. She has probably had a chance to try either her strength or speed with some of them before this time, as several formidable steamers were reported to have been sent in search of her immediately after her whereabouts became known.

THE SEASON.—The weather continues to be pleasant and unusually delightful for this season of the year. Never since 1841 has the month of October been more favorable for the gathering of late crops, the thrashing of wheat, the manufacture of sugar cane into molasses, the procurement of fuel from the mountains, and for making the necessary preparations for winter than the month now about to terminate, and so far as our knowledge extends, good improvement has been made of the time by the community generally.

THE LAST COMPANY.—Capt. Dame's freight train has not yet arrived, but it is expected to-day or to-morrow.