

March, 1889, the Republican party has shown conclusively that it is the party under whose administration the nation prospers, extends its commerce, stimulates its manufactures, and becomes respected by foreign nations all over the world. In this general prosperity New York has the largest share, and Mr. Platt thinks that its citizens will not vote against their own interests either this year or next. They can not espouse a party which advocates the un-American policy of free trade, and whose only national administration for thirty years distinguished itself mainly by its subserviency to rival nations. He concludes with these words:

"With able and popular candidates, with a patriotic and truly American platform, I confidently expect to see the State carried by us in November. All the signs of the times point that way. Our party is united, aggressive and confident. Our opponents are full of dissension and are already on the defensive."

Of course this is all from a party standpoint. Whether New York City and State are "naturally Republican," is a disputed question. And whether the financial prosperity of the country is due to any particular party politics is open to debate. A great many things are claimed as the result of party influences which are no more attributable to such causes than are the ebb and flow of all tides or the spread and suppression of epidemic diseases. The statements of party politicians are to be taken *cum grano salis*.

PANGUITCH.

Editor Deseret News:

Through the kindness of Presidents Mahonri M. Steele and David Cameron, I came to this romantic spot in the mountains last night, in company with Brother Steele. Leaving Panguitch for the lake, we travel south up the slope of a low mountain for several miles, passing through forests of cedar and then turn to the west up through a romantic canyon, on either side of which grow stately pines with an undergrowth of quaking asp and cedars. Reaching the Panguitch creek and crossing the same twice, in following it up for several miles, we finally reach the summit of a low mountain ridge, where one of the most beautiful landscapes that can be met with in the Rocky Mountains suddenly bursts into view, for there, right at our feet, lies one of the finest sheets of water in America, surrounded by forest-covered mountains whose snow-capped summits are reflected in the beautiful transparent water.

The Panguitch lake is about two miles long from east to west and a little over one mile in width. It has well-defined shores all around, but while it washes the mountain base on the north side, there is a narrow strip of beach land on the east and south, sloping gently toward the mountains, while a small body of meadow land

skirts its shores on the west. The lake, of which the altitude is about 8000 feet, abounds in fine mountain trout, which made it a favorite resort for the red man of the mountains in past years, as also of the whites. Panguitch is the Indian name for fish.

A number of stories have been circulated about the enormous depth of the lake, some claiming it to be almost bottomless in some places, but our friend, Brother Ibsen, who has lived on the lake shore for many years and knows every nook and corner of it, assures us that the average depth is not over forty feet. The deepest place he has ever been able to find did not exceed fifty feet. Three streams of considerable size (and several smaller ones that cease to flow in the latter part of the summer) feed the lake. The largest of these, called Blue Spring creek, puts in from the south; West Canyon creek comes in from the mountains on the west and Ibsen creek, named after Brother Ibsen, whose ranch stands near its confluence with the lake, puts in from the north. The outlet (Panguitch creek) is at the extreme northeast corner. Here the good people of Panguitch have built a dam consisting of solid masonry of rock, which can back up the water ten feet, but has so far only been taxed to the capacity of raising it seven feet. It is one of the most successful dams ever built; and Major Powell is reported to have said once that the Panguitch lake was the best natural reservoir within the borders of the United States, and he, by actual measurement, came to the conclusion that the water in the lake could be raised thirty-five feet by building a dam seventy feet long across the outlet.

The present dam, which is the product of President Jesse W. Crosby's frugal mind, was built in 1883, at a cost of about \$1500. The wall is eighteen feet thick at the bottom and ten feet on the top; it is built twelve feet high from the bottom of the creek and fifty feet long. The natural channel of the outlet cuts through a ledge of solid rock for a distance of a quarter of a mile. There is perpendicular rock walls on both sides, and the stream leaps over three precipices, making that many cataracts, the lower and largest one of which is about twenty-five feet high. Emerging from its narrow channel at this point, the Panguitch creek winds its way through a fine canyon until it reaches the valley below, where it is used for irrigation purposes by the Panguitch people.

In the summer time the Panguitch lake is a favorite place of resort for the people of Parowan, Beaver, Panguitch and other settlements, who occasionally gather here to celebrate Independence day and Pioneer day. A great number of tourists from a distance also visit here, including a number of the leading men of the Church, who have paid frequent visits to the lake, with their families. The climate in the hot summer months is very pleasant; the night air is exceedingly pure and invigorating, and the water in the mountain streams putting into the lake very good. It is, however, quite muddy at times; in fact, the wind either blows quite hard or else it is a perfect calm. The winters are usually very cold and dreary. Snow falls to the depth of many

feet, and the ice on the lake has a thickness of three feet or more. It freezes every month of the year, and only three days ago Mrs. Ibsen broke off icicles from the roof of her house that measured several inches in length.

There are over a dozen ranches on the lake shore or in its immediate vicinity, but, with the exception of two or three, they are all deserted in the winter months. James Montague keeps a sort of a hotel at his ranch, located on the south side of the lake, and near his place some Parowan people have built a dancing or amusement hall, which is used for different kinds of entertainment in the summer.

The Panguitch lake cannot, like Bear lake in the north, boast of its monsters. Brother Ibsen said he was the greatest monster around the lake, and his average weight is only 200 pounds. But Brother Steele told of a certain "fish" which his sister caught swimming in the lake many years ago, "who" was six feet "long," his other name was Joseph. Otherwise the fine mountain trout which abounds in the lake seldom exceeds one and a half pounds in weight. The largest Brother Ibsen ever caught weighed three pounds. At this time of the year the surface of the lake is covered with ducks and mud hens.

The surrounding mountains are covered with the different kinds of pine, quaking asp, cedar, mahogany—and sheep. According to reports there were 50,000 of the latter grazing in the immediate vicinity of the lake last summer. There are also a large number of horses and cattle feeding on the mountain slopes.

About two miles south of the lake is a fine little valley called Little valley or Blue Springs valley. At the foot of the mountains bordering this valley on the south is one of the largest and most peculiar springs I have ever seen. A stream, which at once is large enough to run a grist mill, arises from a pond circular in form, which has a depth of fifty feet in the middle, is about 156 feet in diameter and surrounded by bluffs. The water in this pond is bluish in color, a fact which has undoubtedly suggested the name it bears—Blue spring. The creek which issues therefrom is also called Blue creek; but unlike the Blue springs in Box Elder county, where the water is brackish and bad, the water in this Blue spring is of the best and purest that can be found in the mountains.

Leaving the lake at the west end and proceeding about six miles up West canyon the traveler reaches the summit of the mountains east of Parowan, from which one of the grandest sights and most magnificent views is had. The whole country westward, including the Escalante desert, and as far as the Pioche mountains, in Nevada, is here exposed to view, and the number of mountain peaks that can be counted from this point is simply astonishing.

This morning, when Brother Steele drove around the west end of the lake with the team, Brother Ibsen and I rowed a boat across its placid waters. If the scenery from the shore or a neighboring peak is grand and aw-inspiring, the view obtained from the centre of the lake is doubly so. The transparent water, in which the mountains cast their shadows all around,