

regard to the location of Fort Hall, and the replies have been, "It is built near Snake River." Is there anything of a valley? "Yes, something." Is there any timber there? "I think there is pretty plenty of timber on the river, such as cottonwood, quaking asp, and willows." Is it anything of a country for settling? "I should think likely it might be." Is there any timber in the mountains? "I should presume there is." How are the mountains situated? "Similar to other mountains in other countries." That is about all I have ever been able to learn of the country, previous to my late journey.

When we began to approach Fort Hall, we learned that we could see over it and all around it to a great distance; and, if our eyes had been good enough, we might have seen the little Fort some 30 miles before we reached it. It is located on Shanghi Plains. From the Rocky Mountains, at the source of Snake River, this plain extends some 150 miles to 200 miles in a westerly and southwesterly direction: and from the mountains south of Snake River to those north is a distance of some 90 miles. I never had this idea before, nor could I get it from any man I had conversed with. It is a vast, desert plain, and we called it Shanghi Plain. I think it is as desert a country as ever was brought together to aid in holding the earth from parting asunder.

Upon the banks of Snake River, when it does not overflow, there is a lengthy, narrow strip of good soil, varying from a quarter of a mile to ten rods wide, and in some places not six inches wide. It is a sterile, barren, desert country, filled with belts of rock and sand. As we passed over some portions of Shanghi Plain, the brethren undertook to remove the stones, so that we might drive our wagons with a little more ease to ourselves and less danger to our vehi-

cles. I begged of them not to take all the rock out of the road; for, if they did, there would be nothing to travel on.

Much of the track in that region was a perfect bed of rock covered with occasional strips of sand, which much retarded the progress of our teams. I wished the sand and the rock to lie there, for I was confident that, if they were taken away, California and Oregon would be separated from the States by a vast gulf.

Malad Valley, north of Bear River, has been considered a pretty desolate, cold, hard, sterile valley; it was so looked upon by us, as we passed through it on our way North. At the same time, we considered it a tolerably good grazing country, and thought that people could possibly live there. But after we had traveled over the Basin rim into Bannack Valley, descending a mountain, beside which the one we call the Big Mountain is a mole hill, down through the little Bannack Valley on to Shanghi Plain; and traveled northeasterly and northwesterly, almost in a semicircle, to Spring Creek; then up Spring Creek over to Salmon River; and wended our way down that stream, through swamps and willows, and climbed over points of bluffs to keep from being mired; and had paid our brethren a visit, and returned again to Malad Valley. It looked to us like one of the most beautiful valleys that any person had ever beheld; while, before this experience, we thought that nobody could live there; and I expect that, if we had gone a few hundred miles north, it would have looked still better to us; for the further we went north, the further we found ourselves in the northern country. And if the Malad is a good valley, we can go further north to those not quite so good; and the further we go north, the less good characteristics are connected with the