

REPORT OF JOURNEY FROM SAN BERNARDINO TO GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

REMARKS BY ELDER AMASA M. LYMAN, DELIVERED IN THE BOWERY, GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1857.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT, J. V. LONG.

Brethren and sisters—I am happy, this morning, to enjoy the opportunity of meeting with you again. The reasons why can be appreciated by most of you. I do not feel, this morning, much disposed to preach; but I have been told that the people would like to hear me. Well, I am glad to see you, brethren and sisters, as I have already said I am happy to be here. I am happy to see you, and also to see the continuance of unmistakable evidences around me of the progress of the work of God.

I do not know that there is much that I might say in relation to my coming here that would be interesting, though there were some things connected with my visit to the settlements south of here—some of the most recent that have been made, that might be interesting to many who are before me this morning.

From the commencement of our journey, which was on the 18th of April that we left San Bernardino, we encountered nothing but those vicissitudes that are common in journeying. When we came within twelve miles of where the road that we travel leaves the Rio Virgin, I there left the company that I was traveling with; and, in company with Elder David Savage and an Indian guide, I crossed over the mountain between the California road and Santa Clara; and in this we found a great deal of labor. We were assured by our guide that there was a good road, and that we could take our mules along.

To be sure, they told us that we could not take our wagons. We were desirous to visit those brethren; for the Presidency had expressed their wish for us to do so as we came along. Brother Rich was confined to the train with his family, which accounts for my going with but one man and a guide. When we had performed a part of the day's journey, and had passed over a ridge which we had to cross, we concluded that we were getting along finely, and that the words of our Indian friend were true in relation to its being a very good way to travel. But when we came to enquire the course we had next to take, we learned that, instead of passing up a "gravel wash," our road, as indicated by our guide, wound into the face of the most forbidding of the hills that were in the way. Our guide indicated by his stick that we commenced at the wash, and then wound up the mountain until his stick rested against the highest points on the mountain in front of us! I did not think much of backing out; but I was well satisfied that, if I had seen the mountains before I had started, I should not have undertaken the trip.

We went along, and, by hard labor, succeeded in climbing up the mountain. My mule helped herself along, and I got up the best way I could. I would climb 50 or 60 yards on my hands and feet, and then I would have to stop and rest. We made the toilsome trip over the high mountain