

which I before alluded to, and then we were gratified by the assurance that there was nothing to do but to climb over another about as bad as the one we had just succeeded in surmounting; and night was upon us. This surmounted, we found ourselves traveling down the gentle wash leading, as we subsequently learned, to Santa Clara. And after feeding to our guide some bread and water—the last we had, we asked which was the way to Jacob's "Wickyup." Our guide pointed to the left, and our attention was called to a huge frill of rocks extending upwards as far as the eye could reach in the doubtful light of the evening. There was a moon, but it was hid from us by the clouds; and hence we had to have torch-light, which our guide provided. He then commenced winding his way up amongst the rocks, and we followed along until brother Savage's mule refused to go up any further; and she would have fallen to the bottom, had not brother Savage prevented it by his timely exertion.

We went to the foot of the hill and concluded that we would wait there for daylight; and we lay down; but we had no blankets—no food; but the accommodations of the place were very good. We lay down and slept, from our excessive weariness, until morning.

The next morning we succeeded in climbing the hill; and you may judge of our gratification when, as we reached the summit, we could see that, had we traveled a few rods down the wash, we could have reached the summit by a gentle ascent; and that, had we traveled down the wash, we should have come to the Santa Clara below brother Hamblin's Fort one mile. I do not allude to this because it is particularly interesting; but still there was a truth in it that was not without its profit to me—and that was, that a guide without understanding was almost worse than no guide at all.

But, after all, when we reached brother Hamblin's, where we arrived just as they were getting up, we were kindly received and well treated, and made to feel happy. We refreshed ourselves and rested through the day. We found an excellent feeling existing among the Indians, and brother Hamblin has great influence amongst them. The brethren have built themselves a small stone fort, in which they are pretty safe, much more so than in one made of adobies. Their homes are rough, excepting their fort, which is a good one.

We found a marked difference between the Indians at this point and those we had encountered before reaching there. The first we met were in the region of Las Vegas; they were all hungry and nearly starved; but this was not the case with those at the Santa Clara. They were all fed and clothed, and consequently felt well.

The field crops planted there look well. Brother Hamblin had planted some cotton, which was not looking very well—perhaps in consequence of the rude manner which they had adopted in their planting; for they had adopted the Indian manner of planting, which the cotton growers told me was not a good one.

From the Fort on Santa Clara we passed over ten miles to the Rio Virgin. We found the company of cotton growers in good health and excellent spirits. They were engaged in getting out the water and making ditches for the cotton. They succeeded, about the same time we arrived, in finding a good pasture, plenty of water, and an inexhaustible amount of cedar. The men with whom I conversed about the soil expressed their opinion that from the appearance and resemblance of the soil to that in Texas, it will produce good cotton. I gave them what good advice was suggested to my mind, told them as many good things as I