

that it was at Parowan. That was the same Sabbath that brother Young was preaching the same kind of doctrine; and I am perfectly satisfied that all the districts in the southern country would have given him their unanimous vote.

I then went to Harmony. Brother Dame preached to the military, and I to the civil powers; and I must say that my discourse partook of the military more than the religious. But it seemed that I was perfectly running over with it, and hence I had to say something about it.

I then went over a lovely country, and passed over "Peter's Leap," and some other such lovely places. It is rather rough; but I could not but admire its extreme beauty; and I think, if the Lord had got up all the rough, rocky, and the broken fragments of the earth in one, he might have dropped it down there.

When I reached the cotton country, I had previously learned that they were failing in their attempts to raise cotton, and that the waters of the Rio Virgin were poisoning the cotton. But I learned that the seed had not come up: but what had come up, perhaps one-third of it was exceedingly fine. The difficulty was, that their cotton was planted very late, and the sun heated the sand; for the soil is nothing but the red sand of Sahara. They planted in the sand, as there was nowhere else to plant it, and the sun was scorching it; but they found that all that was necessary was to keep the sand wet; and when they poured on the water, the cotton grew. And old cotton growers told me that they had never seen a better prospect for cotton, for the time it had been planted, in the world; and this is the condition of things in that country, and the prospect is, that they will have pretty good cotton and about the third of a crop, and the next year they will be able to raise lots of cotton; for they

will be there early enough, and have seed that can be depended upon.

The corn in Tutse-gabbot's field, which was planted early, was eighteen feet high. If the sand was not wet, it would all blow away. The country seemed very hot to me; otherwise, I enjoyed the visit very well. But the brethren insisted that it was a very cool spell while I was there.

I preached to them in Washington City, and I thank the Lord for the desert holes that we live in, and for all the land that can be watered—in all, amounting to but a few hundred acres. There are but a few rods wide that can be watered in a place; but I tell you, when the day comes that the Saints need these hills to be covered with vegetation, they have only to exercise faith, and God will turn them into fruitful fields.

We started from Washington in the night, and the brethren told me, if I had seen the roads, I would not travel them. But I told them I did not want to see the roads; for I was determined to go ahead.

We traveled ten miles, and camped by a small spring, called "Allen's Spring." Some Indians took our horses. We told them we were afraid they would get into some cornfields. They told us they would put them where they would get plenty to eat and do no mischief. The Indians brought our horses early in the morning, and we arrived at "Jacob's Wikeup," as the Indians call Fort Clara, about nine o'clock, and found their crops suffering for want of water. I saw beautiful indigo, cotton, and corn; and the stalks of the corn were perfectly dry, while the ears were green and fit to boil.

We also had a glorious interview in this, as in other places, with the natives of the desert. We remained there through the heat of the day, and then proceeded down "Jacob's Twist" (a magnificent canyon), to