

feet; on, around a jutting point—and again we emerge into a lengthened widening of the canyon, and we pause for a moment at

Weber—seven miles from Quarry. This station lies between two Mormon settlements, which, taken in connection, are called Morgan City. The villages are separated by the river which flows through bottom lands, most of which are under cultivation; population about 1,000. There are some good buildings of brick and stone, but the greater number are of logs and adobe—sun-dried bricks. At this station, opposite the depot, the first Z. C. M. I. appears, which, in Mormon rendering, means “Zion’s Co-operative Mercantile Institution”—a retail branch of the great co-operative house in Salt Lake City.

This valley shows the effects of irrigation in Utah. Wherever the land is below the irrigating canals, and is cultivated, it yields immense crops. Grass grows all the way to the summit—and on the summit—of nearly all these mountains, affording the best of pasturage all the year round, as the fall of snow is light, and enough of what does fall is blown off by the wind, so that cattle and sheep can find sufficient for their needs at all seasons. The same may be said of the whole slope of the mountains of Utah at the same altitude.

Game of all kinds is numerous throughout the same section, and trout exceedingly plenty, even in the tiniest little streams. The road follows down the right-hand bank through this valley until just below

Peterson—a small, unimportant station, 9.7 miles from Weber, when it crosses to the left-hand side, which it follows for four miles further, between towering mountains, the valley now lost in the narrow, gloomy gorge, when suddenly the whistle shrieks the pass-word as we approach the

Devil’s Gate—a mere side-track, soon after leaving which, the brink of the torrent is neared, and the wild scenery of the *Devil’s Gate* is before us. Onward toils the long train through a deep cut and across the bridge—50 feet above the seething cauldron of waters, where massive, frowning rocks rear their crests far up toward the black and threatening clouds which hover over this witches’ cauldron. With bated breath we gaze on this wild scene, and vainly try to analyze our feelings, in which awe, wonder, and admiration are blended. We have no time for

thought, as to how or when this mighty work was accomplished, no time nor inclination to compare the work of nature with the puny work beneath us, but onward, with quickened speed, down the right-hand bank of the stream; on between these massive piles, worn and seamed in their ceaseless struggles against the destroying hand of time; on to where yon opening of light marks the open country; on, past towering mountain and toppling rock, until we catch a view of the broad, sunlit plains, and from the last and blackest of the buttresses which guard the entrance into Weber, we emerge to light and beauty, to catch the first view of the Great Salt Lake, to behold broad plains and well-cultivated fields which stretch their lines of waving green and golden shades beyond

Uintah Station—We have now passed through the Wasatch Mountains, and are fairly in the Great Salt Lake Valley. The elevation at this point is 4,560 feet, 2,319 feet lower than Wasatch, 58 miles to the eastward. Uintah is 4.5 miles from the Devil’s Gate.

Near the station, on this broad bottom, in 1862, was the scene of the Morrisite massacre.

Here 500 men of Brigham Young’s Mormon Legion, and 500 men who volunteered for the occasion, with five pieces of artillery, commanded by Robert T. Burton, attacked the “Morrisites,” and after three days’ skirmishing, and after a score or more had been killed, the “Morrisites” surrendered. The noble Burton, after the surrender, took possession of everything he could find in the name of the Church; shot down their leader, Joseph Morris—an apostate Mormon—whose only fault was that he claimed to be the true Prophet of God, instead of Brigham Young. This man Burton, at the same time shot and killed *two women* who *dared* to beg him to save the life of their Prophet.

The followers of Morris consisted of about 90 able-bodied men, mostly unarmed, and over 300 old men, women and children. The prisoners were all taken to Salt Lake City, and condemned, and those who were able to work had their legs ornamented with a *ball and chain*, and were put to picking stone to build the Mormon temple. On the 9th of March, 1863, these parties were all pardoned by Hon. S. S. Harding, who had that spring arrived in Utah as Governor of the Territory.