

Laid over to-day to dry out, and take observations. Several of the party hunting, but killed nothing. In the evening, some of the boys got out the fishing tackle and soon had the bank covered with queer mongrel of mackerel, sucker and whitefish; the other an afflicted cross of white fish and lake trout. Take a piece of raw pork and paper of pins, and make a sandwich, and you have the mongrels. Take out the pork and you have a fair sample of the edible qualities of the other kinds. From this camp to Bee-Hive Point is called by the Professor, Red Canyon, not very appropriately, as there are two distinct and separate canyons. This park is the best land we have seen, so far; good land; season long enough to > raise rye, barley and potatoes, and all kinds of vegetables that would mature in four months. Irrigation not necessary, but if it should be, there is a beautiful clear trout stream running through the middle of it that can be thrown on almost any part of it at comparatively little cost. Counting agriculture out, there is money for whoever goes in there and settles and raises stock. It is known by the frontiersmen as "Little Brown's Hole." Altitude is 6,000 feet. Game in abundance in the mountains south of the park; good trail to Green River City, and there could be a good wagon road made without a great outlay of money. All turn in early, as we want an early start in the morning.