

off financially as well as intellectually.

Mr. Woods spoke of attending a ward meeting over which Bishop Woolley presided and said he: "I hear part of that man's sermon surging through my ears now;" and judging from the appearance of his surrounding I cannot help but think he profited by it, for he is the possessor of a nice home and a well disciplined family. He said the Bishop told the people that spring would soon be on and he wanted them to prepare for it by getting all of their farming utensils in working order so there would be no delay in putting in their crops; and when gardening time came he wanted the people to keep up their pigs and chickens so that they would not bother their neighbors; and he wanted them to learn to lay away for a "rainy day" and that "a penny saved is a penny earned." Mr. Woods also gave a good account of the "teachers' visits" "whose duty," says he, "is to visit every family and find out how they are getting along," to see if there are any poor or sick and if so to see that they have the proper care and the necessities of life. He thinks our system of taking care of the poor the best he has ever seen and never tires singing its virtues to his friends. He spoke of Brigham Young as a "smart man" and a "leader" and what honest man who is acquainted with his history will not?

Our visit to Mr. Woods is one long to be remembered for a talk with an honest man who is acquainted with Utah and her people is a thing of beauty not easily forgotten; but a talk with a man like I met a few weeks ago is longed to be forgotten. He at one time, so he said, "went through Utah to California and if it had not been for the snow in the Sierra Nevadas he would have helped wipe us down Mormons out of existence." He then went on in a great tirade about the Mountain Meadow massacre, and when I corrected him in some of his statements, he said: "What do you know about it. You are too young to know anything about that affair? I have been there and I ought to know something about it." I then asked him where Mountain meadows were situated, and when he said "on this side of Salt Lake City on a tributary of Bear river," I left him disgusted, with the word running through my mind, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

JOHN Q. CRITCHLOW.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Jan. 3, 1894.

Written for this Paper.

AN ESSAY ON UTAH.

Utah derives its name from the Indian tribe Utes (dwellers in mountains). It is an immense basin about 6,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by mountains reaching at some points the altitude of 13,000 feet.

This great basin extending into Nevada is formed by the Wasatch on the east and Sierra Nevada mountains on the west. It is drained by the Colorado river and tributaries, boasts of a net work of railroads of 2,500 miles, of manufactories of silk, sugar, woolen and other goods; has an agricultural college, university, and other educational buildings.

Its commerce, taxable wealth, re-

ligion, newspapers, population, history, etc., make a fine showing.

Vast mineral deposits, with the yellow metal at the head of them all, and our agriculture, gardening and floral cultivations aided by a very commendable system of irrigation attains a distinction almost without a rival. No less attention is elicited by her facilities afforded for grazing. The salubrious climate, warm days and cool nights during the summer months and short, moderate, invigorating winters, pure refreshing air, hundreds of lakes, countless fresh mineral and thermal springs valued for general use, particularly for their properties for the destruction of disease, have few if any equals.

Lying serene and within sublime view of our lively capital is the Great Salt Lake, recognized as one of the greatest wonders of the world, with its perennial blue and complacent bosom covering inestimable fathoms of briny water, noted for the exquisite pleasure it affords and peculiar qualities it possesses for the float or surface bath, which invites and holds to its shores thousands annually, including invalids, with a fascination irresistible.

The sickly crippled, aged and decrepit once within the boundaries of this Territory and introduced to its fine climate, waters, etc., heralded everywhere as the promoters of health, joy and the prolongation of life, are loth indeed to leave it. Men of small means come here, locate, earn a livelihood, become independent and self-sustaining, seemingly but with little effort.

The capitalist finds safe and profitable investment for his money, realizing returns beyond his most pecuniary expectations. The laborer, mechanic, artist, scientific and professional man each, here, have ample material for the thorough cultivation of their talents. The hunter sees a great variety of wild game gamboling playfully in many parts of the Territory, among which are the deer, mountain sheep, catamount, wolves, foxes, beavers and bears; in their feathered relations we have grouse, quail, geese, pelican and duck, and in the streams fish of many kinds, of good size, including the pike, bass and salmon trout acquiring the nice weight of thirty pounds. Our scenery is of infinite beauty. The grand, lofty, imposing, snow-capped mountains, studded with fir and pine trees, standing solemn and magnificent in relief with their interesting reverse of green, fertile valleys, carpeted in their turn with luxuriant vegetation, accompanied with a great expanse of rolling prairie, overspread by the broad canopy of an azure sky lined with silvery clouds, enlivened with the rays of an eternal sun, disseminating cheerfulness and lending enchantment to all, and furnishing a combination of natural subjects for the landscape painter without parallel. Vocal and instrumental music are rated with our leading accomplishments, having a position second to none in the world, as recently proven at the great Fair notwithstanding a biased decision to the contrary. We may well feel proud of our land of poetry, scenery, song and dreams. Only half a century has elapsed since this land, now flowing with milk and honey, was

entered by a few courageous, oppressed people, who, being driven from their eastern homes and fatigued with their long journey, bated here for rest and began at once with indomitable courage the struggle for life in this great, barren, forbidding plain of sand and sage (once a part of the American desert), subduing and making it an oasis at once inviting, growing, substantial, and presenting an appearance of ages of careful cultivation, with a thousand times as much yet to be done to bring it to the point its proud sons contemplate.

It was a monstrous undertaking and the pioneers deserve great credit for the manner in which they have reclaimed and improved so vast and desolate an area, at the same time instilling in the bosoms of their descendants the hallowed principles of truth. No land may I favorably compare with our own fair Utah, and being one of her adopted children I observe with ecstatic enjoyment her multifarious resources. Many distinguished men have homes here, including some of the most noted of modern times. Utah unquestionably produces her share of the greatest statesmen, theologians, literary and philosophical geniuses. When our Territory reaches that goal—statehood—for which she has so long and vainly striven, which has been so unjustly withheld from her and which now seems within her grasp, she will occupy a position among the sisterhood of states, the envy of all. She will be recognized as a grand acquisition, even superiority, worthy of her name. She will occasion much surprise among her foes for so long having forced her—a gem in purity, so eminently entitled to the respect, admiration and esteem of the laws and states of our common union—to tolerate a territorial form of government.

She will not only bring with her admission the coveted title of state, but many modern improvements in science and art. She will be found grandly and fearlessly revolutionizing social evils, promulgating educational and religious principles, aggrandizing national interests, advancing in physical science and culture, and in systems of commercial associations already of high order.

Our great union will find her baby state Herculean in strength, a colossus in soul and a Phœbus in beauty.

HOMER KENDALL.

LEHI, Utah, Jan. 5, 1894.

Written for this Paper.

OUR STOCKHOLM LETTER.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 16.—The Americans, who visit Stockholm during the winter months, are few and far between. By Americans I here mean such fortunate mortals, whose forefathers have made the United States their home one or two centuries ago.

These native born citizens of the great Republic usually pay a visit to the "Venice of the North" during June or July, when the gay Swedish capital is at her loveliest. They take up their abode either at the Grand hotel or at the Rydberg hotel, from the windows of which the view of the city and its many islands is most picturesque.

But there is another contingent of