

CURIOSITY.

My ma's been working very hard,
And also very sly,
And keeps her sewing out of sight
Whenever I am nigh.
I asked her once what made her stop
Her work when I came in;
She said she only stopped to get
A needle, thread, or pin.
The bureau drawer next to mine
Is locked both night and day,
And when ma wants to open it
She sends me off to play.
I stole a peep one afternoon,
Although it was not right,
But, O, the little things I saw
Were such a pretty sight!
The cutest, nicest little clothes,
Just big enough for doll,
But then I know they're not for her,
She needs them not at all.
I know they're not for ma, nor pa,
Nor me, nor brother "Hor,"
For we can't wear such little clothes—
I wonder who they're for.

HARD TIMES.

Sit closer, love; the fire burns low;
Its old time ruddy cheer I miss;
It gives no warmth, it has no glow,
Though cold without the wind goes by.
Ah! how I once had felt, had I
Foreseen so dark a time as this!
My bread is bitter with the thought
I have no power to earn it now!
An anxious look thine eyes have caught,
And weary lines are on thy brow;
Sit closer, love, though want and care
Are all I now can with thee share!
Yet while the clouds are black above,
Dear, doubly dear thou art to me;
They never dreamt how sweet is love
Who have not tasted poverty.
When fortune flies, when comfort goes,
The heart he trusts the poor man knows;
O, tried and true, when night wears by,
And we behold with grateful bliss
A glad new morning light our sky,
'Twill be life's sweetest thought that I
Have known thee in a time like this!

—Marian Douglas.

Correspondence.

NEPHI, Juab Co.,
January 24th.

Editor Deseret News:

Monroe is probably the next settlement, in point of size, to Richfield, in Sevier County. It has a fine location on the opposite side of the valley from the last named settlement. The soil is of a different color to that on the Richfield side, being dark, lacking the ruddy tinge spoken of in a former communication. It may be here stated that the redness of the soil on one side of the valley seems to originate from earthy deposits in the mountains, which, in the distance, have the appearance of common venetian red used by painters. The rains and melting snows doubtless wash this highly colored substance into the valley beneath, giving the prevailing tinge to the soil. Monroe is a prosperous, thriving settlement, possessing many advantages, among which are a number of

Hot and Warm Springs,

which are situated in the foot hills, a few minutes walk from the upper part of the town. Those springs are quite numerous and their temperature is from lukewarm almost to boiling point. They flow perpetually and any one of them has sufficient capacity for supplying a good sized bath house. A hasty and brief visit to them convinced us that the waters were iron, sodium and sulphur, and we were informed that their effects upon those who bathe in them are beneficial in an extraordinary degree, their action upon all cases of cutaneous diseases being especially salutary. Around one of those curious springs is a peculiar deposit from the waters. It is of a dark red color, resembling what is known as Indian red. Some of the settlers have mixed this substance, which is very fine, requiring no grinding, with linseed oil, and with this mixture have painted the exterior of their adobe houses. The effect of this is that over the adobe is found a hard, smooth, glossy surface, rendering them impervious to the action of moisture, causing them, we should suppose, to be as durable as the best brick.

Sevier valley offers very superior advantages to honest and industrious people who wish to make themselves

Homes,

the climate being mild and salubrious, extremes of either heat or cold being rare; the soil is rich, pro-

ducing superior vegetables and cereals; timber and fuel are easily obtainable and there is a good range for cattle. All that is required to make it one of the most desirable, not to say delightful, places in the Territory is labor, and the hardy sons of toil will soon flock there and make the transformation.

The road from Sevier Valley to Cove Creek Fort lies through

Clear Creek Canyon.

The road through this mountain gorge was recently made by the people of Sevier County, at an expense of \$8,000. It is one of the best canyon roads in the Territory, and is sixteen miles in length. Much common sense and tact have been displayed in its construction. To make this, considerable blasting, filling and cutting had to be done. The dugways are about the safest and best we have seen, as they slope inwards, to the mountain side, instead of towards the outer edge of the road, as is frequently the case. The expense of the work has seriously embarrassed the people, but it was considered to be next to indispensable, as it brought them seventy-three miles nearer to the only available market for their produce than any other road they could take, which is a most important consideration. Even that market, however, on account of the dull times, has almost failed them this season, the demand for the grain in Pioche and neighboring mining camps being very limited. In building that road the people acted under the reasonable expectation that the Territory, through the

Legislature,

would come to their relief and compensate them for the benefit they have bestowed on the public in opening up a road through a mountain fastness. We believe that they are justly entitled to compensation for the work they have thus performed, and that all who may have occasion to travel through Clear Creek Canyon will coincide in that opinion.

The Scenery

in the canyon, for wild sublimity, beauty and grandeur, is probably scarcely surpassed, even by that of Echo and the Cottonwoods. The ground at the mouth is covered with a thick growth of cedars, and black volcanic boulders, from the size of a negro's head to that of a large hog's head, are strewn everywhere in profusion. Soon after passing the head of the canyon the eye of the traveler is struck with admiration at the wonderful and ponderous character of his surroundings. To the left are steep mountain sides, surmounted by jutting crags, which look frowningly and cast deep shadows upon the meandering stream, which flows on its peaceful course along the bed of this mountain pass. To the left, however, the eye is most intensely attracted, for there the masonry of nature assumes the most fantastic forms; now towering skyward to giddy heights, and again forming into natural battlements, reminding one of the historic feudal strongholds of the "old world," while other strange formations would bring forcibly to mind the remains of ancient monasterial architecture, which attract the curiosity seeking of the present generation. Then would break upon the view an occasional opening, revealing to the contemplation of the observer successive tips of mountains, stretching far away in the distance, and then comes a grove of majestic pines and dwarfish cedars, but when "the narrows" are reached the scene beggars the descriptive pen of the writer or the brush of the artist. The traveler is virtually enclosed, surrounded, imprisoned. He reaches a point when on every side the towering rocks rise perpendicularly hundreds of feet, leaving no apparent opening for ingress or egress. The soul that can gaze unmoved upon such a scene is to be pitied, being barren of a most fruitful source of delight to more appreciative natures. A striking feature of the rocky formations of this canyon are occasional large patches of strata of almost pure whiteness, which adds to the singular beauty of the scenery.

Near the middle of the Canyon is a toll gate, kept by brother Wm. Warnock, who, with his family, has certainly a most solitary abode, especially in these dull times, when travel on the road is comparatively small. When the divide or summit is reached the road, which heretofore had a gentle upward incline of probably fifty feet to the mile, has

a rapid declination and the traveler is soon at

Cove Creek Fort,

which was built about nine years ago, for the purpose of affording protection from the Indians to the southern traveler, in times when the red men were not so peacefully disposed as they appear to be now. The Fort is the half-way stopping place between Kanosh, on the north of it, and Beaver to the southward. It is constructed of rock, the surrounding wall being probably twenty feet high with convenient loop-holes at every available point, and the gates, being in keeping, are ponderous and heavy. The rooms are built with roofs sloping inwardly from the wall. The place is kept by Mr. Ira Hinckley, who provides entertainment for man and beast.

Beaver.

"is quite a place." It has evidences of progress in a variety of directions. With the exception of Logan, it has probably about the best co-operative store building in Utah. It is of dark bluish rock, is 65 x 28 feet, two stories above ground, besides a full-sized basement cellar for storage. The exterior and interior are well finished. The first floor is used for the conducting of the business of the Co-operative Institution, while the upper part is divided into rooms, which are rented for offices. The building was erected under the direction of Mr. James Lowe, who informed us that the entire cost of its construction was \$9,000, which appeared to us to be marvellously small, considering the character of the structure. The woolen factory, which is under the superintendency of Bishop John Ashworth, turns out a really excellent article of cloth, tweed and doeskin, fit to be placed upon any market. To detail the many evidences worthy of consideration would take too much time and space, they are so numerous. There are some things, however, which are not so pleasing as the evidences of material progress above mentioned. There is considerable rowdiness. A week ago last Sunday several fights occurred on the streets, a contestant in one of them was a little fellow who figured ridiculously, not to say conspicuously, some time ago in this City, and who was known hereabout by the singular cognomen of "8 1/2." It will be seen by this that the "leopard has not changed his spots." Besides such individual as "8 1/2," there is a military post only two miles distant from town. It may be said, however, that the soldiers of that post are not generally of the extra-rowdy sort, but are rather more respectable in their conduct than soldiers of the ranks are usually, but still disturbances arise occasionally and the peace loving citizens appear to have no power to effectually check them. This is not on account of lack of will power, but the want of the necessary legally delegated power, from the authorities that be. True, Beaver received from the Territorial legislature a "kind of a sort of a"

Charter,

but it is too limited in its grant of power to be of much avail under existing circumstances, as it does not provide for the organizing of a regular police force, for the payment of licenses, &c. We understand, however, that the subject will be brought before the Legislature during the present session of that body, when doubtless the matter will be rectified and Beaver affairs be rendered as smooth as a "Summer sea."

Minersville

is a small but prosperous town, about eighteen miles west of Beaver. The people there have almost completed a new brick school house, which is 65 x 30 feet. They have the advantage of being within a day's drive from the Star mining district, which furnishes a fair market for grain and other produce, and the consequence of this is that greenbacks are a little more plentiful than in the settlements generally, although a scarcity of lawful currency is complained of even there.

Kanosh.

which derives its name from the intelligent old Indian Chief, the headquarters of whose band are in that locality. He was in town when we reached there and looked as benignant and friendly as usual. A great deal of fruit is raised in this settlement, but our stay in it was too brief to enable us to note more than the general peculiarities of the place.

Leaving Kanosh we struck out for

Fillmore,

where we arrived late in the evening, tired and jaded, the team having all but given out on the way, necessitating a walk of several miles through mud, slush and snow. We saw little or nothing of Fillmore, as we entered it after dark, in the evening, and left before daylight in the morning, but so far as we were able to judge we supposed it to be one of the best settlements in Utah of its size. It is well built up, is a splendid fruit raising city, being probably behind none other in the Territory in the latter particular, and, in conjunction with other settlements of Millard County, it has probably the best and most prosperous co-operative stock herd in the west, which has been a great substantial benefit to the people.

At six o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, it was quite dark and a heavy snow storm prevailed. Those conditions were naturally somewhat bewildering as well as disagreeable, and in leaving Fillmore we struck off to the left instead of going straight ahead and were soon

Lost in the Storm.

Still we traveled on through the deepening and driving snow, in the vain hope that we might possibly be on or might at least strike the main road. We went over rough and steep places, up and up, till we got to the end of the road on which we traveled, and reached a dense growth of dwarf cedars. We turned back and, after going several miles, struck another road, which we followed, only to find ourselves, after another drive of several miles, among the cedars once more, and as much at a loss as to where we were as ever. The storm had cleared away and climbing to the summit of an eminence, we descried a settlement in the distance. How we got over that summit with our carriage and tired team, and how we threaded our way through cedars, and made a track through miles of tall sage-brush and snow, and reached Holden, or Cedar Springs, is somewhat of a mystery to look back at. We arrived at that settlement, however, in the afternoon, and, not having breakfasted, we were in a fit condition to do ample justice to a "square meal," which we did.

Leaving the really handsome settlement of Cedar Springs we struck out for

Scipio

with a fresh team, and arrived there just about dusk in the evening. Scipio is the only settlement in what is called Round Valley. The farming land is watered from a little valley, which is metamorphosed into a reservoir or lake by the turning into it of several streams. It is a prosperous settlement now, but the circumstances of its early history were anything but agreeable, as the inhabitants were frequently subjected to Indian raids, in which they were robbed of their cattle, and some of their number were murdered.

In that as well as in other places there seems to be a disposition to devote more time than hitherto to intellectual pursuits, and on the evening we spent there the advisability of organizing a mutual improvement association was taken under consideration by some of the leading citizens.

J. N.

Improvements—Schools—Measles—Recreation.

FAIRVIEW, SANPETE CO.,
Jan. 23, 1874.

Editor Deseret News:

The brethren are getting out lumber, building material, and poles from the canyon, and trying to make their homes attractive and comfortable, and also hoping for the railroad to be in the programme for next summer to Fairview, a thing so much needed by us all. Then we would be within a few hours' ride of Salt Lake City, whereas it now takes us from nine to twelve days trudging with a team. We have one Sabbath School and two day schools, all well attended. About one hundred and fifty children attend the day schools. The health of our town is good, with the exception of a good many cases of measles, none fatal as yet. The Saints here feel well and enjoy themselves, the evidence of which may be seen in our new 39 x 23 feet rock school house, every few evenings, in the shape of a dance.

J. F. YOUNG.

Napoleon the First.

History has not represented the first Napoleon as he was in reality. Poets, private secretaries, courtiers, enthusiasts, enemies, and clamorers have drawn the portrait. We propose to examine his character from the point of view of physiologist and positivist. Napoleon was neither dark nor fair. He had dark chestnut hair, eyes gray, complexion of a pale brown, without any red in it, and a smooth skin. The brain was large; the skull belonged to the largest development ever known. His circulation was slow, the pulse counting forty beats a minute; he perspired little, and was insensible alike to heat and cold, hunger and thirst; his chest was prominent, and his lips well proportioned; his height was five feet two inches. Of a lymphatic temperament, he could support alike excess of physical and mental exertion. It was a constitution of granite. Warm baths, coffee and strong wines restored his circulation. His intellect was vast and many-sided, applying itself to details and generalizations; made up of prodigious memory that rapidly took account of place, number and cause, and the bearings of things; a genius, in fine, eminently practical and positivist. Dissimulation, an extraordinary power of generalization, and a sluggish temperament, make up this wonderful man; these qualities are the sources of his greatness. He was a fatalist. Events are brought about by a power superior to human will, he said. There is neither good nor bad in the world. The morality of an action is to be judged by its expediency. Religions are human institutions, serving as a sort of vaccine to protect us against lower superstitions, to be defended, not in the interests of society, but in the interest of the priests. Such was his creed, and he naturally hated those who possessed a higher one. Consul, Emperor, prisoner and exile, he hated philosophers from first to last, and accused them of the misfortune he had himself brought upon France—the failure of the Russian expedition, the sore discontent of the nation, and so on. To sum up the characteristics of Napoleon, he possessed one of the vastest intellects ever known, owing such superiority to his utter insensibility to impressions, his sluggish temperament, his wonderful faculty of combination and reasoning; war was to him a pastime; politics a personal affair only; he possessed neither religious, moral, nor political beliefs: he held the human race in profound contempt and was the greatest egotist ever known; a man of prodigious aptitude for knavery and mystification and for administrative power; an intellectual giant, who caused the retrogression of France and of all Europe, and who possessed one of the worst hearts that the history of the human race had disclosed. All lovers of progress ought to make a pilgrimage to Waterloo once in their lives, not to exult over the destruction of a French army, but to contemplate the spot where this great enemy of the human race fell a victim to his own excesses.—Temple Bar.

PALEPA ROSA.—The name of Parepa Rosa has been a household word to all lovers of the lyric stage for many years. She died in London, the city in which she achieved some of her most brilliant triumphs—died after a short illness, and whilst yet in the full pride of womanhood. Born in Scotland of Italian(?) parents, she evinced when but a child a love for music, and the germ of abilities which were afterwards to make such a mark in the world. She made her first appearance in Malta, thence going to Naples, the cradle of the opera, where her success was fully established. In 1867 she came to America, singing first at Irving Hall, New York, since which time she has appeared so constantly before the American public, that few indeed there are whose good fortune it has not been to have heard Madame Parepa Rosa. It was in opera that she excelled, although her oratorio singing was marked by a devotional expression and sweetness that were peculiarly fitted to the nature of this class of music. America was the country of her adoption, and as she loved this land, its people and its institutions, so are the name, the fame and all the pleasant, though now saddened memories of Parepa Rosa dear to Americans.—Ex.