

NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS.

THIS is a volume of "Notes of Travel across the American Continent, from Chicago to the Pacific and back." It is the substance of a collected series of the letters of "Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Lippincott), written on her trip to and from California in 1871-2. She is a lively, spirited, racy, piquant, brilliant, picturesque writer, a keen observer, and pungent presenter of facts and ideas. The volume is nicely got up, neatly printed on good paper, and is well worth reading, being very entertaining and withal instructive. J. B. Ford & Co., New York, are the publishers. The work is especially inscribed to Mrs. Mary Byers of Denver, and Mrs. Sarah M. Clark of San Francisco, in whose homes much of the matter was written.

The divisions of the book are as follows—"Chicago as it Was; Colorado; Utah; Nevada; California; Homeward Journey; Colorado in Autumn."

We give our readers some portions of her descriptions of her experience in Utah. Some of our readers may have seen something of them before, but many have not, and to all they are pleasant reading. Commencing with the exodus of the "Mormon" people from Illinois to Salt Lake, she says—

"To one who even whirls over in less than four days' time the route which this poor people toiled over through weeks and months, there must come a new and wondering realization of the heroism of that emigration—an exodus into a land of divine promise, but of sure peril and privation, of mystery, of isolation. They fought with savage foes, they suffered, they starved; their graves yet mark the long, long way; but they never murmured, nor rebelled, nor entreated to be led back to Egypt or Iowa. No cloudy day and no fire by night led them on, as they toiled over the mountain and crept across the plain; but instead there shone before them, perhaps, a prophetic vision of this pleasant city of refuge, and of the great white tabernacle of the Saints. Anomalous and anachronistic as is the faith of this people, there is an antique fervor, a rugged sincerity, a stern persistency, an unconquerable constancy, about it which we must respect."

"Just at sunset we took the Utah Central at Ogden, for this city. The views of the Wasatch mountains and of the Great Salt Lake, all down this wonderful valley, are indescribably beautiful. We stood out on the platform, and gazed till the purple twilight deepened and darkened, and that strange, lifeless, inland sea glimmered and faded away into the night."

"On arriving at Salt Lake City; Senator Morton and party were received by a deputation of prominent citizens, Mormon and Gentile. Among the latter gentlemen was our brilliant friend and relative, Honorable Thomas Fitch, at whose charming house we are now staying. Senator Morton was, I think, welcomed by both parties at this critical time, with much respect and confidence; his logical mind and clear, fearless judgment peculiarly fit him to look into this grave and complicated matter that is now drawing the attention of the world upon them."

"The morning after our arrival we drove about town with our kind friend, Mr. Hooper, and were (may I confess it?) quite delighted with the general appearance of the city which had so often been held up to our righteous horror as a congregation of 'whited sepulchres.' One is first struck by the generous width of the streets and the vast number of trees. Few of the dwelling-houses are elegant or tasteful, but they all look comfortable and sufficiently homelike. Embowered by foliage, they have a singularly secluded air. Some of them might have more tidy surroundings, and a brighter, livelier, more hospitable look; but I remarked nothing particularly sombre, pagan, or polygamous about them. The poorest and smallest houses seem to me an infinite advance on the homes of the English and Welsh laborers I had

seen abroad. The little streams of clear mountain water running through all the streets are a bright, peculiar feature, but pleasanter even than running water is the appearance everywhere of quiet industry and brave enterprise, order and sobriety. Let us confess that this strange people, under their remarkable leader, have done a great work in rescuing this region from the desolation and sterility of uncounted ages; in causing beauty and plenty to smile under the shadow of the dark mountains and along the shore of the sluggish salt sea."

In the old Tabernacle we yesterday attended a mass meeting, called by the Mayor to raise money for the relief of the Chicago sufferers. Here we saw Brigham Young, and I must confess to a great surprise. I had heard many descriptions of his personal appearance; but I could not recognize the picture so often and elaborately painted. I did not see a common, gross-looking person, with rude manners, and a sinister, sensual countenance, but a well dressed, dignified old gentleman, with a pale face, a clear gray eye, a pleasant smile, a courteous address, and withal a patriarchal, paternal air which of course he comes rightly by. In short, I could see in his face or manner none of the profligate propensities and the dark crimes charged against this mysterious, masterly, many-sided, and many-wived man. The majority of the citizens of Salt Lake present on this occasion were Mormons—some of them the very polygamists arraigned for trial; and it was a strange thing to see these men, standing at bay, with "the people of the United States" against them, giving generously to their enemies. It either shows that they have, underlying their fanatical faith and their Mohammedan practices, a better religion of humanity, or that they understand the wisdom of a return of good for evil just at this time. It is either more Christian charity or masterly worldly policy; or, perhaps, it is about half and half. Human nature is a good deal mixed out here. But I do not suppose it will matter to the people of dear, desolate Chicago what the motive was that prompted the generous offerings from this fair city of the mountains. The hands stretched out in help, whether polygamie or monogamie, are to them the hands of friends and brothers. Certain it is that the "Saints" seemed to give gladly and promptly according to their means. President Young gave in his thousand, and the elders their five hundred each, as quietly as the poor brethren and sisters their modest tribute of fractional currency."

"There is to me, I must acknowledge, in this prompt and liberal action of the Mormon people, something strange and touching."

"The more I see of this place the more I am impressed by the wonderful, wild beauty of its surroundings. Each of two windows out of which I can look as I write, is the frame of an enchanting picture, the green and fruitful valley, dotted with pleasant homes, the distant shining of water; brown plateau; dark canons; mountains, bold and rugged and snow-crowned, with their black slopes softened here and there with lovely autumn tints. The mountains are far less grand than those seen from Denver, but they are much nearer, and are seldom obscured by mists. The cold season was inaugurated here by a furious wind, rain and snow storm. The nights are almost wintry, but the mornings are brilliant, the days dazzling with keen, continuous sunlight, and the sunsets gorgeous beyond description. On Saturday we drove up the valley, finding charming new views at every rise or turn. The whole region has a singularly foreign aspect, strange and ancient and solemn. In its strong contrasts of gardens and waste places, of busy life and silent desolation, of hoary mount and arid plain, it certainly independent of Scripture nomenclature, reminds one of Palestine."

"The Theatre is a large and handsome building, a really wonderful structure, considering the time when it was built—before the prosperous days, when everything had to be done by the hardest, when all materials for building were fearfully expensive, and difficult to obtain at any price, when, to use the strong language of a poetic friend, 'the very stones cost blood.' A Mormon gentleman tells me that the Theatre was built, more as a necessity than a luxury, to relieve the wearisome monotony and isolation of life out here. The leaders,

sagacious as indulgent, saw that the people must have some relaxation and recreation. In those early days, there was little money in the town, and people were allowed to pay * * in almost any marketable commodity."

"We attended service in the New Tabernacle on Sunday morning. The building was not filled—it takes fifteen thousand people to do that, but we had a tolerably good opportunity to observe the character and appearance of a Mormon assembly. Brigham Young was in his usual place of honor, but did not preach."

"The services in that prodigious and portentous temple of this new, old faith—this strange conglomerate of Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism—were quite simple, orderly and orthodox in character. There was prayer, choir singing, music of the great organ, and a sermon from a text, followed by two volunteer discourses. The last was by Brother Cannon, editor of the *Deseret News*. It was noticeable that all the speakers on this occasion were on the defensive in regard to both the civil and religious character of their theocratic government, and especially in regard to the institution of polygamy. There was a large attendance of Gentiles; and the present critical situation of the Mormon Church and its 'beloved and venerable head' was touched upon with considerable spirit and feeling, but with, on the whole, caution and moderation. It is true they spoke of possible martyrdom, of holding themselves ready to die for the faith delivered to the Saints; but nothing was said or intimated of actual rebellion against the authority of the United States. Indeed there were strong professions of loyalty and a law-abiding spirit. Mr. Cannon eulogized very eloquently the general character of the Mormons, claimed that before the influx of the Gentiles they were the most peaceful, contented, industrious, thrifty people on the continent; that they were still the most temperate, virtuous, and inoffensive. He claimed that women were more respected and safer from insult among the Mormons than in any other community; that any woman could travel alone through Utah as securely and honorably as the fair lady of legend and song, who, though 'rich and rare were the gems she wore,' made a pilgrimage through Ireland in its palmy and pious days. I am inclined to think the speaker in that last assertion spoke only truth. I believe, also, that Mormon husbands are generally kind in their treatment of their several wives."

"Though upheld by a sincere faith in this strange delusion, they (the 'Mormon' women) have toward strangers a peculiar air of reticence and mistrust, almost of repulsion. I do not wonder at it: their hospitality and confidence have often been abused, they have been intruded upon by impertinent interviewers, and their reluctant answers to persistent questioning published abroad, with startling additions and dramatic embellishments. Those I have met appear to me, I must say, like good and gentle Christian women. They are singularly simple in dress and modest in demeanor."

"As to the Mormon men whom I have met, mostly leaders in the Church, and prominent well-to-do citizens, I must say that they look remarkably care-free, and even jolly, under the cross. Virgil, I believe, has somewhere the expression, 'O three times and four times happy.' Well, that is the way they look."

"Yesterday we drove out into the country to take a look at some of the farms. They have a neat, thriving appearance, with good buildings, and show evidence of having produced fine crops. Their irrigating ditches are everywhere beautifying, having more the look of natural streams than those in Colorado. All the farm-houses are surrounded with foliage. Brigham Young is a great lover of trees, and seems to make their culture a tenet of his religion. As the old lady said of 'total depravity,' 'it's a good doctrine if well lived up to.' Utah fruit is not of the finest quality, as little attention has yet been paid to its cultivation, but it is grown in great abundance and considerably variety."

"You are struck by the great number of children everywhere here. The houses absolutely overflow with them, some tables are embowered in 'olive branches.' The different sets get along very

well together generally, but that is little wonder, after the miracle of agreement between the mothers. Polygamy does not seem to spare women the cares of maternity. I know a Mormon household in which two middle-aged wives count about two dozen children between them. I took two little fair haired girls for twins; and they were a sort of polygamic twins, born almost at the same time, in the same house, of different mothers."

"Many Mormon wives are sisters, and it is said they get along quite harmoniously. The very nature of women seems to be changed here, and turned upside down and inside out. An intelligent 'first wife' told a Gentile neighbor that the only wicked feeling she had about her husband taking a second wife was that he did not take her sister, who wanted him, or, rather, a share in him. She would have liked to have the property kept in the family. I saw, the other day, a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand in hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age."

"Now, from all I have been able to observe and from all I hear from intelligent Gentiles long resident here, I am convinced that the Mormon people generally are remarkably quiet, orderly, sober, and industrious, strongly and especially addicted to minding their own business. However much the leaders may be given to proselyting, the common people never intrude their peculiar tenets and ideas upon you; but if you enquire concerning them, they will plainly and seriously answer your questions, and, in most cases, while struck by the absurdity or revolted by the moral obliquity of those ideas, you are convinced of the absolute sincerity of the simple-hearted expounders."

"As to Brigham Young, we must all admit, even in this his time of trouble and threatened overthrow, that considering the elements he has had to deal with—the rudest, the poorest, the most ignorant classes of men, for the greater part conglomerate of the lowest strata of civilized societies—the 'offscouring of the earth' * * *—considering the hard conditions of early emigration and settlement he has formed a wonderful working colony, unparalleled for vigor, constancy and cohesion; has created a State, almost a nation, in this wild, desert land; and, on the whole has governed it surpassingly well."

EASTERN NOTES.

Here is how an auctioneer's dialect is given in "Scrope, or the Lost Library," in *Old and New*: "Half-a-dollar, halfadollaradollafadollafadollafadollathat's bid now, give more? ye want it? Half-a-dollar five-eighths three-quarters—Three-quarters I'm bid—will you say a dollar for this standard work octavo best edition half morocco extra? Three-quarters I'm bid, three-quarters will ye give any more? Three-quarters, three-quart thee-quarth-thee-quart thee-quawt thee-quawt one dollar shall I have?"

Max Adeler says they tell a story about a man who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "Yow let that saddle alone. How in thunder do you know which way I am going?" The gentleman from Germany passed on.

In all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, if living, 120 years, and his mother's 102 years. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied that he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-living family. "Oh! you see, sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago; but 'if living' would be aged as there written down." "Oh! I see," said the agent.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clean

conscience. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no just act, and left no obligation unfilled, fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength. Conscience, it is said, makes cowards of us all, but only cowards when it reproaches us with unmanliness, some shrinking from truth and right, and the commission of some wrong."

The Minnesota legislature has passed a law providing that all vendors of intoxicating liquors in that State shall be required to pay an additional license fee of \$10, which money is to go for the foundation and support of an asylum for inebriates. Persons selling liquor without license are made liable to fine and imprisonment. It is only fair that the liquor dealers should support persons who have become deranged and worthless through drinking liquor, and no honest vender of rum should object to the tax imposed."

A little girl, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Zach. Elliot, of Webster county, brought to this place on Friday last a bale of cotton weighing nearly five hundred pounds, which she made by her own labor, plowing the ground, planting the seed, working it during maturity, picked it, ginned it, and sold it herself, realizing from its sale nearly \$100. The cotton was purchased by Col. A. S. Cutts, who gave the little girl half a cent in the pound more than the market value."—*Americus (Ga.) Republican*.

One result of the discussion of overwork in schools, started in Boston, is the reduction of the daily school sessions in Albany to five hours and a half. The case of detention after school hours in Boston was investigated by a committee which gave a non-committal report, rather defending the teacher than otherwise, and intimating that it was the pupil's fault in attempting to compete with children older than herself. This report brought out a letter from the pupil's father, who vehemently declared that study after school hours is an evil which the Boston schools too much indulge in, and which must be remedied in spite of committees and reports."

They had what they call an awkward man on a jury down in Maine the other day. It seems the case involved a claim for money for building a cellar, and the number of perches of stone used were specified. But this awkward man, as it chanced, knew something by experience about building stone walls, and this little item was not quite clear to him. So when the jury went out he took his pencil and quietly ciphered a little while at the table, and then, in the most matter of fact way, told his fellow jurors that, as he made it, there was enough stone put into those cellar walls to fill the cellar completely up and have some three or four perch of stone left, and he was puzzled to know where they put their potatoes and garden sass."

A. W. Dimock was the subject of many glowing paragraphs a year or two ago, as one of the youngest, boldest and wealthiest of the New York stock operators, and many young men undoubtedly felt that their life was very slow, since it brought them neither gorgeous wealth nor flattering newspaper notices. But times have changed with Mr. Dimock since then. The Atlantic Mail Steamship Company, of which he was president, has failed; Mr. Dimock's possessions have faded away, and his residence at Elizabeth, N. J.,—"palatial residence" they called it a while ago—has been sold to Col. Tom Scott, subject to a mortgage of \$140,000. And such is life in Wall street—a good deal faster, but a good deal more precarious, than picking up dollars slowly and making them go as far as they will."

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO BUY BEES—Two hundred stand of Italian Bees in Kidder Hives to arrive April 1st. For sale at Ogden or Salt Lake City. Price \$15 per hive. Leave orders at Greenwell & Wright's, Ogden, or at H. Dinwoodey's furniture store, Salt Lake City. w9 2 s17 2w

CHEAPEST HOUSE in Town for Pictures, framed or unframed, at Wm. F. Raybould's, one door North of Big Boot. The country people will do well to call and examine his stock. A 29