

FARMERS' GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Roasting the meat for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the snow white linen
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.
Starching their cottons for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer,
Down in the running stream,
Feeding the geese and poultry,
Making the puddings and pies,
Joggling the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Checks that rival the roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of the country maidens is worth
A score of your giddy girls.

JOCULARITIES.

Mr. Stanwood, of Portland, wants \$20,000 of a man who called him a scamp.

The latest popular beverage in New York is called "Drinks between Drinks."

A western paper thinks that the Mississippi has caught the inflation fever.

At an English college a professor could not tell who put a tack on his chair seat, but he knew who sat down on it.

Henry Ward Beecher, being asked to give his opinion in full whether it is right to sell a bed quilt at a church fair by lottery, replies, "Opinion in full, No."

There are 40,000 persons in Texas who want the legislature to prevent them, as well as other folks, from getting a drink. They might be sent to an asylum.

Coldwater, Mich., is true to its name, at last, thanks to the lady crusaders; no liquor can be obtained there, and the people are virtuously unhappy.

"And so we go," said a member of a Boston school committee; "our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner; and I don't feel very well myself."

It was an Ogdensburg boy who said, when his mother threatened to sew peas into the knees of his pants to keep him from wearing them out on the floor, "Well, ma, how can I pray then?"

The St. Louis Republican tells us that the strongest glass will sustain 2,000 pounds to the square inch. It has also been known to twist a man's legs so much that he couldn't walk.

At a well known Roman Catholic church in Liverpool lately, it had been arranged by the choir to perform Haydn's Mass No. 1, but owing to an unforeseen occurrence Haydn's Service No. 4 was substituted. Afterwards the blower of the organ, who has held the situation many years, remarked to one of the singers, "I say, Miss, that there service went very bad, didn't it? They never told me they were going to sing Haydn No. 4, and I was playing Haydn No. 1 all the time."

A TRAGEDY. — Yesterday we learned that quite a tragedy had occurred at El Dorado Canyon, in this county. It appears that some difficulty occurred between two men named Jones and Pyatt. After some hard words passed, weapons were drawn, and several shots interchanged. Both men were wounded, but Jones it is supposed thought that Pyatt was injured more severely than actually was the case; at any rate, he retreated, and entrenched himself among some rocks, and defied all attempts to subdue him. Finding that Pyatt was not hurt as much as was first believed, a man named King went to Jones' retreat to tell him so, and to ask him to come out. The result of the attempt was that King was killed. The citizens then rose, surrounded Jones and killed him. — *Pioche Record.*

THE MORMON COUNTRY.

WE have before us advanced sheets of "The Mormon Country. A Summer with the 'Latter-day Saints.'" By John Codman. Dedicated to the memory of Horace F. Clark. United States Publishing Company, 13 University Place, New York.

This is a work of 226 pages, in bold, clear type, on good paper. It is to be immediately published, illustrated with twelve full page cuts and a map of Salt Lake City, and sold at a reasonable price.

As an indication of the spirit and temper of the work, the following will serve from the Preface—

"The manuscript was first offered to a prominent literary magazine. It was returned with the objection that it was too impartial. No higher praise is asked for the book."

Also the following from the first chapter—

"Just before leaving I waited on President Young to pay a parting call. Expressing to him my obligations for the polite attention of himself and of several members of his family, he said, 'I am glad you have been civilly treated, but don't let that prejudice you in our favor. If you say anything about us, tell the truth.' This is what I propose to do, in a running account of travel, with some comments on the social condition of the people and the agricultural condition and mineral resources of the country."

The work is divided into twenty-four chapters. The author describes a three months' sojourn and ramble chiefly among the "Mormons," several weeks in Salt Lake City, and most of the remainder of the time "in wagon and horseback journeys through the valleys and mountains, indebted to the hospitality of Mormon and Gentile alike," and therefore, says the author, "I am somewhat prepared to give an account of things that I saw, not of things as they ought or ought not to be."

The following are portions of the last chapter—

"In my wanderings among the Mormon people I may have been too much attracted by the poetry of their primitive and pastoral life, and too grateful for their hospitality to criticize them severely.

"Why should I? I don't believe in their revelations; and God forbid that I should be understood as attempting to justify polygamy. Mormonism is not my religion, nor polygamy my practice. But for all that, if I knew that the press, supposing it to notice this little book, would abuse me unmercifully, and if the 'forty-thousand parson-power' of all the pulpits should come down with its anathemas, I will say this: In all my voyages and travels about the world, I never before passed three months in a community more industrious, upright, honest in dealing among themselves and with others, quiet, inoffensive, loyal to government, temperate, virtuous and religious, than these Mormons.

"With all its impositions and absurdities, a religion that will produce results like these must have in it of good—something. Yes, a great deal!

"Lest injustice should be done to the Gentile population of the Territory, let me explain, if I have not already done so by implication, that this small outside element does not fairly represent eastern civilization.

"Most of the non-Mormons, whom I have styled Gentiles in accordance with the general acceptance of the term, are those who come for temporary purposes of trading, mining and other speculations. The greater part of them are without families, and frequently they are from the lowest walks of life.

"In his tales of mining camps, Bret Harte has aptly described this class. He can scarcely be said to have exaggerated. I found there just such men.

"In the city of Salt Lake the Gentile population is different. There are two classes of them. One is of ladies and gentlemen fitted to adorn society anywhere, families who chiefly from considerations of permanent business take up their

residence in the Territory. There is another set of Gentiles in the same town who would like to introduce gambling houses, drinking saloons, and brothels to civilize the Mormons.

"The respectable people first mentioned rarely have any difficulty with the dominant sect. Although they are more or less exclusive, they frequently meet the Mormon ladies and gentlemen in society—as do likewise the officers of Camp Douglas and their wives.

"It may be said with truth that if the Gentile inhabitants of Utah were all such as these, there would be scarcely a word of complaint against the Mormons, and no petitions to Congress for relief from the tyranny of the Church.

"These petitions come mostly from recalcitrant disciples, people of no especial standing in the community, and small politicians.

"That some very worthy men are induced to sign them is undoubtedly true, but the proportion is very small. Every year the petitions accumulate at Washington, and serve the turn of some virtuous statesman in framing a bill of extermination.

"At present another strong effort is being made to induce Congress to legislate so that the individual interests of these malcontents may be benefitted. Their shafts are generally aimed at the target of polygamy, about which most of the petitioners do not care a straw.

"A great many of them would like to see real estate and other securities depressed. There are 'bears' in Salt Lake as well as in Wall Street. There are politicians there as well as in Washington. These would like to wrest political power from the Mormons to appropriate it themselves. * * *

"Whatever grounds the non-Mormons may have for complaint, it cannot but seem reasonable to any unprejudiced mind, that the investigation asked for by the Legislature should be had before any decided steps are taken by Congress, especially if the Constitution has to be invaded to meet the supposed exigency of the case.

"If, as the Mormons say, a majority of six to one make oppressive laws to operate against the small minority, it would seem still more unjust if Congress should put a law-making and law-enforcing power into the hands of this small minority, to be exercised against the great majority.

"I have heard the majority computed to be much larger than these gentlemen estimate it. It is supposed to be nine to one. They probably refer to the population of Salt Lake City.

"It would come to this: that one tenth of the population of the Territory, and that by no means the most reputable, composed of men who have for the most part taken up a temporary residence there, are to hold in subjection the lives and property of the other nine-tenths of the men whose fathers and many of themselves took possession of this waste land when it was Mexican territory, and with hardship, toil and privation, reclaimed it from a desert waste, developed its resources, and made it such a rich addition to the Union.

"We should not attempt to excuse ourselves for this gross injustice by the plea that courts and juries of Mormons do not punish for polygamy, a crime we hold in abhorrence. While our courts at home do punish bigamists, let us acknowledge that they do not adequately deal with gambling, drunkenness, and prostitution; crimes which the Mormons hold in abhorrence, for they never fail to take cognizance of them.

"Remembering that we are not immaculate ourselves, reflecting that if we were to undertake summarily to punish criminal immorality at home, we should stir up riot and murder in our streets, let us consider well before taking violent and unconstitutional measures against the Mormons which would surely antagonize a people now thoroughly loyal to government, would check enterprise, reduce the value of property, and in no sense whatever could be productive of good.

"By the treaty with Mexico, when the territory embracing Utah was ceded to this country, it was stipulated that as soon as a portion of it contained the requisite number of inhabitants, States should be formed and admitted to the Union.

"This compact has been carried out with other communities of

much smaller populations than Utah possesses. We are keeping her out in the cold until polygamy is discarded, notwithstanding her persistent knocking at our doors. That is punishment enough. Utah cannot stand there long with this heavy burden on her shoulders, while all her neighboring sisters are welcomed into our family. * *

"In closing, I may venture to express the hope that some little instruction as well as amusement may have been derived from a perusal of these pages. My Mormon friends will say that their kindness is ill-requited by adverse criticism of their doctrines and practices. My Gentile readers will say that I have been so fascinated with the country and the people of Utah that I have given them unmerited praise. Both verdicts will be gratefully accepted as proofs of the impartiality claimed for the book."

The work is interspersed with mountain rambles, adventures, bear, catamount, mustang, and Indian stories, and, though we do not endorse all that the author says, the work will well repay perusal by all interested in this mountain country.

SOME UTAH CITIES.

CORINNE.

THE city of Corinne is a village of some three hundred and fifty men—perhaps one thousand people, including women and children. It was founded from motives partly mercenary, partly religious and moral. * *

Saints combined with sinners in the endeavor to build up Corinne—not "Latter-day Saints," but all other kinds of saints who regard Mormonism as the abomination of desolation, Anti-Christ, the scarlet woman, and the beast of the Apocalypse.

They meant to plant a Christian landmark in its midst; to set up a bright and shining light that should throw its pure rays far and wide to scatter the darkness in which the "twin relic of barbarism" had shrouded the land. For this purpose churches and grog-shops were to act in harmony. Therefore there had been opened three of the former and twenty of the latter. The churches are supported by home missionary societies; the grog-shops are maintained by the voluntary system.

It was a sultry Sunday morning, and, after having slept and breakfasted at the shanty styled the "Bear River Hotel," I strayed about town. My friend Jeff had introduced me to most of the three hundred and fifty resident gentlemen, and so I received nearly that number of invitations to take a drink, all of which were respectfully declined on the temperance standpoint. That is the only safe support to fall back upon with these hospitable gentlemen.

It was an unusually lively day. A great many teams happened to be in town, and the drivers and traders made the holiday uproarious. The order of exercises alternated with swearing and drinking all day long, and the evening must have been something fearful, for then the dance houses would be in active operation.

Soon after eleven o'clock I made my way to the nearest church. I was told that it was Presbyterian. On approaching I heard the music of a psalm-tune, from which I inferred that the services had already commenced. On entering, however, I found the solitary musician seated at one of those sewing-machine "melodeons," and grinding out the "Missionary Hymn."

He stopped on noticing the unexpected addition to the congregation, and entered into conversation. "There would be no meeting to-day," "In fact," he added, "we don't have any stated preaching; we have to get along as well as we can with what we pick up." In answer to further inquiries, he said that there were three societies, which he thus enumerated on the rising scale: "The Episcopal, they have one member to their church; the Methodists, they have two; but we have eleven communicants."

There was no little pride in the emphasis given to the preponderance of Presbyterianism. I ventured to make two suggestions for the better maintenance of religious worship. One was that the fourteen church-members should club together, and, with the

assistance of moral sinners outside the pale of the church and the different home-missionary societies, support one good minister in one meeting-house, and rent out the other two to help pay expenses. "Why not?"

"That wouldn't do," he said; "we couldn't agree on doctrine nor form." "Well, then," I proposed, "get some minister more liberal than you are, who for the sake of spreading the gospel would be willing to be like St. Paul, 'all things to all men'—an Episcopalian one Sunday, a Methodist the next, and a Presbyterian on a third. How would that do?" "Oh, pshaw!" replied the organist, "such a fellow would be a — hypocrite."

BRIGHAM CITY.

The Sunday was a blazing hot day at Corinne, in very unpleasant contrast to the weather experienced at Soda Springs and Cariboo. I waited till four of the afternoon, in the vain hope that the mercury would fall below ninety degrees, and then started on my pony for Ogden, a distance of thirty miles by the traveled road. For most of the route this lies north of the railway under the base of the mountains, and passes through several thriving Mormon settlements. The chief one is Brigham City, five miles east of Corinne. In all these towns the streets are wide, and shaded by lime or locust trees, streams of water from the public irrigating ditch running by the sidewalks on each side. All the house-lots, like those of Salt Lake City, are supposed to contain one and a quarter acres of land each, which is invariably laid out as a garden; thus, though the houses are often poor and only of logs, they have an air of comfort and beauty which is lacking in many more pretending edifices.

In strange contrast to Corinne, here reigned the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath day. Among its two thousand inhabitants there is not one grog shop or disreputable house. Alas, how little has been the influence of the missionary city of Corinne on the benighted people of Brigham City!

They were on their way to worship in their large and very pretty "temple" (tabernacle), most of them on foot, but many coming from a distance in wagons—all decently but not luxuriously dressed, the faces of the men sunburnt, but not whisky-fired, and those of the women certainly wearing no appearance of slavery or discontent. Many of the young girls and children were uncommonly pretty. Had I not been pressed for time, and had not my travelling costume been so out of place among the well-dressed crowd, I should certainly have stopped to worship with them, and should doubtless have been as much edified as I was in conversing with the organist in the conventicle at Corinne. * *

Elder Geo. Q. Cannon, now delegate to Washington, and a man of sterling worth and talent, had been preaching at Ogden, and I met several wagon loads of men, women, and children on their return. I stopped at the door of a house just as the owner arrived. He was quite delighted with the Elder's sermon, and was generally jubilant on the subject of religion, which he exemplified by urging me to spend the night, and on my declining to do so, in presenting me with a tumbler of rich cream, in which offer there was a more acceptable act of Christianity than in a simple "cup of cold water."

Eight miles west of Ogden are some hot salt springs, coming from a rock near the road, and forming quite a large basin of water. Dick, the pony, here amused me by his astonishment. The little rascal was always as "dry" as a Corinne Christian, and always making excuses to stop and take a drink. When he came in sight of this clear looking pool, he went for it incontinently, and when his forelegs were immersed to the knees by the jump which he made into the hot water, he gave a sudden squeal of pain, and executed a pirouette which would have unseated me, if I had not anticipated it. It was curious to notice how daintily he approached the next stream crossing the road.

OGDEN.

The railroad traveller gets a very wrong impression of Ogden. He sees nothing but the Gentile part of the town, the stations of the U. P. and C. P. Railroads, their offices and engine-houses, and a dozen or two shanties occupied as restaurants, grog-shops, and gambling-