

in process of formation had cracked asunder, a narrow river, turbid and shallow, from south to north, in many a serpentine curves weeps on its sinuous way. Beyond, a broad lake the river's goal—dotted with mountain islands, its briny waters shimmering in the sunlight like a silver shield. From mountains snow-capped, seamed and craggy, lifting their kingly heads to be crowned by the golden sun, flow limpid laughing streams, cold and crystal clear, leaping, dashing, foaming, flashing from rock to glen, from peak to plain. But the fresh canyon streams are far and few, and the arid waste they water, glistening with beds of salt and soda and pools of deadly alkali, scarcely allows them to reach the river, but midway well nigh swallows and absorbs them in its thirsty sands. Above the line of gray and gold, of sage and sunflower, the sloping hillsides and precipitous steeps, clothed with purple and dark green patches; these, the oak-brush and squaw-berry and other scanty growths, with here and there a tree casting its loneshadow; in the valley a wire-grass swamp, a few acres of withered bunch-grass, and the lazily-waving willows and wild rose-bushes fringe the distant streams—the only green things visible."

#### WHAT TIME HAS WROUGHT.

Today this valley is one vast garden, and Salt Lake City numbers a population of 50,000. During 1890 her real estate transactions aggregated \$20,000,000. This brief sketch makes no pretense to do more than indicate some of Utah's possibilities. It will, however, suffice to show that this much-derided Mormon community has within itself most wonderful resources and thousands of wide-awake men and women with all the restless energy of Western life pushing them onward and forward in ceaseless enterprise and industry.

#### NOW A NEW LAND.

The bugbear of polygamy is now dead and beyond resurrection. Young Utah is in line with the keenest progress of the country, and the Territory when studied and understood is, despite all of its drawbacks of the past, a glory and an honor to our whole country. In this free land and enlightened century ignorance and superstition cannot long find any corner in which to hide from the electric influence of the age; and Utah is fast forging ahead, to place herself abreast with the most enlightened portion of the country. The advancing tide of progress is sweeping over her, and to feel its influence one needs but to spend a few months in Salt Lake City.

#### AN AUSPICIOUS TOKEN.

Therefore, when Utah sends Secretary Rusk a sample barrel of potatoes from a yield of 947 bushels to the acre, you may rest assured that this is good evidence of what she can do in that line, while it may be remembered also that our own Rensselaer county tillers of the soil consider 300 bushels of potatoes to the acre a most prodigious crop, and that Salt Lake City has grown from an Indian camping-ground to her present population within the memory of many a Trojan. Isolated, and until a little over twenty years ago without railroad connection east or west, these patient, plodding, religious zealots laid the foundations of their present great-

ness in that valley of the Rocky mountains, over 1,000 miles from the Missouri river and nearly as far from the Pacific, and their faith in their delusion has enabled them to press onward in the face of every obstacle. By a six years residence among them, commencing in 1871, I learned to marvel at and respect their industry and determination and to overlook their peculiar beliefs, confident that time would sift out the false from the true, and prove their worth as human beings, whose push and energy are ceaseless and tireless. Going to Utah with all the eastern prejudices, I came away satisfied that time would vindicate the Mormons before the American people and that polygamy was but a bugbear, a cudgel used vigorously by those whom self-interest controlled more thoroughly than any code of ethics.

W. H. H.

#### LETTER FROM ROME.

From an interesting letter written by Mr. Fred. W. Taylor, dated Rome, February 9, 1891, we make following extracts:

We have been here now about a week and a half and have been on the jump all the time, for every corner has a story to tell and every stone a history. You go rushing through some street, stop all of a sudden to find you are on one of the most historic places in the world. You look and wonder, pass on to another and another, until you inwardly exclaim, "How hath the mighty fallen!" We have been to the Foro Romanum and walked over the ground among the ruins of ages; all there is left of the glory and richness of the public buildings of the mistress of the world consists in a few columns, triumphal arches, statues and enough of the sacred pavement to enable you to trace its course; but these are all stately and majestic, as they stand there in the places they have occupied for centuries.

The seven hills of Rome are no longer a mystery, in fact, our hotel stands on of the most important, viz: the Quirinal, so noted in history, although not so much as the Capitoline and Palatine; we would not call any of them hills at home, for this is a rolling country and these hills some of the largest rolls. The Coliseum gives you a better idea of the greatness and power of Rome than any one thing here; just think of a city that had to have a place of amusement that would seat 87,000 persons at one time and have a run of one hundred nights, crowded to overflowing every night of the performance; and baths where 1600 bathers could disport themselves at the same time. I can hardly realize it, standing in the very theatre and baths where such things took place. But here they are—the Coliseum and baths of Caracalla; and the fact is forced upon you. I have tried to imagine such a vast audience, with the emperor, nobles and common folk all in their respective places, and the performance ready to begin, in which the life of man was to be taken both by wild beasts and in combat with one another. As I have stood upon the arena that has been made sacred by the blood of

the early Christians who have offered up their lives rather than deny the new faith that increased their hopes both as to this life and that to come. But looking around all is silent and still, even as the tomb, except the talking of a few guides, tourists or beggars, or the noise made by some birds that rest upon the barren walls in flocks; the splendor and magnificence have all gone ages ago, the cages for the wild beasts are open and the cells of the hated Christians are empty. All you see around is ruin and desolation, and imagination almost fails to do her duty when such contrasting elements abound. To give you an idea of its size, I will make a comparison between it and the Tabernacle, as the two are almost the same shape, if the roof of the Tabernacle was removed and its walls built much higher and seats right up to the top.

The Tabernacle is quite small. If you would make the long diameter of it about two and one-half times as large, the small diameter about three and one-half times as large as at present and increase the height of the walls a little over twice the present height, you would have a structure about the size of the Coliseum. The figures I have taken of the Tabernacle are from a real estate agent's card and I think they are about correct. There is only one part of the wall that remains at its original height, for during the dark ages it was used as a fort, manufactory and a quarry; indeed, the people (the Popes) used it to build their churches and palaces, as well as every other precious stone they could get from the other public buildings, until the time of Pope Benedict XIV, who protected it from utter destruction by setting it apart to the Passion of Christ, because so many had been martyred there for His name's sake.

The first seats above the arena were for the Emperor, senators, etc., then nobles, knights, etc., then well-to-do citizens and lastly a place for the humbler citizens, making four tiers in all. They had sailors to stretch a canvass over the open top, but I cannot imagine how they ever did it; it seems like covering in the earth. Leaving the Coliseum, close by are triumphal arches of Constantine and Titus, Appian Way, Sacra Via, Thermoe of Titus, etc., then the Forum with all its memories and a little further on the old historic Tiber.

There are only three classes of people here, viz: priests, soldiers and beggars, but I cannot tell you which are in the majority, but I rather think the priests have the greatest number on their side.

I was surprised to find almost exactly the same state of affairs here as at home, only on a much larger scale. For many years Rome was controlled and almost owned both politically and spiritually by the Pope. The King of Naples, Garibaldi and others united the different provinces of Italy into one and with the rest of the Papal States, the property of the Catholic church. They deprived the church of nearly all its lands, palaces, monasteries, convents, gold and silver amounting in all to millions (almost untold).

The church expects every year to get its political power and property back, while the State would like to find some more to fill up the empty treas-