

neglect to do all in his power to honorably perpetuate his race and maybe, in greater or less degree, his excellent capacities. Instead of having no wife, he ought rather to have a dozen. Judges unworthy to sit on the bench marry and perpetuate their unworthy kind, and other men of degraded character do the same. Strongly incumbent then is it upon an honorable and able judge like Sir Alexander to do what lies in his power legitimately to increase the number of such characters as himself in the world. It is not only his duty to do so, but it would be in the interest of justice and humanity at large if he were to take such a course.

In the New York *Herald* of July 15 are six letters from Mr. Stanley, the New York *Herald's* correspondent, describing his search for Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of Africa. The first letter is dated Kihara, Unyanyembe, September 20, 1871. This speaks of losses by death on the way—one white man, two of the armed escort, eight pagazis, two horses, and twenty-seven asses. Mirambo, king of Uyuwa, in Western Unyamwezi, levied heavy black mail upon caravans going through his dominions to Ujiji, etc., and the Arabs resolved to fight him, being confident of easy victory. Stanley was induced to aid them. Result—first day, burned three of Mirambo's villages, capturing, killing, or driving the inhabitants; second day, Stanley was taken down with remittent fever; third day, the Arabs entered Mirambo's fenced village, after an hour's fighting, Mirambo left it, lay in ambush, and routed the Arabs, killing 17 Arab commanders and five soldiers of the *Herald* expedition; fourth day, a panic and a frightful retreat, Stanley being left alone in his tembe, with eight of his attendants, including the Englishman Shaw. With these Stanley arrived at Mfuto, half way to Unyanyembe, at midnight Mirambo entered Tabora, the Arab capital of central Africa, and one mile from Kihara, with his allies, the Watuta. Mirambo nearly destroyed Tabora, burned one-fourth of it, killed five eminent Arabs, and carried away cattle, ivory and slaves. Stanley fortified up, with 150 armed men and provisions and water for five days, at the end of which time Mirambo retired with great booty. After this Stanley would have nothing more to do with the Arabs and determined to travel to Ujiji by another road. They advised him to wait till the war was over, and looked on him as a lost man for refusing. He engaged 30 Zanzibar men at treble prices, and reduced the effects of the expedition.

The second letter is dated Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, Nov. 10, 1871. Leaving the well-known western road, Stanley traveled south ten days, many of his men deserting, crossed Ukonongo, westward, entered Kawendi, took ten days' provisions, plunged into the wilderness and went north, emerging in sight of the Malagarazi River, dodging and escaping four wars. The Sultan of Nzogeta was at war with Lakanda Mira, Sultan of Uvinza, the former exacting heavy tribute, nearly ruining the expedition. Stanley crossed the Malagarazi River, but was compelled to adopt the Uhha route, always avoided by the Arabs, losing half his available property before half way through, and several times risking open rupture with the Uhha chiefs. A change of front was made, leaving the Mutware's village at midnight, plunging into the jungle and traveling parallel with the road westward twenty-five miles without halting. Next night Stanley crossed Uhha and arrived safely in Ukarangar. We quote from the letter concerning the meeting with Livingstone—

Two marches more and we were entering the suburbs of Ujiji, firing away our guns as only exuberant heroes do, to the intense astonishment of the Arabs of Ujiji, who turned out *en masse* to know what it meant.

Among those who came to question us were the servants of Dr. Livingstone, who shortly ran ahead in haste to inform him that an Englishman was coming; "Sure, sure," he was an Englishman, they said, though the American flag was in the front, held aloft by the stout arms of my gigantic Kirangozi. We entered slowly, the immense number of people who had collected about us impeding rapid progress. As we advanced the crowd became larger and more mingled with the chief Arabs, and the noise of firing and shouting became deafening. Suddenly the firing and hubbub ceased; the van of the expedition had halted.

Passing from the rear of it to the front I saw a knot of Arabs, and, in the centre, sn striking contrast to their sunburnt faces, was a pale-looking and grey-bearded white man, in a navy cap, with a faded gold band about it, and a red woolen jacket. This white man was Dr. David Livingstone, the hero traveller, the object of the search.

It was the dignity that a white man and leader of an expedition ought to possess that prevented me from running to shake hands with the venerable traveller; but when I first caught sight of him—the man with whose book on Africa I was first made acquainted when a boy—so far away from civilization, it was very tempting. False pride and the presence of the grave-looking Arab dignitaries of Ujiji restrained me and suggested to me to say with a shake of the hand,

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Yes," was the answer, with a kind smile.

Together we turned toward his house. We took seats on goatskins spread over the mud floor of his verandah. Conversation began, it would be difficult to say about what—the topics changed so rapidly, but shortly I found myself acting the part of a newspaper—I had five years of news to give him.

Our first day we passed in eating so voraciously and talking so fast, and about such manifold subjects, that it is difficult to say which we did most. But it is certain that, before retiring, he asserted his belief that I had brought new life to him; he already felt stronger and better. That night he read the packet of letters which I had brought him, the reading of which he had deferred for that time.

OGDEN KANYON.

Imposing and beautiful as are the scenic attractions in approaching the valley of the Great Salt Lake, as well as in and around that wonderful basin, I have not felt called upon to refer to them in detail, much less to attempt a description of their many and varied charms. This for at least two good reasons. In the first place, they are patent to every traveler passing over the line of the road. Secondly, the task has been undertaken by so many writers that by this time nearly every stay-at-home reader must be somewhat familiar with the most prominent and striking features of the landscape. I might add a third, and still better reason, viz., that I should signally fail to do anything like justice to the subject had I the temerity to undertake the work. It is only just, however, to such readers of the *Star* as may hereafter come over the road that some mention should be made of the locality named at the head of this paragraph. Ogden Cañon is the deep dark gorge which gashes the high mountain range just north of Ogden Junction. The entrance to it may be plainly seen from the car window in approaching that station, but the glimpse thus afforded gives the passenger no idea whatever of its extent or wonderful beauty. It is easily accessible, at a cost of not more than five dollars for two persons, and a visit to it should not be omitted by any one who can spare the time necessary to make it—certainly not by those on the lookout for the wild and grand in nature. In these respects I rank it before the far-famed Weber Cañon and Devil's Gate, through which the track of the U. P. road passes. At any rate, the leisure with which one can gaze upon and study its many attractions has the effect to impress the beholder much more favorably and deeply than the hurried glance at those two notable points which is afforded to the tired traveler as the generally belated train goes whirling and thundering through the narrow pass.

Taking a strong buggy at the village of Ogden, you have an easy if not very interesting ride over a tolerably level plain for about three miles before the gateway to the pass through the mountain is reached. Arriving here, and having made an abrupt turn in the roadway, a scene of awe-inspiring grandeur bursts upon the sight. Ogden river, swollen by heavy spring rains and fast-melting snows, comes roaring and foaming with all the angry impetuosity of the rapids of Niagara between two vertical walls of solid rock hundreds of feet high, with just enough of a shelf along its spray-dashed banks to allow a single vehicle to go safely through. A little farther along, an apparently frail but really substantial bridge spans the hurrying flood. After this is passed and another short turn made in the road, a second view, still grander, wilder, and more impressive,

meets the eye. It is as if a huge mountain of everlasting granite were cloven in twain by the hand of Omnipotence, and parted just enough to let the pent up torrent rush through. On either side stand towering and almost perpendicular masses of brown and weather-stained rock. These are unmarked by any tree or shrub, as they are inaccessible to the foot of man or animal, and they loom up so far in the clear blue air that it is hard to realize that they are not absolutely sky-reaching in their giddy and silent heights. Below, the angry river, beaten to a white foam by the cascades above, tumbles and crashes through the narrow and crooked gorge with a deafening noise, as though both the thunders of heaven and the monsters of hades had been let loose to add terrors to the scene. At short intervals the cañon widens into little bits of valleys, affording here and there a bite of herbage and a slight foothold for cattle or sheep, and then closes again to repeat, perhaps on a smaller and less grand scale, the views just adverted to. The pleasure of the ride is heightened, also, by numerous cascades and high falls of crystal water to be seen on either side of the cañon. One of these surpassed in quiet beauty any that I have ever seen,—those of the Yosemite not excepted, though it is smaller in volume and lower as to height than most of those in that wonderful place.

At a distance of about six miles from its mouth the cañon divides, one fork bearing eastwardly, while the other and main branch continues nearly due north. Here the scenery becomes tamer, and as we found at this point an extensive and deep bank of snow with which to cool the accompaniments of a slight lunch taken with us we somewhat reluctantly came to a halt, and shortly afterwards retraced our steps. On our way back we were so fortunate as to be able to get a few fresh brook trout from some fishermen who were trying the stream, and a most delicious addition they were to a well cooked dinner served up to us on our return to the unpretending but very cosy little hotel in Ogden.

The day thus spent, with a beautiful sunset following, and the gorgeous play of colors on the lake and mountain ranges about Ogden in early twilight, was one of the pleasantest of my life, and I trust that many readers of the *Star* may be quickened by what I have said to visit the place and see for themselves what I have so imperfectly described. I feel sure most of them who do so will enjoy it as keenly as I did. For the benefit of such, I strongly advise first a visit to Salt Lake City—which should be made, indeed, by all sight-seers who cross the continent. Those westward bound who wish to visit Ogden cañon should then leave the city on the morning instead of the afternoon train. This brings them to the junction about eleven o'clock, leaving them ample time to drive through the cañon and get a good dinner on returning long before the train leaves for San Francisco in the evening. As I said before, the cost of the detour is comparatively trifling, when the attractions of the spot are taken into account.

Before parting from the cañon, I feel that something ought to be said in praise of the enterprise and liberality which constructed a wagon road through so difficult a pass. To connect a little settlement above with the main valley this free thoroughfare of some twelve miles in length was built, at a cost, in labor and money, of not much less than one hundred thousand dollars; and, in spite of the obstacles to be surmounted, the road is an excellent one. Indeed it is safe to say that few communities older and richer than the few poor Mo'ons who did the work, and with apparently far more need of communication, would have accomplished so much in the same direction. It is another and very strong bit of evidence in support of what I have said in a previous letter about the energy and foresight shown by Mr. Young in developing the material resources of the Territory. I repeat that, with the means at his command, what he has accomplished in this way is quite as surprising and adds fully as much to his reputation for executive ability as his management of church affairs.—*K. in Washington Star.*

The Earth Out of Order.

The London *Telegraph*, alluding to the inundations, earthquakes, etc., which have visited Europe lately, says: "Something surely must be the matter with the internal and external

health of the little planet upon which we live. The earth is apparently out of order, and her malady takes the form of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, cyclones, and hurricanes in the warmer latitudes, and of damp, wretched, or ruinous floods in the colder regions. We Britons have passed a moist, ungenial spring here at home, and our farmers begin to ask each other with anxiety whether the drenched grain crops can be nursed by any amount of future sunshine into a good harvest. Meantime the sun does not come, or will not stay when it does come; and the grass, which has been growing fast with all this wet, wants bright skies to make it seed and mellow properly. But the state of things upon many parts of the Continent is far more serious. During the last fifteen or twenty days floods of extraordinary volume have ravaged some of the finest and most fruitful parts of mid-Europe. Bohemia has especially suffered.

"A tremendous rainstorm recently broke over the district above Prague; and such torrents have since rolled from mountain and upland that the rivers of that province are like raging seas, while fully one eighth of its pastures and arable lands lie under water. Houses and farmsteads have been swept away; whole villages, indeed, have disappeared, with live stock, stacks, implements, and what is worse than all, scores, nay, it is said hundreds, of the agricultural inhabitants. The Moldau and Eger, thus permanently swollen, have poured a monstrous volume into the Elbe, which has in turn flooded its banks with great damage. Other German rivers have similarly burst their bounds, and even steady Father Rhine has gone mad and submerged the country near Strasburg; while further off the Moselle, near Nancy, presents the aspect of a vast and tempestuous lake. Switzerland has experienced a corresponding visitation. At Berne the Aar has overflowed into the town; Friburg and the Valais are drenched, the pleasant cantons near and far beneath the Bernese and Pennine Alps have seen their bridges swept away, their growing rye and oats laid low, and their hay crop sodden.

"But, next to Bohemia, the case of North Italy appears perhaps the worst. The lakes and rivers of Lombardy have been gorged with a flood of waters equaling or exceeding that which came down in 1869. The mountain roads of the Simplon and St. Gothard have been rent and blocked by furious torrents, bursting their embankments and leaping through the massive bridges which span them. The Sesia, Maggia and other Alpine channels which lead the upper waters to the plains, have flung a foaming deluge into the lakes of Maggiore, Lugano and Como, and these, no longer able to discharge it fast enough by the Ticina, Adda and Po, have risen above bank and wall, and laid the flax and mulberry districts of Lombardy under a sea of inundation which stands half way up the telegraph poles, and is reported to have wrought ruin estimated at many millions of livres. We might lengthen the melancholy catalogue of damages by spaking of the Loire, the Rhine and many other rivers of France which have followed the example of the Alta-Italian streams, but enough has been said, no doubt, to prove that while our farmers are soaked, those of neighboring countries have been deluged, i., indeed, the worst be over yet."

A SCOTCH PRAYER.—"God bless this house and all within twa miles ilka side this house. O bless the cow and the meal, and the kail yard, and the muckle toun o' Dumbarton. O God! bless the Scotch Greys that are in lien' in Hamilton barracks. They are brave chieft— they are not the English whelps that dash their foot against a stone, and damn the soul o' the stone—as if a stone had a soul to be saved. O put a strong dyke between us and the wild Irish. O, Lord, preserve us fra a' witches and warlocks, and a' lang nebbet beasties that gang through the heather. O Lord! put a pair of branks about the king o' France's neck—gie me the halter in my ain hand, that I may lead him about when I like, for thy name's sake—Amen!"

At Little Cottonwood, of consumption, July 20th, at 11 55 p. m., JULIA FRANCE DIBBLE, wife of Walter Henry Atwood, and daughter of John and Amanda Dibble.

Born at Darien, Fairfield Co., Conn., Feb. 5, 1846. Deceased was buried in Salt Lake City Cemetery, July 22nd, at 2 p. m. She lived and died a Saint, beloved by all who knew her.

Connecticut papers, please copy.