

part of upper Grass valley lying in Plute county. It extends from the county line on the north for a distance of fifteen miles in a southwesterly direction to the "Narrows" and embraces the town of Koosharem, and the scattered settlers residing along Otter creek, Greenwich creek and Box creek. The ward has seventy-three families and is presided over by a newly appointed Bishopric, consisting of Edward A. Bagley, Geo. A. Hatch and Charles E. Torgensen. The town of Koosharem is pleasantly situated on the west side of Otter creek and about midway between the mountains on the east and west. It is two miles south of the boundary line between Plute and Sevier counties, thirty-four miles northeast of the village of Marien, in Garfield county, thirty-six miles southeast of Richfield, in Sevier county, and about eight miles southwest of the south end of the celebrated Fish lake.

The village of Burrville is located on Battle creek, near the confluence of that stream with Otter creek, in Sevier county. The Burrville ward embraces the village of Burrville and the scattered settlers residing in the extreme upper end of Grass valley in what is called Peateau. The ward has twenty-two families, besides a number who do not belong to the Church.

Grass Valley extends from the northeast to the southwest for a distance of about forty-five miles, and has an average width of three miles. Owing to its high altitude the early settlers lost considerable of their grain through frost, but of late years the Lord has tempered the elements in a most marvellous manner, and good grain now matures throughout the entire length of the valley. Before it was settled it was one of the best grazing districts in Utah, and stock were taken there from Sanpete Valley and other parts of the country and herded during the summer season. The culture of trees has not been practised very extensively up to the present, but some of the more thrifty farmers are now setting out shade trees and orchards which in due course of time will change the appearance of the settlements like the towns and villages on the lower Sevier valley.

This morning, in company with Bishop Whitehead, of Burrville, I have come over a rough mountainous road to this romantic spot (Fish lake) in the tops of the mountains and from here I proceed to Rabbit valley.

ANDREW JENSON.
FISH LAKE, Plute county, Utah,
June 12, 1891

ON THE OCEAN.

The Utah excursion party of thirty-four persons which left New York on the S. S. "Wisconsin," of the Gulfon line, at 5:10 p. m. on Saturday, June 8th, had a prosperous passage. On the third day out a rolling sea was encountered. It was the lag-end of the storm met by the unfortunate "City of Richmond," whose cargo took fire and threatened the passengers and crew with a terrible death. The rolling waves caused us to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for several days. It became necessary to place frames on

the dining tables of the saloon, in order to prevent the soup tureens leaping into the air and alighting on the heads of the passengers, who, as a rule, do not take kindly to "liquid nourishment" as hairdressing.

The utmost precautions fail to prevent awkward accidents, in which soup plays a conspicuous part, on ship board. For instance, one of the stewards unintentionally poured a plateful of the almost boiling liquid upon the back of the neck of a youthful passenger, who was seated next to your correspondent. The affliction was borne with exemplary patience, which was rewarded by the steward whispering to the victim that he would take the grease spot out of his coat collar. A very active typical Englishman on the opposite side of the table was subjected to a similar accident at the hands of another steward, who lost his balance by a sudden lurch of the ship. As the hot liquid coursed down his spinal column he darted to his feet and leaned forward, while his facial expression might have given the idea that he had swallowed a pin. He then made a dash for his berth room. It was plain to be seen that when he wished to take soup he preferred it in the usual way.

As the rolling process increased, the appetites of the passengers diminished. At the initial stage of the voyage the saloon tables were filled at every meal. Gradually the company thinned down to scarcely enough to make a corporal's guard. It was a practical illustration of the scientific theory of "the survival of the fittest."

On deck there were numerous instances of enforced activity. A passenger would be promenading quietly when he would suddenly appear as if he had seen something a short distance away and had just started on a dead run in order to clutch it before it vanished. A member of our party was comfortably seated on a campstool. It suddenly slid from under him. At the same time he took an involuntary seat on the deck and shot with great velocity toward the side-rail, where he collided with a chair. The result was an injured arm, which was broken at the point. It was the arm of the chair. These incidents generally afford much merriment to the spectators. The persons to whom they occur seldom join in the hilarity.

Some people become weary on ship-board because they see nothing but sameness. The only conditions affording them the stimulus given by variety are the changes of the weather. Wherever a large number of persons are congregated in a fairly comfortable situation, the observant voyageur will find amusement and profit in the study of human characteristics.

Late on the evening of the date on which the "Wisconsin" departed from New York, there was seated, in the rear part of the vessel, a short, stout gentleman with a remarkably florid face, which had a close resemblance in color to the "new-fangled" tint known as crushed strawberry. He, without introduction or ceremony, invited the writer to take a seat by his side, and, with childlike frankness, related his story thus:

"I have been in America forty-three years, thirty-eight of which have been spent in the city of C—, where I was running a business. The reason I'm

taking this thrip to the ould sod is because me wife died last January. I thought the journey would divert me attention from me beravement and help me to stand the trial, for niver was there a better wife in the world than me Mary.. She was as clane as a pin; niver an indacent word was iver spoken by her, and niver a dhrop of liquor iver passed the lips of that woman, but she always kept it on hand to give to her frinds when they visited the house. When I would go home inaehereated, as I sometimes did, to my shame be it said, she would niver say a word the same night, but shure an she was up bright and early the next morning, and lectured me in great shape. Shure and if every Irishman had as good a wife as Mary was to me, there would be more happiness than there is now. Well, it's a long time since I was in Ireland. I was a young fellow when I left it, and now I'm going to look at the places where I used to rob birds' nests."

Here was a simple drama in real life, including pathos, humor and domestic economy. Some might have considered the old gentleman a bore, but to a person possessed of sympathy—which is the quality that causes its possessor to be interested in the woes and joys of others—he was a character in whom was embodied remarkable simplicity, a kindly heart, complicated with regrettable human weakness.

One warm afternoon this same kindly disposed Irishman was seated on deck, sound asleep. His head hung over the edge of the back of his chair, and his rubicund face was partially upturned in consequence, while his mouth was wide agape. His feet were tilted, à la American, exhibiting a pair of number eleven soles. The grotesque situation of the veteran Hibernian caught the artistic eye of a stumpy Englishman, whose body was, in consequence of the shortness of his legs, always in close proximity to the deck, even when he was standing up. He dashed into his cabin and soon re-appeared with a mysterious instrument in his hands. It was a loaded kodak, which he placed in position opposite the somnolent Irishman and, in a trice, had a photograph of the figure. The Englishman informed the writer, in a confidential tone, that he would give the picture to one of the comic papers.

On Sunday evening a sectarian preacher located in the intermediate department delivered a sulphurous sermon in the dining hall of that part of the ship. This person would have been a suitable subject for the graphic pen of Charles Dickens. He was aged about sixty, and of short, square figure, so that each of his stocky lower limbs appeared to come out of separate corners of the trunk, like a couple of synopsisized posts from a sack of flour. His eyes were large and his nostrils wide, while his mouth was capacious. In the latter he almost constantly wore—except while preaching or sleeping—a short, black tobacco pipe, on which he wasted much energy, and on which he bestowed a depth of devotion worthy of something nobler, which might easily have been found. His discourse, which was accompanied by tremendous thumping