

tion and that of the ancient navigator. Doubtless he was quite proud of his high-pooped, broad-bottomed Dutch yacht, Half Moon, as the quaint old vessel slowly ascended the river before the breeze or tacked awkwardly from bank to bank against it. Many perhaps have tried to imagine his thoughts and feelings of this noble stream for the first time. But it is not unlikely that, being a strange country, with savagery anywhere around, he was thinking more than anything else of the dangers of his position—ambuscades and arrows—Mohawks and tomahawks. If he admired at all we could judge to some extent what his impressions were by our own, as we viewed the landscape on that same September day, for although nearly three centuries have rolled away, the river scenery is practically the same today as it was then—the same cliffs and lowlands, the same profusion of stately woods, of grassy slopes, of undulating hills repeated into the misty distance. Civilization has indeed added a few features to the landscape, but diminished none of its beauty.

But let us step on board our modern craft and do a little exploring ourselves. Emerging from the shelter of the pier at Debrosses street, New York, we at once join the busy traffic of the North River, or mouth of the Hudson. This is the "working ground" of numerous ferry boats, which ply, day and night, between New York and the Jersey side. This is also the thoroughfare for the ships of the civilized world, laden with the products of many lands. Through this interesting scene of commercial activity we thread our way carefully and presently pass into freer waters. We pass on the left Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken; on the right, that unromantic, "business-end" of New York City, Manhattan Island, with its motley array of "sky-scrappers" and fringed quite appropriately with masts and steamer-stacks, and now we are in the domain of "Nature adorned," the Hudson of the poet and the painter.

We will briefly examine its points of chief interest. The first object to attract the artist is the "Palisades," a natural wall of rock extending some twenty miles along the western riverfront, and varying in height from fifty to several hundred feet. The vertical dip of the strata gives a ribbed or fence-like appearance to the formation, and hence the name. Beyond on the other side of the river, is the pretty village of Irvington. The village is named after Washington Irving, who used to live there in a castle, not far from the water's edge. The castle was purchased and enlarged by the late Jay Gould, and it looks very picturesque, as its white, old-fashioned tower peers over the trees. In Irvington, Tarrytown, Yonkers and neighboring country, on either side of the "American Rhine," are located the summer residences of many of New York's aristocracy. Millionaire estates stretch out for miles in woods and parks and lawns, like an immense garden, while here and there a stately mansion peeps from its cluster of green to break the solitude. A few miles up the river and we pass "from the sublime to the ridiculous," from Irving's castle to Sing Sing! Thoughts of chequered suits and careers, life sentences and electrocution cross the mind at sight of those grim-looking state buildings along the river side. Proceeding still northward we pass through the widest part of the river, Haverstraw Bay, and enter the far-famed "Highlands." Here we view the "mountain scenery" of the New Yorker, and of course the uneven ground is quite a change to him after the monotonous level of the "Harlem Heights" or the Bowery.

Some of the cliffs and hills, such as "Anthony's Nose," "Stony Point," "Storm Kink" and "Sugar Loaf," are very pretty. As we turn a bend in the river we suddenly see the Great Cranston hotel before us on a high bank, and immediately beyond it we see a glimpse of that military school of national repute—West Point. As its name implies, it is situated on the west side of the river on a point of land around which the Hudson sweeps majestically, and commands a fine view of its winding course in either direction.

Ten miles from West Point, and sixty from New York city, we pass the town of Newburgh, where still stands, plainly visible to the river—tourist, the old house that General Washington used as headquarters while campaigning in those parts. The scenery north of Newburgh is mediocre, with the exception of the Catskills, the legendary long resting place of Rip Van Winkle. It is indeed quite a treat to see a few hills, after gazing pensively for months over the flatlands of Long Island. Still when it comes to grand mountain scenery, the "Highlands" and Catskills are rather tame to a "westerner." They may bunch together all their big hills and little mountains, and still our old Wasatch with its sky-born "Twin-peaks" would tower above them all. And now, while far down the river, we can already see the colossal form of the new Capitol building standing out in the bold relief. Within an hour we are landed on the wharf, our ten hours' ride is over, and we stand in the capital city of New York state—Albany.

Perhaps a few words about the state building may not be uninteresting. In form it reminds me of the Salt Lake city and county building, but the size of course is much larger. The difference in size, however, is not at all proportionate to the difference in cost. Statistics inform me that over twenty-two million dollars have been already spent in its construction, and it is still far from being finished. It seems to be one of those political jobs of eternal duration. Whenever there has been a change in state government there has been a corresponding change in bosses, workmen and plans. When the building was begun I found no eye-witness old enough to tell me. Perhaps I did not inquire around enough. At any rate, it is many years ago. I was told that the job is now under contract to be completed in a specified time (two years, I believe) so perhaps the edifice will thus be rescued from everlasting incompleteness.

From Albany I went by way of Troy to Cohoes. I was much interested in Cohoes—both in the name and place. The name is of uncertain derivation, and equally uncertain seems to be the spelling of it. A history of Cohoes states that a local postal clerk compiled a list of the different spellings of the name on letters passing through the mail, and he found 117 variations, all given in the history! And yet Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" But then, of course, he knew nothing of Cohoes and its unsettled orthography. Cohoes is called the Spindle city because of its numerous spinning factories. Cotton cloth is the chief product.

I enjoyed my trip very much. The aged sisters were glad to see an Elder, to converse upon the Gospel and exchange testimonies. I administered the Sacrament to them and encouraged them in the work of God. Saints in their condition fully appreciate the society of their brethren and sisters, and Church privileges which are sometimes treated with indifference

are under such circumstances valued beyond price.

D. J. WATTS.

CEDAR CITY BOOM.

Cedar City, Iron Co., Sept. 28th, 1897.—Cedar City has a boom, an educational boom. There are now three large educational interests under the close watchcare of all the citizens of Cedar, for in conversation with every man you meet it would seem from the interest taken that every one was a trustee or member of some one of the school boards. These three school interests are the district schools, the Church academy, and the State normal school. The latter seems to draw the greatest part of the attention just now, for the people here feel justly proud of the fact that they have hastily finished and presented to the State a fine brick building, originally designed for ward purposes, lectures, balls, etc., in the main hall of the upper story, with the lower divided into compartments for Sunday school work. The dimensions are 45x91x35 feet to the square. This building but a few weeks ago was only up some fourteen feet, but the rock and lumber were on hand for its completion. When the commission concluded to give Cedar the normal school, the people responded to the call of the brethren in charge, and for a few days as many as forty men and boys have been seen helping in its erection. From the fresh new appearance of the shingles, metal work of its roofing, and paint, with the Stars and Stripes proudly waving from its highest point, it looks as though it might have been built in a day. It is a solid evidence of the earnestness and union of the brethren in this line. The building has been temporarily turned over to the State—and is today occupied by some fifty students, under Professors Bennion, Decker, Driggs and a Miss Spencer of Draper—with the expectation of an attendance reaching over one hundred before winter fairly sets in. An outlay of thirteen hundred dollars in school furniture has been made, and this gives a bright, cheerful appearance to the class rooms.

The strong men of Cedar, in the persons of F. W. Webster, John Leigh, Robert Bullock, Joseph S. Hunter, the Corys and the Jones family and others have secured a loan of some thirty thousand dollars, with fifty thousand of their noted sheep herd stock in security, for the purpose of erecting the State normal school building next season upon a beautiful and commanding site of fifteen acres, situated at the southwest corner of the town, from which a grand view of mountain and plain is obtained. The people of Cedar have undertaken quite a heavy task, in the erection of this normal school; but they are an active set, and well on with the work. Already they have three companies of men making brick; their mills in the mountains are sawing the lumber; and with the eight or nine strong men on the lead, who are in such close touch with the people of the town, the work will be successfully accomplished, and be the joy and pride of this wide-awake southern city.

Success to Cedar in her admirable ambition in the educational line; and may the faith and confidence which her people manifest in each other continue and abound.

ALBERT JONES.

If tobacco is good only for sick cattle, the kine of this generation must be exceedingly prolific, to say nothing of their affliction.