

inferior to that of the tropics, but still satisfying to my hunger. After I had eaten all I thought best, the older lady handed to me what looked like a withered apple. The skin was so hard and tough and the general appearance so forbidding that I politely returned it. But the kind old dame saw that I was not familiar with the fruit, so to teach me its use, she bit a hole through the rind, and showed me the inside. It was filled with a thick syrup-like pulp which I tasted and found to be very delicious. It was like the jelly flavored with sherry wine, which my Gertrude used to prepare for me, and, smiling my approval of it, I soon disposed of the contents and beckoned for another. It was given with some apparent reluctance, which I soon understood, for I had not finished sucking it when I began to feel quite exhilarated. I afterwards found that the *tene*, as this curious fruit is called, is too excessively sweet to be eaten when ripe, and that it is allowed to remain upon the trees, or rather bushes, till fermentation has given an alcoholic quality to the pulp. In this state the natives count it their choicest fruit, not only as a means of festivity but as a medicine. It is the first instance I have ever seen of the natural production of alcohol, though there may be others not known to me. The *tene* will adhere to its tree till dried to a husk, if not plucked, but taken off at the proper time and laid away, it remains good for many months.

After three days in the little hut, attended by the same women, and seeing no man, I began to feel as if I had the strength to get up, and was eager to go out and see the strange country and people. I also felt an appetite for more substantial and stimulating food than my nurses provided. A piece of salt junk and hard bread would then have been a luxury. My first attempt to rise was a failure, and I resigned myself as well as I could to longer confinement. On the fifth day I succeeded in rising, and crept through the low door of the hut. The scene that met my sight I am unable to describe. It was so unlike anything I had before witnessed in any part of the earth that I lack words to convey a right impression of it. I can only attempt some rough outlines. I was in the midst of a thousand huts or more, like that I had just left, some larger some smaller, and among them, in groups, were thousands of people, so fragile, so ethereal in aspect that I could hardly believe them to be flesh and blood. The average height of the men was about four feet, and of the women two or three inches less. Their features were delicate, their skins almost preternaturally white and transparent, their hair flaxen with a slight golden tint, their eyes blue and tender, but large and singularly expressive, and their bodies so slender and graceful that they lacked but wings to make them birds. A Frenchman would have called them a race of perfect blonds. Their bird-like appearance was heightened by the only article of dress worn by them, a girdle woven with feathers about their loins, which swayed gracefully as they moved. The girdles of the women were generally of white feathers; those of the men gray or mottled. The young children were entirely naked. The only ornaments of the women were tufts or wreaths of natural flowers entwined with their hair. I had time to notice these things as the people gathered about me, for the news that I was out spread very rapidly through the village, and I was soon conscious of thousands of curious eyes inspecting my person. But they were not the eyes of savages. No eyes could have been more friendly, and those who were nearest me expressed in every possible way their satisfaction at my recovery. I subsequently learned that they had expected me to die, and had kept away from my lodging that they might not disturb my last hours. Some of the children were quite inclined to be familiar, and offered me nuts and flowers. One little girl overcame her distrust sufficiently to permit me to kiss her. The operation was evidently new to these people, for they showed unmistakable surprise at it, and I afterwards saw several of the children trying it upon each other, and apparently much amused by it. Their common token of endearment was a gentle pat upon the cheek or other part of the body. My attention was divided between the people and the scenery, the latter being equally novel with the former, and the people understood and enjoyed my manifest surprise and delight.

Before me rose majestically what seemed a real pillar of fire. It was evidently some miles distance, and rose straight from earth to sky, of a width covering an eighth or a tenth of the visi-

ble horizon. The pillar was not flame, but it radiated both light and heat. It was sometimes of a bright, steady light throughout; then changed to corrascations and flashes, some of them attended with loud, crackling noises; then melted into beautiful rainbow hues; or separated into cones and shafts that danced like so many fairies. High up in the air the flames radiated in all directions and were gradually lost in the distance. I had no doubt that the phenomena were electrical, and I felt that I was standing near the source of the beautiful aurora borealis, which I had observed with so much wonder since I entered the Northern Ocean. I also understood how the climate here should be as bland as that of Germany in June, and how animal and vegetable life could thrive as I saw it around me. The sun revolved just above the horizon for nearly the whole day, and indeed its rays gilded the distant mountains in the few hours of partial darkness, or what would have been so but for the constant pillar of fire. At the time I am describing the sun was just passing behind the bright pillar, and half hidden by it, added to the singular beauty of the scene. Upon the opposite horizon rose majestic mountains, along the sides of the loftiest of which, near their summits, were banks of ice or snow, which reflected the dancing flames. Below the mountains was a circle of hills, covered with dark forests; from these the country sloped gradually to where I sat, and thence to the foot of the pillar of flame. This is as it then looked to me. Subsequent explorations revealed other and different features. For the time I was weary in body and mind, and my eyes pained by the irregular light, and, making my silent adieu as best I could, I sought rest and seclusion in the hut.

#### LIFE IN WAHNO.

After a few days more of rest I was strong enough to go about, and my first attention was given to the search for more satisfying food. It was evident that the natives lived wholly upon vegetable food, and apparently upon such articles as were naturally produced, for I saw no sign of cultivation. Indeed, the only labor, so far as I could perceive, consisted in obtaining feathers and weaving their sole garment, in constructing huts, and in gathering the edibles, which were very abundant for these people, but I thought that a dozen lusty Germans might have eaten all that this populous village required, and yet been half starved. The small bread-fruit I have mentioned and the large ground-nuts constituted the bulk of their supplies, and berries and plums were abundant through nearly the whole year. I afterwards found that those which grew in the colder region nearest the mountains were quite like the small fruits of Germany. The raspberry was the same, and it was more agreeable to my taste than anything else I could find, partly, no doubt, from its revival of home associations. The natives preferred the fruit growing in the low valleys near the central radiator, which were more tropical, and sweeter, but more dry and tough. The birds which the natives caught among the hills, mostly eider ducks and large white geese, they stripped of their choicest plumage and then threw away. It was from one of the ducks, that a native had just plucked, that I made my first satisfactory meal here. But it cost me a great deal of labor and patience, for these simple children of nature are as ignorant of fire as of most things pertaining to civilization, and when I kindled some moss and sticks among the rocks—for I had fortunately brought a box of matches in my pocket—and cooked, or half cooked, my duck, the process was watched with the utmost astonishment by a crowd of people. Their astonishment turned to disgust when I proceeded to eat my roast duck.

But I have gone ahead of my story, and perhaps may as well abandon the attempt to keep to the order of events any further. Before I made another dinner of duck, I succeeded in making some of the men understand that I wished to visit my boat. They led me a brisk walk to the place, for these creatures have so little weight to carry, and are so lithe and quick of motion that they scarcely touch the ground, while I have a solid German body, which in spite of my long fast, outweighs any four of theirs. It was some eight miles, I should judge, to the spot where I had come ashore, and to reach it we passed up the valley of a small mountain stream to an opening between two mountains, and then down a dry gulch to the ocean on the other side. This was much the nearest point to the ocean from the

interior valley. The change of temperature in the short distance was very great. In the valley the air was so warm I had doubted about wearing my coat; here I was chilled by the breeze from the sea, and my companions were in great haste to go back to a more comfortable place. But I induced them by earnest gestulations to stop long enough to help me move my boat higher up under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, where I saw that I could easily build a perfect shelter for it, as I afterwards did, with fir trees cut in the gulch. For the present I was satisfied to know my boat was safe and to find in it my leather pouch, a hatchet and the remains of an old ship's log, which our men had taken from the ship to use for wadding for their muskets while at Edges Island. The torn and dirty leaves have been of great service to me, enabling me to make these imperfect notes of my adventures, and thus to solace many hours that would otherwise have been miserable enough.

[NOTE.—From this point the journal of Forssman is more defective and disconnected, some of it so much so that I am obliged to omit passages from which I can obtain no consistent meaning. I may also say, here, that Mr. Brown, my translator, has made the English much more perfect than Forssman's German, and so more intelligible, but at the expense of the quaintness and simplicity of the original.—A. B.]

#### LANGUAGE, CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS.

I suppose it to be now August, in the year of our Lord 1855. I have been here nearly a year, and have seen considerable of the country, which the natives call *Wahno*, after the central chasm and pillar of fire which is called *Wah* or *Weyah*. The same name is applied to the Deity, whose residence they locate within or beneath the chasm, as nearly as I can understand, for their ideas are either not very definite or I do not quite comprehend them. The latter is very likely the explanation, as I do not yet know their language well. It is a simple and meagre language, with some eighteen or twenty sounds or letters, and a very limited number of words. The difficulty in acquiring the language is that its lack of words is supplied by gestulations and by significant expressions of the countenance. What may be called the language of the eyes is very full with this people, and doubtless this is what gives their eyes such peculiar expression, beyond anything I have ever seen before. They have no words for *up*, *down*, *over*, *under*, and many other relation of things, but express these by corresponding motions of the hands, so that eyes are quite as necessary as ears to a listener. I have attempted to make a written alphabet of the language, using the German letters to represent like and similar words, and have found it a great help to me in learning the language, which I can now speak pretty well, but do not understand as readily when spoken by the natives, because of their rapidity of utterance and gestulation. They make the qualifying gesture or expression of countenance simultaneously with speaking the word. For instance when they would say "over the mountain," they will make a half circular motion with the hand, which signifies *over*, at the same instant they are speaking the word *kankin*, mountains. I think a Frenchman would more readily follow them than I can. Though they have no written language, the Wahnos have many mythical and historical ballads, preserved by frequent repetition and singing, some of which I have endeavored to take down and translate into German.

(To be continued.)

ECHO CITY.—Our regular dispatch from Echo City reports matters moving along with a fair show for law and order prevailing through the winter term. There are some nice specimens of American citizens there, as well as the genus *homo*, who contrive to live by whisky-peddling, and yet don't have enough to pay a moderate fine when assessed, for a license is a relic of barbarism in which they do not believe. A little gambling, a good deal of whisky walking around, big looks with muttered imprecations about being "ruled by Mormons," and an earnest desire strongly expressed to "run the machine" after the most approved method of the "civilization" which prevails in railroad towns, are the leading characteristics of Echo city at present. Justice Livingston keeps moving along quietly but determinedly. We wish him success in his efforts to have the laws respected and peace reign. Gentlemen gamblers, Utah objects to recognizing your institutions. In almost every civilized country gamblers are theoretically under the ban of the laws they have broken; in this Territory we wish to see the law enforced and respected.

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S. L. City, Jan. 13, 1861.

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#### To Whom it may Concern:

THE United States Surveyor General's Office for the Territory of Utah, established by Act of Congress approved July 16, 1863, and located by order of the Secretary of the Interior at Salt Lake City, has been organized and is now open for the transaction of business. Surveyor General's Office, Salt Lake City Utah, November 17, 1863.

JOHN A. CLARK,  
Surveyor General of Utah.  
w42 3m