

News, when Joel Chandler Harris was one of its editors. He rose to be a reporter, and soon began to write verse. Later on he edited a country newspaper, and his poems in it were widely copied. Then the Constitution took him on its staff, and now at thirty-eight he is as widely quoted as any writer of the United States. His poetry is simple, tender and full of soul. It has cheered many a poor man and woman, and thousands have dropped tears while reading some of his sadder poems. Mr. Stanton is a poet of hope rather than despair. His verse is stimulating and helpful, and he looks on the right side of things.

During my call upon him I asked him to write me something for this letter. In reply he penned the two little poems which follow. The first reads:

Oh, the future sky is the bluest sky,
With never a cloud in view;
But the sky today is the truest sky,
And that is the sky for you!

The second poem is more in dialect. It reads:

This world that we're a-livin in
Is purty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But—ain't the roses sweet?"

Mr. Hamlin Garland has spent some months here at Washington, working upon his life of Grant. He has already put in fifteen months of solid labor getting his material, and he is not yet half through. He has traveled over Grant's footsteps almost from his birth to his death, and he says that he hopes to be able to tell the story of General Grant with all the truthful romance there is in it. Said he to me the other night:

"I think the truth about Grant is more interesting than any novel could be, and I feel that a book can be made which will be historically true and at the same time have literary merit. My book will be a complete life of Grant. It will give the story of his boyhood, the struggles of his early manhood, the bright and dark days of the civil war, and his final triumphs and death."

"Will it be a large book?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Garland. "It will contain, I suppose, about 125,000 words, and will sell for \$1.50. There will be one edition published with illustrations and one which will be printed on good paper without illustrations. This last will be my favorite. I hope to make it so good that it will be readable without the pictures."

Hamlin Garland has made a reputation within the last few years as the poet of the pioneers. The story of his own life is quite as interesting as anything he has written. He told it to me the other night, describing how he was born in Wisconsin, the son of a poor farmer, and how he went with his father to Iowa, and later on to Dakota, trying to make a living by farming. The poems he has written have been to a large extent based upon his own experiences. They have the flavor of the soil about them, and his field of literature, which he considers that of the pioneer, is one in which he is thoroughly at home. During my chat he referred to his boyhood on the farm, and upon my suggesting that farm work was not very hard he replied that I was mistaken, and said:

"I don't know what you call hard work, but if you have ever plowed you know something of what work is. I plowed seventy acres of land when I was ten years old, and more each year after that. I was so small that I had to

reach up to catch hold of the handles of the plough, but I did it. I can remember well how I felt when I started out for my first plowing in the spring. My muscles were then tender, my feet sank down into the soil throwing my weight on the ankles and tendons of the feet. By the end of the first day I was almost ready to drop with pain, but I had to go on. And how my bones did ache the next morning when I was called to go to work. I worked right along, however, going to school in the winter until I was fifteen. Then I went to the Cedarville Academy. This was about five miles from my home. It was a good school, and there I got the bulk of my education."

The conversation here turned to Mr. Hamlin's literary work, and he told me how he was first led to write by reading Hawthorne's "Moses From An Old Manse." This book so delighted him that he wanted to write essays like it for a living, and he practiced at this during the intervals of his school teaching and studying for years. It was not until he was older that he attempted fiction or poetry. The story of his first published article is a curious one. Said he:

"My first literary success was a poem which I wrote for Harper's Weekly, entitled 'Lost in the North.' It was a poem describing a blizzard and the feelings of a man lost in it. I received \$25 for it."

"That must have been a good deal of money to you then, Mr. Garland?"

"It was," was the reply. "It was my first money in literature, and I spent it upon my father and mother. I paid \$5 for a copy of 'Grant's Memoirs,' which I sent father, and with the remaining \$20 I bought a silk dress for my mother. It was the first silk dress she had ever had."

"When did you write your first fiction?"

"My mother got half of the money I received for that," replied Mr. Garland, "as it was due to her that I wrote it. I had been studying in Boston for several years, when I went out to Dakota to visit my parents. The night after I arrived I was talking with mother about old times and old friends. She told me how one family had gone back to New York for a visit and had returned very happy in getting back to their western home. As she told the story the pathos of it struck me. I went into another room and began to write. The story was one of the best chapters of my book 'Main Traveled Roads.' I read it to mother, and she liked it, and upon telling her that I thought it was worth at least \$75 she replied: 'Well, if that is so I think you ought to divvy with me, for I gave you the story.' 'I will,' said I, and so when I got my \$75 I sent her a check for \$37.50. I got many other good suggestions during that trip to Dakota. I wrote poems and stories. Some of the stories were published in the Century Magazine, and I remember that I received \$600 within two weeks from its editors. It was perhaps a year later before I published my first book. I had a good sale, and I have been writing from that day to this."

Hamlin Garland spends a part of every year in the west. He has bought the old home place where he was born in Wisconsin, and he has there a little farm of four acres, upon which he raises asparagus, strawberries, onions and bushels of other things. His mother

lives with him. During my talk with him the other night he said: "I like the west and the western people. I have been brought up with them, and I expect to devote my life to writing about them. I spend a portion of each summer on the Rocky mountains, camping out. I like to go where I can sleep in the open air and have elbow room away from the crowded city."

During the chat I asked Mr. Garland for a manuscript verse or so of his poetry. He replied that he would give me a poem which had never been published. "It is," said he, "a curious thing, and it was made in a curious way. I got out of bed to write it one night not long ago, and I can't tell how it came into my head. It is a dialect verse, representing the reverie of a game warden, who was looking over the fields which once formed the hunting grounds of the estate upon which he was employed." Here it is.

A SURVIVAL.

Here, I send i' the murk o' the weather
An' whussle atween ma thoombs,
But niver a boon is at his tether
An' niver a hootsman coomes.

The wind is wet as the heather;
The hawk sails low today;
Niver were seen such weather;
Waastlin-wa-aslin a mon will say.

The moor is plooded lak a meller's garden;
The hills are planted wi' carn;
There's naught now left for the pair old worden
But to hang oop the rusty barn.

Naught but to stond i' the murk i' the weather
An' whussle atween ma thoombs,
Though niver a hoon toogs at his tether,
An' niver a hootsman cooms.

Frank G. Carpenter

TOWNS OF SANPETE VALLEY.

In no other place in the State has President Brigham Young left a more beautiful and enduring monument of his judgment and prophetic foresight than in his choice of a location for the Manti Temple. No matter at what point we reach the valley, it is the first thing which attracts the attention. There it stands, a huge white pillar, like some mighty celestial guard watching over the destinies of this State of Zion. Naturally therefore, Manti the temple city is the center of scenic attraction in the valley; and it is questionable whether, with such prestige, the city will ever lose the honor of standing at the head of civil affairs in the country.

Sanpete valley, if not as picturesque as Utah valley, has many beautiful features. It lies between two parallel ranges of the Wasatch mountains, and is drained by the Sanpitch river, which rises in the northeast extremity at a point above the little town of Milburn and flows in a south-westerly direction for fifty miles till it empties into the Sevier river. On both sides of this stream, the land slopes gradually upward toward the base of the mountains on each side, and makes the valley average about fifteen miles in width.

One of the earliest allusions to this section of country occurs in a conversation between Captain Bridger and Brigham Young before the latter reached Salt Lake valley. It was described by the Captain as a nice grazing country and much superior for agricultural purposes to the Great Salt Lake valley.