

ludicrous in the extreme. Mrs. Goodwill used to be very much troubled when cooking with them. So one day when a number of them were present, I put some capsicum on the stove, the effect of which was such a violent fit of sneezing and coughing that they did not trouble us again for a long time.

The natives of Santo have no religion, properly so called; but they have something like caste. They say that of old time, they had a worship, which they called "Drapelandrin," and a Sunday which they called "Butmasos," or happy day of rest, and a being whom they worshipped, but, from time immemorial, his name and all these things have been forgotten. They have no idea of the existence of a *good being* or God; all with them are evil spirits; they know nothing of the existence of a heaven or a good place, but they believe in a hell, which they call "Nasuli." They believe a man has a soul, "Ralmon," but at the time of dissolution the "Renār" drag it down to "Nasuli." They also believe that there is sin or evil, "Nauraurar," but at the same time hold that stealing, lying, cheating, killing or murder, and adultery, are mere innocent pleasures. They expect nothing in the future but eternal burnings.

JOHN GOODWILL.

From Salt Lake City to California.

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We left Salt Lake City for Ogden on the afternoon of the 16th of June, having had, between the time of our arrival at Salt Lake on the 30th May and that of our departure, some 500 miles of fatiguing coach journey through the southern part of the territory, which we found had Mormon settlements at distances apart of generally ten miles for a space of nearly 200 miles. That afternoon, on our way to Ogden to take the Central Pacific Railway for San Francisco, the dust was so thick that it obscured the sky and prevented the view. When I say that it is alkali dust, those who know how disagreeable are some kinds of dust may be ready perhaps to render us an unreserved sympathy. This alkali dust is, I assure you, very disagreeable, as well as very annoying, when it comes between you and per-

haps a fine landscape. A want of candor on my part might enable us to appropriate that sympathy; but, at the peril of being deprived of some portion of it, I feel compelled to state that the dust of Halitax, which I had had some experience of, was, it seemed to me, of a worse character. That dust, that otherwise favoured city seems quite unable to subdue. I know that its citizens, and those who, even for a day, have been assailed by those numerous and permeating particles which blind the eyes and grime the articles and the clothes of their victims, will conclude that we deserved no sympathy from those whose sorrows, though somewhat alike in kind, are wont to be greater in degree. But—realizing as I do very feebly this grave consequence—a feeling that I should be unworthy to hold the position—albeit, only the temporary one—of correspondent of the *Record*, were I to withhold what made known is going to have this result, compels me to be thus frank.

A few miles from Salt Lake City we were aware that we were in the vicinity of the Sulphur Springs, by the peculiar smell which I have before mentioned as characterising their approaches. They are on our right, the lake is a short distance to the left. We soon come abreast of some cone-shaped, snow-draped spurs of the Wahsatch mountains. Then the mountains recede, and the valley stretches out, which this hard working people have made productive of wheat, maize, potatoes and many other esculents. In the midst of the lake, mountainous islands rise up, but the prospect is rendered dark and dull by the dust. After leaving Ogden, we pass on our left closer to the lake than we have done before, and a strong dust-bearing wind bears also into our ear a strong sea-like odour. Successive ridges of sharp-edged rock, running parallel to each other and coming to a point at the top, form another part of the last-named range of mountains, lying to our right. A mist surrounds them, and at their base are the houses and farms of Mormons. Then we have on the right strangely corrugated hills, with green herbage, and to the left of the track a wide sage-covered plain. Before night shuts in we cross Bear river; after which you might