

The Uintah Reservation.

Twenty or thirty miles west of Green river the Uintah reservation was entered. It comprises an immense scope of the best agricultural and stock country of eastern Utah, and is traversed by many beautiful mountain streams. Some six hundred Utes enjoy its freedom, and are, in a measure, utilizing the resources of the principal stream—the Uintah river. They cultivate 350 acres of land; raise on an average 2,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000 of corn, and 1,000 bushels of potatoes annually, besides other products; they also own 1,000 head of horses and 500 head of cattle. They have a flowing well, saw mill, a school in progress, and are becoming more rapidly civilized generally than any other of the western tribes.

Here I met the last member of the notorious Shirts colony—a little boy—who was endeavoring to make his way East. The few survivors were found on the banks of Green river, eating their pack animals and utterly bewildered. They had been in the vicinity of a well beaten trail for some days, but were so utterly disheartened, after their long, weary months of wandering in a strange and misrepresented land, that they seemed to care little whether a settlement was ever again reached or not. The three or four who were rescued are now scattered in different parts of this Territory.—*Cor. Denver News.*

Spontaneous Combustion.

A question has recently become prominent as to the origin of fires. One of our city newspaper offices caught fire, the fire originating in a room where no one had been for twenty-four hours, and in which was no combustible material that could take fire of itself. The theory is that an imperfection in the window-glass concentrated the sun's rays, as a burning-glass does, and in this way started a fire. The question is one of particular interest to farmers, who often suffer considerably from fires of very mysterious origin. For our part we very much doubt whether any fire ever occurred from blistered glass. If we attempt to burn with a regular lens, we can only get up heat at a very exact focus, hardly likely to be just struck in a case like that suggested; and then the heat does not come instantaneously, but we have to hold the glass steadily for some little time before the paper burns. These conditions cannot be secured in a room window; with the rapid passage of the sun, the fire focus passes over the paper or other light material rapidly, and would not remain long enough to do any injury.

There is much more danger from concentrated heat; and this any fatty or gummy substances will rapidly generate. If we make a solution of glue and pour it over a mass of shavings, the whole heap soon becomes so hot that it is impossible to hold one's hand in it; and if these shavings were to be packed closely in a box after being so moistened, the generated heat would be collected, and soon the whole mass would take fire.

On the same principle hay in barns often takes fire, not so much from the greenness of the material as from the gum it contains. Every mower knows how this varies. One may mow all day sometimes and yet keep a clean blade; at other times the blade gums so that it has to be washed before the scythe-stone will bite the edge. This is the hay that is dangerous. If thoroughly dry before stored away, no more harm would come from it than dry glue among dry shavings; but if there is the least dampness, the effect is just the same as the glue solution before referred to.

Any oily matter favors the generation of heat, which when it accumulates and cannot pass away may result in a fire. We know of a friend who had a few quires of oiled paper, such as is used to keep cotton store-goods dry. This paper was quite dry and tied in close sheets, just as paper fresh from the mill always is. It was nailed up in a large soap box. It had been this way for some time, when on a certain occasion it was moved to where the sun shone through a window on it. This additional warmth started it. The next day smoke was noticed issuing from the joints, and the mass was found to be "next thing" to a blaze. Only for the timely discovery there would have been a conflagration for which "no-body could account."

The confinement or continuous generation and accumulation of heat is a well known source of danger to our green-house men. They often like to confine the heat from their flues so as to make hot shelves or benches for propagating-houses. These benches occasionally take fire from the accumulation of confined heat, when there was no danger whatever so long as the heat from the flues passed away.

Again, wood continually warmed becomes in time charred, and charcoal it is well-known will fire from heat, though there be no flame whatever present.

It is well to take every precaution against fire; but it must not be forgotten that it does not always need fire to make things burn.—*German-town Telegraph.*

Correspondence.

Mail Matters.

SPRING CITY, Aug. 31, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

Our mail stage runs as regularly and as faithfully as we could ask, but unfortunately does not bring us the NEWS punctually. Three or four times of late my papers have not reached me by due course, and after the news becomes stale I get my papers all at once. I do not wish to accuse any of the P. M.'s, on the line, yet it sometimes happens that mail matter that should go south from Nephi comes round into Sanpete and has to be sent back. In these stirring times it is not a little annoying to endure these irregularities, and it might be well for those who have the authority to look after the neglect and inattention of P. M.'s, between Nephi and Salt Lake City.

A gentle rain last night, which has laid the dust, did some little good and no harm. The health of the people is generally good and we all have reason to be thankful for the kindly providences over us.

Respectfully,
O. HYDE.

The Indians on the Corinne-Indian Ejectment.

OGDEN, Aug. 31, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

Indian John to all white men, peace and good will.

The white man of Corinne has had his say; I now want mine. I have been intimately acquainted with the white man from my childhood, and I appeal to any white man, when have I played false with him? When have I lied to him? When have I stolen anything from him? Whom have I killed or even threatened to kill? I have ever been an advocate for peace. I abhor war to-day. I want peace. I sue for peace to-day. I want to be at peace with all men, and I challenge Corinne to-day to produce one instance where I have transgressed the law or done ought to break peace with the white man. The white man roams the mountains all over, hunting for the gold and silver that belong to the Indian until he sells the land. When have I interfered with him? The railroads pass through my country and have scared the game all away. Still I have made no objection to this, nor do I want to. I want all men to have the privilege of doing as they like, undisturbed, and make all the money they can, and all I want is peace and to be allowed to make a farm in a small, very small, portion of the country I have always lived in and still want to live in. My father's bones lie on this soil and my mother's as well, and I claim the privilege of laying mine with theirs. I have always lived in peace, and I still want to, and lay down my bones in peace, and leave peace for my children. Corinne has got up this excitement without any cause. There is no foundation in truth for it, and I do not want there to be any cause for it. I hold no hardness at Corinne for what they have done, only I want it stopped, that we may return to our farm and go to work and build houses to live in, and be ready to do something next year, if our crops are all destroyed this year. We do not want to give it up and stop at this, but want to continue and make a success of our farming experiment yet for the benefit of my people. I ask the white man to say when have I killed anything, except the wild game of my own country? Or

when have I made any objection to the white man coming into my country and killing my game? The white man is roaming all over my country and killing my game. Still I make no objection to his doing so, and all I want is to be let alone, with the privilege of making a small farm for the benefit of my people, and to be allowed to live on it in peace. I have not gone into the white man's country and intruded on him, and I do not think it is fair for him to come into mine and drive me from my own lands without any cause, and I ask the government to take the matter in hand and reinstate me and mine on our own lands, that we may live there in peace and friendship with all men.

INDIAN JOHN,

In behalf of Tsyguitch's band of Sho-sho-nees.

Per G. W. HILL.

Indian John came to me and said Corinne had published everywhere that he was hostile and wanted to break peace with the white man, and he wanted his story published, that it might go as far as Corinne's talk had gone, that the white man might know for himself whether he was guilty as accused or not. This is just as he gave it, without any varnish.

Yours truly, G. W. HILL.

Visits to London, Swindon, Scotland, and Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
August 18th, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

Permit me to say that I am well. After staying two days in Liverpool, I took train for London, to visit my wife's sister, where I spent twelve days. I also paid a visit to Swindon, the Great Western Railway depot for the manufacture of their locomotives and carriages. The works are very extensive and well worth a visit. While there I visited Brother H. Cox's (of the Deseret Telegraph) father and mother, also an aunt and two cousins of mine, who reside at New-Swindon. I staid three days with them and did a great deal of fire-side preaching, and was well received by all parties. While in London I had the privilege of speaking to the Saints of that great city.

On the 3rd of June I left London for Edinburgh by steamship for Leith. After a pleasant voyage of thirty-six hours, I landed safe at Leith. I visited the following places where my relatives were living—Bridge of Johnstone, Glasgow, Stirling, Doune, Dunfermline, Leslie and Leven, after an absence of twenty-five years. I found many of my relatives, and as a general thing was well received by them. Of course many questions were asked and as many answers given relative to Utah and the "Mormons," but no particular desires were made manifest by them relative to the gospel. I had the privilege of meeting with the Saints in Glasgow and speaking to them in meeting. I also accompanied Bro. David McKenzie to the Glasgow Green, where he delivered a discourse on the gospel to a respectable audience.

While visiting an uncle and aunt at Stirling I visited several scenes famed in Scottish history, such as the castle, monuments in the cemetery, the Field of Stirling, Cambuskenneth Abbey, and the Field of Bannockburn. The castle I was much taken up with, for there I spent many an hour when a boy. "The castle stands on an elevation of 340 feet above the plain. The rock is chiefly of a greenstone trap. Here several of the Scottish kings were born and crowned. Here the unfortunate Mary was crowned, Sept. 9, 1543." Sir Walter Scott says,

"As down the steep descent, fair
Scottish kings and nobles went."

From the castle hill there is a very fine view of the Field of Bannockburn. I spent several hours in the field, viewing the scenery and the "Borestone," which held the standard of King Robert Bruce on the eventful 24th of June, 1314.

"High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle axe the swing."

I visited the battle field of Sheriffmuir, about two miles east of Dunblane. The battle was fought on the 13th of November, 1715, by the Highland clans under the command of the Earl of Mar and the royal troops under the Duke of Argyle. It is amusingly described as follows—

"That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was I saw, man:
An' ue ran, and they ran,
An' they ran, an' ue ran,
An' ue ran, an' they awa', man."

That is, both parties claimed the battle.

I spent several days in Edinburgh, hunting among the records of the past. I collected a number of names of my ancestors, but not as many as I would like to have had. But I will try again before I leave this country.

The old town, from a historical point of view, is the most interesting part of Edinburgh. Two centuries ago fair eyes looked down from yonder windows. If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story, every crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canon-gate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there! What strife of steel-clad nobles! Montrose was dragged up thither on a hurdle, and smote with disdainful glance his foes gathered together on yonder balcony. It was here the redoubtable Jenny Geddes, on the 23rd of July, 1687, hurled her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when he essayed to read the collect, exclaiming as she did so, "Colie, said ye? The deil colie the wa me o' ye. Wud ye say mass at my lug?" The Pretender rode down here, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown, while bagpipes skirled and fair ladies looked from yonder windows. Down this street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name. The visitor starts a ghost at every step. Nobles, grave senators, jovial lawyers, had once their abode here. The Canon-gate once seen is never to be forgotten.

On the 18th of June I left Edinburgh for Newcastle, my present field of labor. Twenty-two years ago I travelled in this conference and preached the gospel. In my travels through this conference I find a few of the old Latter-day Saints that were here during my former labors; they are still faithful and looking for deliverance, and singing the song,

"The thought that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet."

Since I came to this conference I have traveled a great deal through it. I have had some excellent outdoor meetings—from fifty hearers up to five hundred, who listen very attentively. There are very few baptisms, but I trust that the seed sown will ere many days produce the desired effect. I find that there is not that anxious desire to investigate the doctrines as there was when I first began to preach the gospel, about thirty years ago. I can assure you that I will leave no stone unturned that will advance the interests of the work of God.

I have just returned from the northern part of this conference. Brother Nelson is in Westmoreland. Brother McFarlane, President of the conference, is in the south part, where I expect to meet him the end of this week.

A. GALLOWAY.

REMEDY FOR BEDBUGS. — We have not tried it, but have pretty good authority for saying that the boughs and leaves of the common juniper tree, which is found in such abundance in this country, constitute a thorough remedy for that vile pest, the bed-bug. The plan is to decorate your apartment with the green boughs, renewing them when they become dry, and instead of straw, fill a tick with the leaves or small twigs and place it under your mattress, or gather the branches and lay them loose under and between the mattresses and generally about and through the bed between the blankets, etc. This is an easy and cheap remedy, and, we are assured, very effective. We shall try it on the principle that a drowning man will catch at anything that promises relief.—*Arizona Miner.*

Forewarned, forearmed — (Our reporter before dinner): "Beg pardon, my lord, but could your lordship kindly oblige me, by giving me a hint as to what your lordship is going to say in reply to the duke when his grace proposes your lordship's health?" His Lordship: "How can I tell you what I'm going to say until I've heard what the duke says." Our reporter: "Oh, I can oblige your lordship with what his grace is going to say, I've got it all in my pocket."—*Punch.*

By Telegraph.

AMERICAN.

CINCINNATI, 6.—The *Gazette's* Huntington, W. Va., special, says that while Mr. Oney, cashier of the bank was alone at noon, three men entered, placed pistols at his head, and compelled him to open the safe; a colored man happened in at this moment, and was also covered with a revolver, and commanded to keep still, which he did, and the robbers succeeded in getting possession of \$15,000, with which they decamped, a confederate having horses in waiting. An alarm was then given, and the citizens and police started in pursuit, but failed to overtake the robbers.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., 6.—The Alabama constitutional convention met to-day. General L. P. Walker was chosen president by acclamation, the republicans and democrats all voting for him. His father was president of the convention which adopted the constitution in 1819, under which Alabama was admitted into the Union.

PHILADELPHIA, 6.—At the Westervelt trial, to-day, a number of letters written to Mr. Ross, offering to return Charley to his parents for a reward, were identified as being the handwriting of William Mosher, who was shot at Bay Ridge, Long Island, while robbing a house.

RUTLAND, Vt., 6.—Felton's woolen mill, at Cavendish, was burned last night; the building is supposed to have been struck by lightning. Loss \$170,000; insured for \$100,000.

MEMPHIS, 6.—Jeff. Davis left this noon to attend the agricultural fair at Desoto, Mo.; he goes thence to St. Louis, Kansas City and Fulton, and will extend his visit to Colorado.

DEEP CREEK, Utah, 6.—The settlers all congregated together to-night, on account of Indian troubles west of us, expecting trouble here. The Indians in this valley have all gone to the mountains. Eight strange Indians arrived in the valley to-day, but we could get nothing out of them, they being very uncommunicative. It is thought they were spies counting the number of settlers. We sent a man out to-day, to try to get the Indians belonging to this valley to come in, but they would not. The man could understand the language which the Indians talked among themselves, and he says they are going to hide their squaws and papooses to-morrow, and that they are preparing for war. The settlers here are preparing to send their women and children to Grantsville, with a guard across the desert; they will have pickets stationed to-night. We have no arms hardly to defend ourselves, and the greatest excitement prevails.

SAN FRANCISCO, 6.—Your agent is in a position to state, positively, that Mills does not deny the statement attributed to him in his dispatches of Saturday, relative to Ralston's defalcation, and over issue of stocks. As regards the statement that the assignment to Sharon of Ralston's property covers his debts, leaving \$2,000,000 surplus, the fact is that it is doubtful if the amount will cover his defalcation. It is not to be supposed that these things affect the prospect of resumption, as they have been taken into consideration in the arrangements in progress.

The treasury to-day redeemed the notes of the National Bank and Trust Co., to the amount of \$85,000.

In the Fifteenth District Court, to-day, a decision was given against the city in the test case of protested tax litigation. The case is one of many, involving altogether from five to six hundred thousand dollars, and will probably be appealed.

Bryant, the democratic ring candidate, has been elected mayor by a small majority.

MONTREAL, 6.—Thousands visited the scene of the late riotous gathering yesterday, the grave of Guibord's wife, which was recently opened for the reception of Guibord's remains being the chief object of attraction. It is rumored that systematic preparations are being made by the French Canadians in and around the city to prevent the burial, and that arms are being transported to aid the belligerents; it is also stated, on good authority, that precautionary measures are being taken by the members of the French Canadian Institute to prevent the raising of Guibord's remains after being interred. M. Doutre has received several threatening letters,