

Elders called to go on missions, who were unanimously sustained. After a short address the names of a number of persons were put to the congregation and cut off the Church for various causes, drunkenness, crime and apostasy.

President Kimball made a few remarks and dismissed the meeting.

SUNDAY APRIL 10th, Forenoon.

Prayer by Elder Lorin Farr.

President Young delivered a very impressive discourse, showing that the Gospel of the Kingdom could never be powerful to save, unless the Holy Ghost dictated the speaker and carried home to the souls of the hearers the words of life: that the wisdom and learning of men never did bring the people to a knowledge of the truth. He spoke of the time when the people would come to the Saints and seek to be fed, and urged the Saints to be diligent in their labors in raising grain, and to be careful and not abuse the blessings which the Lord had bestowed upon them. He said that no person could be saved in the Kingdom of God, and neglect to observe the commandments; that no ordinance had ever been revealed to man that was not binding upon him to observe.

President Kimball occupied the remainder of the session, and the congregation was dismissed by Elder Orson Hyde.

AFTERNOON.

Elder Brigham Young Junr. prayed. President Kimball spoke at some length of his early youth and experience in the Kingdom.

President Wells spoke of his desires to contribute to the upbuilding of the Work, and to labor for the purposes of the Most High.

Elder George A. Smith invited all the Saints who were driven out of Jackson County, Missouri, to forward to the Historian's Office as early as possible, their names, the branches with which they were connected, their children, and where now living. The missionaries were also invited to meet at the Historian's Office on the 22nd inst. at 1 p.m.

President Kimball moved the adjournment of the Conference till the 6th of October, and President Young blessed the Priesthood, the congregation, all Israel at home and abroad, and all the honest in heart throughout the world, in the name of Jesus Christ; and the Conference ended.

GEORGE D. WATZ, Reporter.

HOW COL. DAHLGREN WAS KILLED.

From the varied and very contradictory reports concerning the death of Col. Dahlgren in the late attempt to enter Richmond, probably no officer of his rank in the Federal army has attracted so much general attention. The Richmond papers exult over his death with a fiendish pleasure that would lead to the supposition that the Confederates believed that "special orders and instructions," said to be found on his person, for the burning of Richmond and the assassination of Jeff Davis and Cabinet were really *bona fide*. The Richmond Whig giving an account of the affray says: "Capt. Magruder's squadron had reached a certain point on the Mataponi River and—posting his command at an eligible point along the road in ambush, he had not long to wait before the enemy made its appearance, headed by Dahlgren himself, slowly and cautiously approaching as if apprehensive of their impending fate. As the head of the column neared the point of concealment, Dahlgren's attention was attracted by a slight rustling in the bushes, occasioned, doubtless, by the movement of some of our party. Drawing his pistol he called out, 'Surrender, you d—d rebel, or I'll shoot you.' In an instant private McCloy sprang into the road, and, leveling his piece, shot the miscreant dead. A general volley was then poured into the enemy's ranks, which had the effect of emptying their saddles and killing as many horses and throwing the rest into inextricable confusion. Then ensued a scene of the wildest panic, which was heightened by the intense darkness of the night. Each man looking to his own personal safety all sought refuge in flight, and spurring their jaded horses over the bodies of their wounded and over each other, the whole body broke pell mell over a ditch and waiting fence, which the most adventurous fox-hunter would hardly have essayed in the heat of the chase, into a small field.

This account strips the valorous Dahlgren's name of the little cloud which might have attached to it if he had fallen, as was at first stated, while boldly leading a charge in an effort to cut his way through our lines. He was shot down, as he deserved to be, like a "thief in the night," with his stolen plunder around him, while seeking, under cover of darkness, to elude the punishment he so richly merited."

COL. DAHLGREN'S BODY.

"The body of Col. Ulric Dahlgren, killed in the swamps of King and Queen, by the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was brought to the city on Sunday night, and laid at the York River Depot during the greater part of the day, where a large number of persons went to see it. It was in a pine box, clothed in Confederate shirt and pants, and shrouded in a Confederate blanket. The wooden leg had been removed by one of the soldiers. It was also noticeable that the little finger of the left hand had been cut off. Dahlgren was a small,

man, thin, pale, and with red hair and a goatee of the same color. His face wore an expression of agony. About 2 o'clock p.m. the corpse was removed from the depot and buried—no one knows or is to know where."

The special instructions for burning Richmond seem more like Quantrell than Dahlgren and we refrain from publishing them.—[Ed. News.]

THE NEGRO GUIDE.

Dahlgren's guide, recommended to him "at the last moment" as the "very man he wanted," by one "truly yours, John C. Babcock," has reached the Libby, in company with the two or three hundred brigands he attempted to guide into the heart of Richmond. His name is John A. Hogan, an Irishman by birth, twenty-three years old, tall and lithe, with a fine, open countenance. When asked his rank, he declared himself a full, high private, and did not aspire to anything else. Being interrogated as to his knowledge of Richmond and its suburbs, he said he knew it "like a bog;" he was a guest at the Hotel de Libby in July, 1863, and knew the officers of the prison. Then recognizing Mr. Ross, the clerk, Hogan broke out, "How do ye do, Lieutenant Ross; glad to see you." Hogan boasted of his narrow escape, having had four bullets put through his clothing and hair.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.—Among the most valued of our Exchanges, we place the *Pacific Monthly*, published in San Francisco, by Lisle Lester, at \$3, per annum. We have the March number before us, without any prospectus to aid us in comprehending the position claimed for it; but without the assisting brain of another, we see enough within its sixty pages to pronounce it a magazine conducted by a clear and sensible head. The selected matter indicates an elevating taste and ambition for usefulness. Of its editorial comprehension of the world that is, we make the following extracts—

THE PLACE WE FILL.

"If society were arranged according to talent and capacity, and each department occupied by those best adapted, and best calculated to fill them, what a commotion of change and interchange, would take place in mansion and hut, office and farm; what additions would be made to high life from the cottage and country, farm houses and work-shops. How many hard hands would grow soft while wielding the pen, and soft hands become hardened by the use of the plough and reaper. How the merchants would till the soil, and the editors sell the produce; how the 'doctors' would drop the lance and powders, and take up the last and awl; the city coquette would grow skillful in the culinary department, and the school teacher preside over the 'mite society; how some of the poets would take charge of an omnibus, express packages, or a ferry-boat,' while the farmer would go to the Legislature, clerks would find their business affinities in the pinery and harvest fields, and some of the city police be better adapted to dress stone in State Prisons. Some of the Judges would slip down to the 'box,' and the man on trial take the bench; 'birds of politics' would find rest in the 'Insane Asylum,' and many of the inmates be fully sane enough to prescribe for them. High blood would ebb in different veins, and aristocracy go out of its own garden gate into the ally."

Mrs. Daniel Wright, on Chestnut Avenue, who plays chess in the morning and the belle in the evening, would feel very much out of place in Mrs. Gibbins' milk-cart, taking the responsibility of driving an honest horse, and dealing out the milk to various customers, clad in Mrs. Gibbins' woollen shawl and hood, in which a subdued black is the predominating color, and a conspicuous crown the predominating feature; in mental capacity and pure common sense she would fill the position with more grace than Mrs. Gibbins, and the latter lady, with a little brushing of mind, would be better adapted to take charge of the mansion on Chestnut Avenue.

Were all social positions filled by perfect adaptations, coats and kids would suffer a singular handling, professions be stormed anew, and titles crown different names. The Assembly, Pulpit, Sanctum, Congress, Banks and Courts would each take a thorough emetic."

We wish the *Pacific Monthly* success and a lengthy subscription list, and are pleased to notice that our second glance at the magazine revealing an editress at the desk, diminishes nothing our appreciation of the Monthly. Lisle Lester has our congratulations.

THEATRICAL.—The winter season has terminated, the theatre has closed, and Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, who have been so long an attraction to the lovers of the Drama, have gone from among us—westward, to enter upon other professional engagements.

We are not personally worshippers in the Temple of Thespis; but we take the world as it is, men and women as they are, and support the stage that imparts education "in holding the mirror up to nature." We are enemies to austerity, we breathe with freedom ourselves and we claim for all the same rights.

In the season that has just terminated, we could have wished that the Management had

put on the boards certain plays and left certain others off; but we are not foolish and vain enough to set up our taste and judgment as the standard of excellence. As it has been, we think the Management have had a decided success with the general public. Not only in conversation do we hear; but as well in distant correspondence do we read of the Salt Lake Theatre and the satisfaction that it gives to the sojourner among us. As an institution, it has commanded this past winter a larger patronage than any person contemplated when the building was commenced. To a stranger, it is inexplicable that such a large number of persons are constant patrons; but we expect the forsaken dancing halls could solve the mystery. Cut off from the varieties of life, common to other countries, the fatigued and care worn, as well as the youth often sought for recreation in the free association with friends in the ball room, and will, as the seasons roll round, undoubtedly do so again, but much of the terpsichorean will be set aside for the sock and buskin.

The playing during the past week, and the closing night particularly, was highly creditable to all engaged. The House was completely packed to witness the Colleen Bawn, which went off exceedingly well. At the close Mr. and Mrs. Irwin appeared before the curtain, and gracefully acknowledging the applause that had called them out, were withdrawing from the stage, when Mr. Irwin returned to the footlights and made his parting speech. His thanks were evidently the honest expression of a grateful heart, for the kindness with which he had been received in Utah.

The closing Fairy Spectacle—the Mountain Sylph, was very pretty, and reflected great credit upon the representatives of dreamy land, from Mrs. Irwin—the Eolia, down to the little pretty innocents, Carra and Della. The scenery was very fine, and the closing tableau equal to anything of the kind that we have ever seen. Mr. Caine has earned for himself a high reputation as a stage manager, and for a director of such an establishment, with so many fastidious tastes to please, is astonishingly popular.

PASSING THROUGH.—On Monday forenoon the four companies of the Second Cavalry, California Volunteers, and the two companies of the First Cavalry, Nevada Volunteers that have been at Camp Douglas during the past winter passed through the city going west. The horses had been out on the herd ground for some time, and the Cavalry were necessitated to march on foot. A large subsistence train accompanied them.

A few of the "men" had "smiled" rather freely to each other and themselves, and the "spirit" became rather troublesome. One of the unfortunates had the assistance of a wagon to take him back to Camp, and the calaboose extended its protecting axis to some half dozen others for the remainder of the day—they were taken back to Camp in the evening. One of the troopers had a very ugly fall with his horse in the afternoon, that was at first thought very serious, but with a few moments attention from his friends, he shook it off and got up again.

THE WEATHER.—A week ago this morning, the weather was cold, raw, boisterous, and the roads heavy mud. On Thursday, the sun's genial warmth began to tell on the soil, and from that time has continued, till everything begins to look like summer. A continuation of this weather for a few weeks will be a blessing to the country.

We draw attention to the cards of Messrs. Clark & Co., Messrs. Powers & Newman, Bankers, in this city, and that of Mr. James Linforth, Commission Agent, San Francisco.

The business cards of Messrs. Walker Brothers, W. Jennings, and E. D. Clift, announcing new goods, will be found in our list of advertisements.

"Grand ather," said a very little boy the other day, "how old are you?" The old gentleman, who had been a soldier, and much under the ordinary size, took the child upon his knees and said: "My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old; but why do you ask?"

The little fellow with the importance of a Napoleon replied: "Well, it appears to me you are remarkably small of your age."

The reason why many ladies dodge an offer of marriage, is because the question is popped at them.

AMERICAN FINANCES.

The only sound conclusion on this great question of finance is one which we at length find plainly advocated in the Federal press. The war should be prosecuted to a termination, whatever that end may be, and the people in the meantime must be taxed. It is dawning upon the Americans at last that while they have been astounding Europe, as they believed, by the immensity of their "resources," and the unexampled magnitude of their war, they have simply plunged into that abyss of old world embarrassment from which it was their proudest boast to be free. They now discern the fact that since the year 1861 they have unheeding incurred a national debt which will probably equal in its charges the national debt of England. If they say that they are capable of sustaining this debt, they say no more than the truth. No doubt the thirty millions of America can pay taxes as well as the thirty millions of England, and without greater suffering. But then they must convince themselves of the fact that England and America stand for the future on just the same footing. The mistake they have hitherto made is in supposing that America could do as England has done, and yet remain as America was. They must adopt our system of budgets as well as our system of public stocks, and we can tell them that at present they have made but very little way in the realization of the truth. Their scheme for raising £70,000,000 on foreign and domestic "luxuries" will never answer. Luxuries will never bear so excessive a burden, or yield so exorbitant a contribution. The burden must be more universally distributed, and less reliance must be placed on indirect taxation, and especially on protective tariffs. A revenue of £90,000,000 is not to be raised without an income-tax levied for the first time on a people said to be the richest in the world ought to produce considerably more than one-fifteenth part of the whole income required. In short, there is no royal road to ease and comfort in the matter of taxation. The imposts necessary for producing a large revenue cannot be shifted on to the shoulders of the rich, or juggled into the duties on foreign goods—least of all into those on foreign "luxuries." All classes and all sources must bear their fair share in just proportion. Of course, the Americans can accept these conditions if they please. If they mean, indeed, to pay their way according to their new lights, they must needs do so, nor is it for us to say that they will suffer in anything but pride and privilege by the adoption of the process.—[London Times.]

ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAINS.—The snow upon the Sierra Nevadas is from six to eight feet deep, and in places it is almost impossible for the stages to get through. As soon as the storm is over, however, the road will be packed down solid and traveling will be pleasanter than at any time during the season. Sleighs are now being used by the Pioneer line, from Kingsbury's station to within two miles of Strawberry Valley. The scenery along the route is said to be grand and almost terrific. The branches of the mountain pines are drooping to the ground under loads of snow; the gorges, half filled with immense drifts, appear ten times more gloomy and desolate than ever before, and the tempest howling through the forests, in the cheerless afternoons, leads even the boldest of the passengers to consent to lay over at some of the stopping places during the night. In addition, the road in some places is so slippery that it is absolutely dangerous to proceed after dark, and the company have concluded to stop at Strawberry Valley every night during the present weather. This is in the pine region where there are big bar rooms, huge chimneys, plenty of wood, and fare such as can only be obtained in frontier neighborhoods. The passengers, after the long day's ride, can gorge themselves to their heart's content, thaw out their half frozen limbs in the lee of the enormous fire places, and wake up in the morning, after a good night's rest, well fortified to encounter the dangers and discomforts of the remainder of the trip.—[Virginia Daily Union, April 5.]

IDAHO.—A dispatch was recently sent from New York, and published in the papers, stating that "Captain Fiske, of the Northern Land expedition," had returned from Idaho with a nugget of gold worth \$250 for President Lincoln; that \$15,000,000 in gold dust was awaiting transportation in Idaho, and that the emigration to Idaho this summer would reach 100,000. Upon this flattering report the Chicago Tribune comments as follows:

"This 'Captain Fiske' is considerably windy, much given to brandy and blowing. A great noise was made over the large band of emigrants he piloted across the plains last summer, but we are informed it consisted of seven emigrants, in addition to the guards. The \$15,000,000 in gold dust could spare a cyph r and then be considerably closer to the truth than he states it. The emigration to Idaho may reach 100,000 this summer, but if it does, 80,000 of them will return next summer disappointed, as was the case with the first to Colorado. An emigration of 20,000 is more than ought to go during the next year. No preparations can be made to accommodate, employ, or support a greater number. But the vultures who fatten on the folly of fools want to see half a million of gold-hunters rush across the plains to squander their time and money."—[Territorial Enterprise, Apr. 2.]