

Correspondence.

NEPHI, June 30, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Sir—The crops in this county are very promising, and the farmers are looking forward to an abundant harvest, and the people will rejoice in "the harvest home." Our orchards and gardens are full of choice fruit—apple, pear, plum, apricot, cherry trees are doing well and many will be blest with being rewarded for the care and labor they have expended in planting out orchards. Grape vines and small fruits are also bearing abundantly and the crops of vegetables of all kinds were never better.

The Nephi Co-operative Mercantile and Manufacturing Institution is doing a good business; the people, without exception, supporting it.

On Saturday last, by invitation, I attended the annual meeting of the Nephi Female Relief Society. The room was tastefully decorated; there was a fine display of articles manufactured by members of the Society, which numbers one hundred and forty-six. Quilts, pieced and wove, rugs, table and stand covers, shirts, hats, stockings, socks, mittens, gloves, slippers, crochet work, etc., were exhibited and were a credit to the Society, and the cheerful and smiling faces of the sisters, indicated that they were united in the good work.

Sister Amelia Goldsbrough gave an interesting account of the organization and progress of the Society, and felt proud of the support she had received from the officers and members of the same. Sister A. L. Bigler read the statistical report of the Society, which showed the finances of the same to be in as favorable a position as could be expected, considering that the locusts destroyed the crops of last season. Much credit is due to the Presidentess and the officers of the institution for the manner in which the business has been conducted. Valuable instruction was given by President Jacob G. Bigler, Bishop C. H. Bryan, Elders E. Okey, S. Pitchforth, G. Kendall, B. Riches and J. Miller, on the duties and callings of the officers and members of the Society, and all felt pleased to meet with them and see the progress the sisters were making.

The Society had rendered timely assistance in many cases of sickness and want, for which it will receive the blessings of the grateful.

I am pleased to say that of late there has been no deaths from the epidemic which prevailed here during last winter.

Yours, very respectfully,

SAMUEL PITCHFORTH.

NEPHI, NORTH SCHOOLROOM,

June 26th, 1869.

Minutes of the Twenty-seventh Meeting of the Female Relief Society.

After singing and prayer the roll was called and the minutes of the preceding meeting read and accepted, after which Presidentess Amelia Goldsbrough made a few remarks, when the following annual report of the Nephi Female Relief Society was read:

This Society, which was in a state of progress, under the direction of Bishop C. H. Bryan, was fully organized by President Bigler on the 23d of October, 1868, by setting apart to their several duties the following named officers:

Amelia Goldsbrough, Presidentess; Elizabeth Kendall and Jane Picton, Counselors; Amy L. Bigler, Secretary; Frances Andrews, Treasurer.

The above named having been previously selected by the Bishop, an acting committee, thirty in number, were accepted by vote and a board of three for appraisers. The Society now numbers 144 members.

Its financial condition is as follows:

Received in donations during the year ending June 23, 1869.

Cash	\$18.46
Provisions and Merchandise	\$300.07
Total	\$318.53
Disbursements to the poor	\$62.21
Paid for house and lot	\$146.65
Paid for weaving	\$80.00
Total	\$288.86

Balance in the Treasury \$79.67

Articles manufactured by the Society:

Bed Quilts 11, Linsey and Jeans 96 yds., 34 pair of Socks, 4 pair of Gloves, 20 yds. Crochet Lace, 1 Crochet Table Cover.

After the reading of the report appropriate remarks were made by the brethren present, praising the perseverance, industry and union of the members of the Society.

AMELIA GOLDSBROUGH, Presidentess,
AMY L. BIGLER, Secretary.

LEAMINGTON, Warwickshire, England,

June 11th, 1869.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Sir and Brother,—I feel under many obligations to my brethren in the Valley of the Mountains. I take pleasure in writing a few lines so that you may have a look at us in the distance. George O. Noble, Samuel M. Price, Andrew P. Shumway, Charles Shumway, William W. Taylor, George Romney, George H. Dunford, John Tuddenham, Hamilton, G. Park and John Toone all came together, and another brother named Jenken Jones from Cache Valley, who came with us, he says to help take his family back to the Valley.

We left the Valley on Thursday morning, the 20th of May, landing in Liverpool about 3 o'clock p.m., on Wednesday, the 9th of June, accomplishing the whole of the journey in about 20 days. What a change!

We paid \$42 each for railroad fare from Omaha to New York, and \$35 each for crossing the Atlantic in the steamship *City of Antwerp*, they finding us food, and it was very good. It cost us about five dollars each for our necessary comforts on board, for we had to find our own bedding, plates, dishes, knives and forks, etc. We reported ourselves at the office, 42 Islington, Liverpool, the same evening we landed, and some of us found to our surprise that our fields of labor were marked out before we landed. I accept my appointment with much pleasure. I believe as a general thing we, one and all, feel full of preaching, testifying and trying in our humble manner to build up the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

This journey has been one of the most pleasurable things of my life. Compare our present journey with our former traveling by oxen and hand-carts, and can't we thank God and shout Hallelujah! We met no accident on land or sea. The passage across the Atlantic was beautiful. The articles we had for every day use stood safe wherever we put them; no lashing or tying to keep them in place; on reflection it looks as if old Neptune was taking a nap while we crossed over. We found a very kind reception from Brother Carrington and the brethren in the office (the Lord bless them); and I cannot omit one thing that gave me much pleasure. When we came to New York we met with Brother Miles, and he is a centre or more, he is an oasis to our traveling Elders when they arrive in New York. I would say more about him, but it might look like flattery, but finally God bless him. We also met our friend and brother Naisbitt. There is a warmth and comfort in him which does an Elder good in many ways. We found our ever studious friend and brother Orson Pratt shut up in a room by himself at the Stephens House, preparing the New Testament for the Deseret type. He expressed himself as though he would leave there the next week and find a less expensive home while stopping in New York. Economy is the word for the hour with us all!

I am, sir, your brother,

JOHN TOONE.

A Correspondent of the San Francisco *Herald*, writing from Virginia, Nevada, recently, gives a graphic description of the manner in which "The Christian Sabbath" is spent in that city. Speaking of the pealing of the church bells and the people wending their way to the several houses of worship, he says:

"Those who go with their wives generally make the trip, but bachelors and those who go it on their own responsibility are less reliable. Many of them really do start for the church, but can't get past the brewery, especially on a hot day like this, when the most moderate and least excitable thermometer in town indicates 85 degrees in the shade. Men will draw unfavorable contrasts between a dry sermon in a hot, uncomfortable church, when politeness and a sense of religious duty oblige them to stay, whether they like it or not, and a seat at ease, with genial companions, around a gallon of cool lager. The breweries win the day. A very lively game is also in progress at an Irish hand-ball alley, not a pistol shot from where I am writing, and the loud shouts and laughter of the excited players commingling with the church bells pealing. Away down in the bowels of the earth, beneath the very streets and houses of Gold Hill and Virginia, hundreds of men are busily toiling by the dim light of candles, among the drifts and subterranean chambers of the silver mines, toiling for the support of those very churches and their precious congregations. The sound of their picks do not mingle with the church bells ringing; neither do thoughts of them and prayers for their safety enter very often or too largely into the head of the well-fed parson, as with stereotyped devoutness and sanctified attitude he supplicates the Throne of Grace from his fine pulpit. Shout, ball players; sing away, ye jolly brewery revelers; blow, steam whistles; rattle, buggy wheels; tune up your fiddles, ye hurdy house musicians, for your evening's work. All these are the evidences and accompaniments of civilization and Christianity. Peal on, sweet church bells, peal on!"

A London letter writer says: "The Duke of Wellington's son is one of the most dissipated men in the Kingdom, prematurely old and broken down, without the ability of an ordinary workman, and who has never in his life, apparently, accomplished anything."

GHEEL—THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.

Twenty-six miles east of Antwerp is the town of Gheel, in Belgium, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, which for twelve hundred years has been a great asylum for lunatics. During all this time its people have been warders of the insane, until they understand that disease as no one else has done, and have grown into a relation to it that is hardly comprehensible. "It is a place," says a foreign letter-writer, "where the sane and insane are indistinguishable; where the children are bred up at the knee of madmen, and old people do not fear mono-maniacs; where the strongest tradition is the lore of mental medicine, and the liveliest commerce the lodging of the insane; where the mother has been known to place her child in the arms of a furious maniac because her duty was to pacify him; where the inns are hospitals, the farm-houses cells, the tradesmen warders, the work women nurses, the Government a mad doctor, the passers-by patients, the history for twelve hundred years a vast register of mania." It is a place, too, as unknown as it is strange, a place where lunatics are as welcome as invalids are at watering places, and where insanity is no more regarded than gout is at the springs where gout is alleviated or cured. Gheel stands out peculiar among the surrounding towns. In them the ordinary fear and dislike of lunacy is manifested. At Gheel alone it is, and has been for forty generations, the speciality of the town.

The number of lunatics at Gheel is about eight hundred. Only the most desperate ones are confined: the rest wander about at will, pursue all trades, and even frequent the inns, though excess in drinking is prohibited by heavy penalties on the landlord. The householders of Gheel are all "nourriciers," and to each one some lunatic is assigned, and left as free as he would be in any city where a passport must be *visé* before the possessor of it could leave. The lunatic is free to do what he chooses so that he does no great violence. One case is recorded of a man whose mania was breaking windows. He commenced life in Gheel by breaking thirty windows the first day, and fourteen the second; and then finding that no person took the least notice of him, gave up the practice forever. The example gives a fair idea of the whole Gheel system. Unless a person is absolutely dangerous to himself or others, or imbued with a decided tendency to escape, the supervision exercised over him is so slight as hardly to attract his notice.

Under this system there are many cures; but the main result is that wretched beings are kept all the time in a state of comparative happiness. Firmness and kindness do their work and cure a disease which, under other circumstances, is often incurable. A writer observes that the whole theory and practice at Gheel are founded on the principle of not showing madmen that you believe that they are mad; but on the contrary, of trying to stimulate in them the pride of conquering their morbid tendency to give way to foolish or whimsical notions. What is certain in this is that an alternative method has at length been discovered, whereby multitudes of those who are partially or wholly bereft of the power of self-control may be placed in a condition of content and almost of happiness, instead of being made the inmates of a human menagerie.

During all the years that Gheel has had the care of lunatics, there is no report of mischief, but only of good. It is a system novel and peculiar, and has the advantage in Belgium of habit and tradition, but it seems rational and correct, and as Gheel becomes better known, its example will be commended to other nations.

A LITTLE MAN.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf of which there is any record, in ancient or modern times, is Count Joseph Borulawski, born in Polish Russia in 1739. His parents were of the medium size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. Three of the former, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature; but the other two and the daughter attained only that of children of about the age of four years. At the time of Joseph's birth he measured only eight inches in length; but he was neither weak nor defective; and his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently stated that none of her children gave her less trouble than he. His sister, Anastasia, seven years younger, is represented by him, in his Memoirs, as so short that she could stand under

his arms. She was a perfect model of symmetry and beauty, having a lively and cheerful temper and a feeling and benignant heart. At the age of fifteen, being then twenty-five inches high, he was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who on one occasion took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him what he thought was the most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered that he had seen in that city many things worthy of admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as that which he then beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her Majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Borulawski. The Empress then wore a ring on which was her cipher in brilliants. His hand being in hers, and he looking attentively at this jewel, she asked him whether the cipher was pretty. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Borulawski; "it is not the ring I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss;" at the same time raising it to his lips. The flattered Empress thereupon took a very fine diamond ring from the finger of Maria Antoinette, then a child, and put it on Borulawski's. The notice of the Empress procured him the attention of the whole court, and the marked kindness of Count Kaunitz. By this time the little man was about twenty-eight inches high, could bear fatigue and lift great weights in proportion to his size, possessed mental energy and accomplishments, and a judgment very sound; understood arithmetic, spoke German and French, was ingenious in everything he undertook, lively in his repartees, and just in his reasonings.

Being once upon the lap of the Princess Nassau-Weilbourg, she said, "Are you not very sorry you are not taller?" "No," he replied; "if I was I should not have the honor to sit upon your ladyship's knee." Borulawski was twice the victim of the tender passion, his first love being an actress, whom he wished to marry, but who laughed at him. The second was a young French lady, Isalina Barbatum, whom, after much opposition from her patroness, Countess Humiecka, he married. Being informed, in a few weeks after his marriage, that he was likely to become a father, and being somewhat impecunious, it was suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe would enable him to procure the means of leading a life of comfort. The King supplied him with a convenient carriage, and off he went. In due time a daughter was born to him. He traveled over Europe, had letters to persons of the highest position, so that in a few years he was enabled to retire with ease and comfort. At the end of the last century, having been seen by some of the prebendaries of Durham, he was prevailed upon by that body to take up his abode for life in Bank's Cottage, near their city, they engaging to allow him a handsome income. He accepted this offer, and enjoyed the clerical bounty up to the time of his death, which happened at the same cottage on September 5, 1837, when he was ninety-eight years of age.—*W. A. Sever, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

In Cavendish, Vt., Mrs. Minerva Bent, after getting her husband Samuel's estate deeded to her, got a divorce and tried to drive him out of the house. He held on to the lower part, and brought a chancery action to recover his property. On Friday of last week she fortified his house against him in his absence, barricaded doors and windows and formed herself, two sons and a daughter-in-law into a garrison. When Bent returned he was violently stoned, but smashed a door with his axe. His son George immediately cracked his head with a small boulder, his son Walker poured a pail of hot water on him, his son's wife Camelia fired a revolver at him, and the whole stopped. The next day, the whole party, together with a drunken Frenchman, who took part under the idea that it was a free fight, were arrested, and bound over for trial.

The New York *Directory* just out, contains 189,443 names; an increase of 3,692 over last year's. Wall street, though the shortest street in the city, furnishes 2,330 names. People and business may be said to be packed in, in that street. Pine street, 1,180; Broad street, 1,210; Beaver street, 500; Exchange place, 1,570; William street, 1,405; Nassau street, 1,570. No other spot on earth, unless it be the region around the Royal Exchange, London, presents so complete a mass of business activity as these streets. Broadway contributes 8,500 names; the Bowery, 1,466; Madison avenue, 295.