

## COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

## CACHE.

CAMP AXTELL,  
Sept. 30th, 1876.

The convention, composed of the delegates chosen from the several precincts of Cache county, met at Gen. Brigham Young, jr.'s, headquarters, and on motion of Wm. B. Preston, M. W. Merrill was chosen chairman and Ezra D. Carpenter secretary.

On motion of Wm. H. Maughan the chair appointed Wm. B. Preston, M. D. Hammond and William Hyde a committee on credentials, who reported the following delegates as entitled to seats in the convention—

Logan—Brigham Young, jr., Wm B. Preston, James H. Martineau, Wm. Hyde, Chas O Card, C J Larsen, Ezra D Carpenter.

Smithfield—Geo G Merrill, Geo Barbor, Wm A Noble.

Clarkston—William Carbine.

Millville—Geo O Pitkin, John King.

Paradise—Orson Smith.

Hyde Park—A Wolf, Jr, Thomas W Kirby.

Newton—Wm F Littlewood.

Richmond—M W Merrill, R M Kerr.

Providence—M D Hammond, Hopkins Mathews, J H Brown.

Mendon—Henry Hughes.

Wellsville—John Hendy, Wm H Maughan, Francis Gunnell.

Hyrum—Hans E Nielsen, Chas C Shaw, John G Wilson.

The report was accepted and the committee discharged.

On motion of Wm H Maughan, the Chair appointed Wm M Maughan, James Martineau and M D Hammond a committee to nominate a list of delegates to the People's Territorial Convention, to meet at Salt Lake City, October 7, 1876.

The committee reported as follows—

Delegates.—Brigham Young, Jr., William B. Preston, Moses Thatcher, M W Merrill, John Jardine, Samuel Roskelly, William F Littlewood.

Alternates — M D Hammond, William Hyde, Charles Nibley, R W Kerr, William H Maughan, George Barbee, William Carbine.

The persons nominated as reported were unanimously elected.

A motion was made and passed that each delegate have power to nominate his alternate. The list of alternates are opposite their respective names.

A motion was made and passed that the delegates elected to the Territorial Convention also act as the People's Central Committee for Cache County, in the coming election.

A motion was made and passed that the proceedings of this convention be published in the DESERET NEWS, Salt Lake Herald and Ogden Junction.

Adjourned sine die.

EZRA D. CARPENTER,  
Secretary.

## BOX ELDER.

BRIGHAM CITY,  
Sept. 30, 1876.

At 4 p.m. to-day, the delegates, previously elected in the primaries of the various precincts, convened in the Court House, Brigham City, for the purpose of electing three delegates to attend the People's Territorial Convention, at Salt Lake City, on the 7th day of October, where the nomination of a candidate for delegate to represent the Territory in the forty-fifth Congress of the U. S. is to take place.

On motion A. Christensen was called to the chair, and M. D. Rosenbaum was appointed secretary.

The Chair, after having explained the object of the convention, appointed H. P. Jensen and J. D. Rees a committee on credentials, who examined the certificates of the delegates and reported, &c.

After the convention had been fully organized, and spirited and pointed remarks made by several of the gentlemen present, a nominating committee was, on motion, appointed by the chair for the purpose of making nominations, which presented the following names for delegateship to said convention at Salt Lake City—J. C. Wright, Geo. W. Ward and O. G. Snow. For alternates, H. P. Jensen, T. Harper and H. Call, who were unanimously elected by the convention, which instructed said del-

egates vote for the nomination of Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon at the Territorial convention, for delegate to Congress.

Subsequently A. Christensen, J. C. Wright, E. Wright, T. Harper, P. E. Jensen, J. Hansen, G. W. Ward and R. Baty, were chosen to constitute the "People's Central Committee" for this county.

A. CHRISTENSEN, Chairman.  
M. D. ROSENBAUM, Sec.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Intemperance—How Many are Reclaimed.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
October 4, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Through a succession of many years the writer of this has traced the effects of intemperance and has often been pained and shocked and as often desired that a remedy might be found for the evil which has ever seemed to be growing and fastening its inordinate appetite on men to destroy their usefulness and peace with families and friends. Still there comes no permanent remedy. Men place high tariffs on distilled liquors; often refuse to license drinking houses or charge such high rates that they are in hopes none or but few will afford to pay; establish stringent police regulations and pass strict city ordinances; still the evil exists and grows and spreads and desolates on every hand. Day by day fathers see their sons sinking lower in drunkenness, and often sober sons witness the sickening spectacle of fathers fast sinking down to confirmed sots, and both disgracing the family name and bringing mortification and shame in the place of respect and honor. "They only injure themselves," many people say; but this is not true.

Drunkard, when you cross the threshold of that home where you have garnered all the hopes and joys of reciprocal love; where you have listened to the prattle of children and looked with pride upon them as they developed into maturity; as you pass from there to the tipping dens, would you but pause at the gate a moment, or stand upon the corner of the street and reason with yourself, and look back upon the trusting wife whose form fills the door or stands on the walk, watching and hoping for your return and praying that your noble nature may prevail and induce you to retrace your steps back to the home of affection and conjugal endearments; would you but hesitate and reason with yourself one calm moment, how often would you turn to home and wife and children and dash down the damning cup forever. We have seen that affianced wife stand with you at the altar. She looked upon you with pride. Your manly form stood erect in her presence and her great love portrayed you as the very impersonation of all that is dignified in man. She knew men called you intellectual and gifted and rich, and paid you much homage; with this she was flattered, but her strong love would still have chosen you though you might be poor and humble. She placed her hand in yours with a confidence that knew no doubt, and the throbbings of the happy heart even agitated the bridal drapery that hung upon the bosom. You took that trusting hand and pledged there a vow to cherish and love her and use your great abilities to bring to her door continued peace and the respect of society. We saw that happy wife in her home of love and contentment; for years he was her lord and idol and her early hopes would have reached a full fruition, but for the indulgence in the intoxicating cup. We have seen, again, that drunkard's wife, in her night vigils, as in the lone apartment she listened for the coming step or the voice to which the heart once bounded; there she bent over the youthful sleepers, pale and haggard, weary and worn, the flush of early hopes departed, the lamp of love still burning, though subdued, as none but the guardian angel or the eye of Divinity witnessed the tear as it bedewed the cheeks of her loved ones. She was the type of an upright and noble woman. She had been true to her chosen companion, to the best interests of her growing family and to the instincts of her own heart. She had watched with deep concern her husband's abandonment

of home, his habits of intoxication, his consequent unfitness for business and the wasting of his substance, but she knew the many noble endowments of his nature and hoped that time and her own kind and patient appeals to his reason and better judgment would eventually work a reform and bring him back to himself and the interests of home. This was her mission, and well and faithfully did she perform it. It was her voice, which never came to him with railing, but in kindly tones, that called him back from the completeness of his ruin and waywardness of his life; it was the faithful form of that noble woman which ever stood erect before him and became the beacon light to pilot him back through the turbulent waves to the sheltering joys and sacredness of home. In the halls of revelry and the saloons of drunkenness he would recall her gentle pleadings and the now desolate picture of his once happy home, and, stung with remorse, would vow to reform and bring back happiness again to wife and children, and he did. His noble nature at last triumphed and the patient wife, once more happy in his smiles and constancy, in the joys of her children and their retrieved fortunes, felt how great was her reward for acting upon the instincts of reason and common sense, though the months and years were long and dreary and the solitude that hung around her path was oppressive and cruel.

This is but a single leaf gleaned from the life of one noble, intellectual, just and pure woman; and such the happy results of her meek and patient labor; but it serves to delineate the course which very many besides her have pursued with similar happy results. And this is one part of woman's mission all over this green earth. In our contemplation, what power arises more potent than the gentle influence of woman when exerted in the walks of domestic life? The thirst for fame may call her chosen to the defence of country and his race; the clang of war inspire him to seek for glory on the ensanguined field; the political arena honor him as the champion of party and place upon him the chaplet of renown; he may wander in the trackless and unexplored regions to find some nook where human foot has never trod; he may be tossed in the bark of the storm-beaten mariner; inhabit the lowly cot of the peasant, or sit upon the imperial throne of the monarch; and in all these conditions man may delight himself; but high above them all soars the mighty yet gentle influence of wife, mother, or daughter, to call him from the dizzy heights of fame or the haunts of the debauchee, back to the sheltering bowers of affection, and melt away from the obdurate heart all the cold ice of insensibility, and make him happy in the consolations that cluster within the sacred penetralia of home, even as the trembling dove of the Patriarch Noah came back from the expanse of waters to fold its weary wings and rest within the consecrated ark.

Moral suasion must and can and is doing much for the redemption of the drunkard, whether its benign arguments are used by the father, mother, wife, sister, daughter, brother, in gentle pleadings; or whether they thunder from the pulpit and the press. All in their spheres can do good and put forth their mites in aid of a cause which so vitally affects families, friends, neighbors and the great moral superstructure that upholds and perpetuates good society, and secures happiness and peace to communities. Let us not despair that the work of regeneration is no more rapid; but go steadily on and sow the seed which may spring up after many days. Let the father not slacken his diligence when a doted son wanders away with the associates of this damning vice, but seek to reclaim him with good advice and counsel, and not by threats to disinherit or strike him from the parental patrimony. Let not the brother despise the fallen brother, but encourage him by every manly example and seek to win him back to sobriety by the best arguments wisdom may suggest and friendship incite. Let the patient mother continue the same noble course she has generally pursued to entice her wayward son from his ruin. Let the philanthropist and reformer enunciate against the sources which produce the great bulk of evil. Let cities enact laws against

the retailing of liquors as much as reason will justify. Let the masses resort to petition and thereby aid the enactment of laws that will lessen the number of saloons and abate many of the present facilities to intoxication. Let all, with the stable and solid men, use their influence against the vending of drinks by permit of an unrestricted licence law. Let this moral influence be exerted in society, and we cannot fail to see the good results that will soon follow and much of the drunkenness and misery now prevalent through almost all communities will be checked and continue to decrease with the advance of time, until the divine government of the Millennium shall wipe the tear from every eye and the drunkard's home be rebuilt in sobriety and its inmates rejoice in its sanctity forever.

Respectfully,  
L. O. LITTLEFIELD.

Mutual Improvement—Grasshoppers—Everybody Busy.

FARMINGTON, Oct. 1, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Chester Call, county district school superintendent, wishing to enhance the interest in educational matters, requested the trustees and teachers of the county to meet with him, to establish, if agreeable, a society or institute for mutual improvement.

A few teachers and trustees from Bountiful, Centerville, Farmington, Kaysville, and South Weber, responded to the call, and met at Farmington, Aug. 19, 1876. C. Call was elected chairman, and J. E. Robinson secretary of the meeting. Since that time they have held several interesting meetings.

Yesterday, Sept. 30, they met pursuant to adjournment, at Kaysville, in the brick school-house, a large and commodious building, and a credit to the district. The lecturers were Wm. S. Lewis of Kaysville, L. H. Kennard, of Farmington, and Anson V. Call of Bountiful. Professors Lewis and Kennard each gave his experience in school teaching, illustrating their system of conducting classifications, &c. They stated that the principal requisite to success in teaching was originality. Their lectures were replete with instructions. Prof. A. V. Call stated that he had intended to deliver a short lecture on astronomy, but, as that time was far spent he would defer it.

Between the lectures Miss Thornly sang a song in a very creditable manner. A vote of thanks was extended to the lecturers for the able manner in which they had handled their subjects, also to Prof. Montgomery and choir for services rendered.

After a few appropriate remarks from the chairman, meeting was adjourned for four weeks at Farmington. At the close of the meeting the lecturers and others were kindly entertained by Prof. Lewis and wife at his residence.

It appears by the spirit of improvement manifested, that Kaysville is a live city. I could see but few "drones in the hive." The majority seem to be "working bees," quietly pursuing their vocations.

The grasshoppers have reached this place; they, also, are not idle, but are busily preparing for a raid next summer. Wishing your paper the success it so richly deserves, I remain, respectively yours.

JERO.

## The Centennial Exhibition.

PHILADELPHIA,  
Sept. 23, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Truth may be many sided and the facts of the Centennial Exposition take color from the observer's predisposition or habits of thought. The practical man cares little for the showy features of the show, but finds food for reflection in the exhibition of mechanical arts, and the display of business enterprise in its various forms. The artist sees the effects in their general and minute outline. The agriculturalist finds pleasure in Agricultural Hall. The connoisseur looks up the quaint and curious collections from all quarters of the globe, and the gourmand shows a keen appreciation of the satisfactory display made in the various restaurants. All these are gratified in their various ways, but there is one individual who comes in with a jolly smile on his face and stops nowhere

long and sees everything in a ludicrous light. This individual is your present correspondent. He makes no apology for it, however, he did not come to learn, he knows too much already. He came simply to be amused, and as he had only a half hour to spare, he had to compress matters. He wandered into the door after having stopped long enough to remark to the gatekeeper who insisted on having a silver half dollar, that he had only come for a change anyhow, and passed immediately into the centre of China. China, he discovered, runs to crockery and heathen gods. From the display made it appears as if the almond-eyed nation must have sent all their family jars here, and the peace that now exists in that generally distracted country is thus accounted for. The idols were singular (and plural), but as a vast field of wonders stretched before him, he concludes not to idle away his time on them. There is nothing peculiar about them anyway, except that they are made of brass and are mostly baldheaded. If any baldheaded man sees a deep significance in their superficial cranial condition and their composition, he knows best. A Chinese baby enters the lists with a bed quilt of white silk and red satin pillows to match, competition from elderly ladies is thus unkindly nipped in the bud. On a shelf nearby is a row of mummies, grinning spectators of scenes that occur 3,000 years after they had been duly sat on by the coroner of Hong Kong. Being also pressed for time, he hurried away from them.

A merchant of Tunis, who has silver and gold coins of all denominations and ages for sale, stopped him with the offer of a silver piece contemporaneous in production with the Christian era, which he offered to sell for \$25, but remarking that he was for soft money, he pushed ahead. Entering Japan the display of cabinets amazed him, just the place for the next president, he suggested to the Japanese attendant, who smiled satisfactorily and replied, "Two hundred dollars," which leads one to suppose there was a misunderstanding with our antipode. A Japanese pebble of transparent crystal, round as a ball, and fully eight inches in diameter, is still there, as Boss Tweed has not returned yet, and there is no other such keen appreciator of a good thing in shirt studs to be found. A large three story ship attracted attention, not because it appeared to be made to sail, but because it is such a fine model for the body of a stage coach, and is for sale. On the right is a stand where genuine Turkish ladies are making up cigarettes for passing customers. They may have been ladies making genuine Turkish cigarettes; one gets mixed about these things; so, pointing to a Nargelia, he asked the Oriental beauty if that was a steam generator, to which she replied, "Faith, I don't know. I'll ask the Boss," which immediately convinced him that he was indeed in Turkey. As the Boss looked rather formidable with a diamond lilted dirk in his zone, he sauntered on without insisting on a reply. Entering a place of eastern design, inscribed "Soodan, its morning greeting to the youngest nation," he discovered that what Soodan don't know about saddle making is scarcely to be found out. Saddles of gold cloth and silver cloth, spangled and ornamented with every design imaginable; saddles with cupolas on them and steps leading up the side. One of these, in particular, was as large as an ordinary bed, and not wishing to appear ignorant he remarked to a bystander, "Family saddle, I suppose," to which he received the hasty reply that any body ought to know that is a dromedary saddle, and being convinced that the gentleman was right, he did not stop to argue about it. A little further along he found army biscuit over a thousand years old and still as good as ever; next door, in convenient proximity, a display of dental apparatus with teeth equal to any hard tack, and chairs so comfortable, that, had an operator been by, the desire to have a tooth drawn could hardly have been resisted. Looking around, your correspondent found that he had suddenly left the old East and had come into the new. He knew it at once by the superior inducements thrown out for depriving people of their assets. Not having had enough of the effete despotisms, and rather liking their style, he retraced his footsteps and presently found himself in Spain, a country