

CORRESPONDENCE



(For the Deseret News.)

THE BOISE MINES.

BANNACK CITY, Boise Mines, I. T.,
Aug. 16, '62.

MR. EDITOR,—

A short statement, by one that is conversant with affairs in this section of the country, may be of some benefit to you and your people.

Salt Lake City occupies an important and central position, not only to Utah but to a large extent of country beyond its boundaries North, South, East and West. When the Mormons first sought the desert for a habitation, it was done, no doubt, for the purpose of enjoying unmolested the religion they thought best calculated to promote happiness on earth and to secure endless bliss in the untried future after death. Subsequent events show the enlarged sphere of their labors and the benefits resulting from their early settlement in the wilderness. Well informed persons with liberal ideas, no longer look upon the people of Utah as detrimental to the progress and welfare of the country, but regard them as the advance guard of civilization in the Great Basin of the West. Commercial relations with your city and the good will of your people, are what the masses in this part of the new mineral Territory of Idaho most desire.

The Boise mines, as they are termed, are in a mountainous country, between the Boise and Payette rivers, and distant from Snake river some sixty miles. The principal mines are on the tributaries of Boise, in a large basin twenty-five miles long and about twenty wide. The United States have established a military post on the Boise, near the mountains, and are expending large sums of money to improve the same and make it permanent. From the post on Boise, a good wagon road leads up into the mines by the way of More's creek to Bannack City—the principal mining town in the basin, distant thirty miles. Bannack city has a population of about five thousand and the population of the basin will number from twelve to fifteen thousand. A statement of the amount of gold daily taken out of these mines will hardly be believed by persons abroad that have but recently heard of the country. The amount must be estimated by the hundred weight. Miners have been known to take out, with rockers, one hundred dollars and upwards, to the man, per day. The mines are not spotted but equally good over a large extent of country. Durability is another quality that recommends them, for it will take years to exhaust them or diminish the yield of gold.

The miners pay high prices for every thing and this too without grumbling, for they have plenty of duty to pay with and plenty left for future use. Flour is worth \$40.00 per hundred weight. Salt \$35.00 and \$40.00 per hundred weight. Onions \$60.00 per hundred weight. Butter \$1.00 per pound. Beans \$35.00 per hundred weight. Bacon \$60.00 per hundred weight, and every thing else in proportion. Dried fruit particularly is in good demand.

The bulk of the articles brought to this market is shipped from the Dalles, on the Columbia, distant from here by the most direct road, four hundred miles. The road at present traveled from here to Salt Lake, by the way of Fort Hall, is estimated not to exceed five hundred miles and over a much better country, with easier grades, than the one leading to the Dalles. By crossing Snake river, at some point below American Falls, persons acquainted with the country say that the distance to Salt Lake is no greater than to the Dalles, with the advantage in favor of the Salt Lake road of not being compelled to cross the Blue Mountains, which are rough and precipitous and often times, in winter, blocked with snow. In summer, there is a passable good trail for pack animals, from this place, by the way of the Payette lakes and Sate creek, to Lewiston, at the mouth of Clear Water, which may be considered the head of navigation on the Snake; but in the winter and spring the route is impassable. Distance from Bannack city to Lewiston, by trail, three hundred and fifty miles. Efforts are now being made to run an express between Bannack city and Salt Lake by Patterson & Co. It is hoped that sufficient encouragement will be given the company to render the enterprise a success, as it will result in lasting benefit to the residents at both ends of the route. If you wish to know more about us and our affairs, induce some of your enterprising people to give us a call.

OBSERVER.

FROM THE PLAINS.

FORT LARAMIE, Aug. 25, '63.

EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS:

Sir—Knowing the anxiety of the Saints in the mountains to learn the progress of the several trains enroute for Salt Lake, I embrace this opportunity of sending a few lines from this point. The company over which I have charge left the Elk Horn on Monday the 27th of July, and arrived at Laramie, Aug. the 25th, in the morning. It includes fifty church wagons, loaded with machinery and passengers, and eighteen independent wagons. There are about five hundred souls un-

der my charge. The names of the Church emigrants I expect you have received a list of before this time.

During the two first weeks of our journey the weather was very wet, not affording us dry roads two days together; notwithstanding the health of the company has been very good considering the state of the people when we left the Missouri river. There has been eight deaths—two old persons, five children and Amelia Stumpf, aged 28, killed by lightning. We experienced, last Friday the 21st inst., one of those sudden and terrific thunder storms, killing the young woman, leveling to the ground, as though dead, seven of the cattle in the lead team and shocking both man and beast for quite a distance down the train.

Our cattle are in good traveling order and all the teams are in good spirits. There is but very little water in the Platte river, which indicates a very dry season in the upper country.

Elders Needham, Bigler and Peacock are in company. We have all safely forded across the Platte this morning.

PETER NESEKER, Capt. 4th Com.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

Mons. Jules Gerard, the celebrated lion hunter furnishes the following very interesting page of Kingly history in a recent letter to the Duke of Wellington. The missionary claims of the King's christianity does not seem to suit the lion hunters:

MONSIEUR LE DUC.—Your grace is well aware that few men gain by being seen close, unless they are men of intellect and merit. The King of Dahomey, despite his cognomen, which signifies the "Eternal," or the "Infinite," fully justifies that rule, to which he is no exception. Physically, he is similar to the other blacks of his country—tall, well built, a head like a bull dog. The most usual expression of his countenance is that of cunning and cruelty. His moral qualities are in perfect keeping with his physical conformation; he is more gracious than the kings who have preceded him, fanatical for old traditions and customs. The traditions of that microscopic court are to turn the whites to the best possible account, (exploiter les blancs) but especially to induce them to make presents. It is the custom to excite the people with sanguinary spectacles, so as to be able to carry off the neighboring population when a slave dealer makes an offer to the king, and also at the annual custom of human sacrifices.

I have just spent two days at Kana, where the King was staying for the celebration of the lesser ceremonies. On the day of my presentation I was conducted across the market place, where twelve corpses were exposed to view on separate sites. Six were hung up by the feet, the six others were upright, like men about to walk. Those whom I saw close were horribly mutilated and not beheaded. An enormous pool of blood covered the ground beneath the scaffold, giving unmistakable evidence of previous sacrifices and of the tortures which accompanied them. Our reception by the King was brilliant, very cordial for myself as well as for the French Consul; but we were soon able to convince ourselves that this was but a comedy always performed by this poor paladin to get the presents brought by the whites. Born and brought up in the midst of these spectacles, which would be ridiculous if they were not horrible, the present King is actually more fond of them than his subjects. I saw him on that day admiring, with the delight of a child, the grotesque dances and ridiculous pantomime of his ministers, and then of the princes and then of all present, for our amusement. A most infernal music, which nearly deafened us, delighted the King, who seemed to be in a state of ecstasy; and this, Mle Duc, lasted for six hours. On the following day His Majesty invited us to witness a procession of the King's riches. On reaching the square of the palace, (red huts) an agreeable surprise had been prepared for us. The entrance gate was flooded by a pool of blood two yards in width and on each side a column of recently decapitated heads formed two immense chaplets. It is true that on this day the King wore the emblem of Christ on his breast. It must be presumed that it was the cross of execution that he meant to imply by this ornament. As regards the procession of his wealth, it consisted of a few old carriages, bath chairs carried by men with figures like Polichinello. One thousand women carried each a bottle of liquor on her head, a brass basin in the shape of a footbath to receive the blood of the human victims on the day of the King's banquet; an image of the Virgin; various baskets full of human skulls; an image of St. Lawrence, as large as life, carried by blacks; finally the drum of death.

At another festival the King commanded on foot his Amazons, who manoeuvred with the precision of a flock of sheep. On the market place already mentioned each step was ornamented by a dead body, and the King came and went in the midst of pools of blood and fragments of human flesh in a state of putrefaction. On this occasion he had daubed his face with coal. The ceremony terminated by a mad dance, in which the King took part, dancing vis-a-vis to drunken soldiers and musicians. Such are, M. le Duc, the man, the government and the people whom we have hitherto hoped to turn into a path less contrary to the laws of humanity. I regret that Captain Burton should have arrived at Kana just at the moment of the King's departure, as he might have been enabled to see

and judge of all these things. I am, M. le Duc, your most obedient servant.

JULES GERARD.

P. S.—On the day of his departure the King invited us to a review of his army prepared for war. It was from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand strong, comprising twelve thousand Amazons, one thousand men of the body guard and two thousand archers.

SHE WAS APRIL FOOLED.

"You can't do it again!"
"Can't I?"
"No you cannot. You've April fooled me now regularly for five years,—but you can never do it again!"

The above conversation was between a worthy couple at the South-End on Tuesday evening March 31st. The husband a merry black eyed man of some forty years of age or thereabout, had been in the habit of playing off some practical little joke on his lovely spouse on the first of every April; and the good woman had therefore resolved to guard herself on the morrow, and thereby return the joke.

The snow fell steadily and furiously all Tuesday afternoon and evening, but in the wee short hours on Wednesday morning the storm ceased, the air moderated, and the snow began to melt.

As the clock struck five Wednesday morning the snow began to slide from the roofs in the city in large quantities, and as one immense mass struck the shed of our South-End joker, it made so much noise that it awakened every person in the house.

"What's that?" screamed Mrs. M.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated M., looking as frightened as a red-headed Irishman at a prayer meeting.

"I—I forgot to bolt the kitchen windows last night; so good bye to that turkey and those nice apples!"

"Do you think it's a burglar?" gasped Mrs. M., looking as white as the pretty frill on her night cap.

"O, I don't care anything about the turkey, or the apples," replied Mrs. M., "but I last night carelessly left the spoons on the kitchen table!"

"Not the silver spoons?" said M., trying to look indignantly courageous.

"Oh forgive me, husband; but I did."

"Then I'll have them, or perish in the attempt!" and with a bound that would have been creditable to a frightened Camanche Indian, he leaped from the bed, grasped the iron poker and the bed wrench, and flew down stairs as for life.

Throwing open the kitchen door and exclaimed, "Out of this, you villain!" he commenced upsetting chairs and slashing away on the wood pile, as if engaged in a regular pitched battle.

Almost frightened to death for fear that her husband would lose his life in the encounter, the good woman threw up the window, and screamed at the top of her voice, "police! police! for heaven's sake police! murder! robbery! fire! po-le-e-ce!"

Her strength failed her; she here sunk on the floor, upset a pail of water, and so frightened the baby that it set up a scream on its own hook, which drowned all opposition.

A small lad in the house—who was of good stock, and all grit—ran down stairs screaming:

"Stick to him uncl! Here's a pistol! Give him goudy, while I give him a broadside."

"Go back to your bed, my good boy," said M., gathering around his stately limbs his primitive white garments. "Go back to your bed and say to your aunt, as you pass her door, that it is the first day of April, and I am making the fire for an early breakfast!"

The good lady takes the joke kindly but, with a sly twinkle, in her eye, she says:

"It's a long lane that has no end; and somebody will find eggs in their boots on the first of next Ap il.

WOMEN'S TEARS.—Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite if they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or to a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a villain, and they will weep because they cannot have everything their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he repents and promises better behavior. Women weep to get at her husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, vanity, folly, cunning and weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes while they scold him. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbor how she is fitted with her mourning? The widow of Ephesus bedewed the grave of her spouse with tears from one eye, while she squinted to a young soldier with the other.

—One of the "Yanks" in Boston, who was drafted, on being asked by a friend if he intended to go, replied, "No; you see the papers say a drafted man gets \$402 bounty, the same as a volunteers. It only takes \$300 to get exempted, and I'm going to tell Capt. Shaw I'll take \$102 and call it square."

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

—Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

—Most men have some of the milk of human kindness in them, but there is a nation in the East consisting entirely of Kards.

—That proverb is still true, "Going out were never so good, but staying at home were much better."

—Statistics show that 300,000 Frenchmen have committed suicide within the present century.

—"Never judge from manners," said Lord Byron, "for I had my pocket picked by the civilist gentleman I ever met with."

—The old dog Tray's ever faithful, they say;
But a dog that is faithful can never be Tray.

—It is a remarkable fact, that although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not now so anxious for green pastures.

—A witty editor of a penny paper took for his motto—"The price of liberty is eternal vengeance—the price of the Star only one cent."

—Mrs. Partington, when she heard the minister say there would be a nave in the new church, observed that "she knew very well who the party was."

—"In my youth," says Horace Walpole, "I thought of writing a satire upon mankind; but now, in my old age, I think I should write an apology for them."

—The fear of God begins with the heart, and purifies and rectifies it; and from the heart thus rectified, grows a conformity in the life, the words and the actions.

—A lady on separating from her husband changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

—In Bartford, N. H., "a brass-mounted abolitionist" conscript declared to the surgeon that he was entitled to the exemption as he was "d—ably demoralized!"

—Two petrified men have been found near Cattlemaine, in Australia. They were in a sitting posture—veins, muscles, finger-nails, teeth, etc., all perfect. One had a stone axe by his side.

—A conceited aspirant for tragic honors boasted that he had played the part of Abel in the "Alchemist." "You mistake, boy," replied an o'd actor, "It was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

—A statistical article announces the fearful fact, that, "while the population of France has been nearly stationary, the number of lunatics has gone up from twelve thousand to six y thousand."

—A young Scotch gentleman, named MacIntyre, recently put the stone through a neighbor's window; but, with great emotion in his s-tone of voice, he expressed his astonishment, and offered (in broad Scotch) to Mac Intyre reparation.

—An interesting case was recently presented for examination at the Provost Marshal's office in Portland, Maine. The surgeon reported the disease as that of chronic folliculitis and oedema of the pharyngeosophael mucus membrane!

—Tallyrand's famous saying, "La parole a etc donnee a l'homme pour aider a cacher sa pensee," has been traced back to Dr. Robert South, who, in the course of a sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey, April 30th, 1676, used the following language: "This seems to be the true inward-judgment of all our political sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to the wise to conceal it."

WOMAN IN SAXON TIMES.—In olden times, if the husband proved a thief, the wife was equally liable to punishment. Alfred relieved the wife from penalty if she could prove that she neither knew of the theft nor had tasted of the thing stolen. In the days of marauding expeditions, when thieving was honorable than otherwise, these laws naturally led to domestic differences. The Northmen and the Danes allowed the wife to have the custody of her husband's keys. If he refused to give them to her, there was a law by which she could compel him to do so. When Canute became king, he introduced a law into England embodying the spirit of this institution, for he enacted that every married woman had a right to a storeroom, a chest, and a cupboard to keep under lock and key, and to deny her husband access to them. This privilege extended to every class, so that in the event of the master of the house—hlaford (bread owner)—taking to thieving, his wife—the hlafdig (bread divider)—was protected. For by the laws of Canute, if a man bring a stolen thing to his cot, and he is detected, it is just that the owner should have what he went after. "And unless it has been brought under his wife's key-lockers let her be clear; for it is her duty to keep the key of them—namely, her storeroom, her chest and her cupboard. If it be found in these, then she is guilty; but no wife may forbid her husband that he put into his cot what he will.—Englishwoman's Journal.