

Correspondence.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:—As I am on a business tour through the settlements south of the City, I thought that perhaps your readers would like to learn something concerning the present aspect of matters in Sanpete County.

I came through the divide on Saturday the 18th instant. It snowed nearly all day, which rendered travelling very difficult and disagreeable. Paid a passing visit to Fountain Green and passed on to Moroni. At the last named place a brass band had been lately organized, the members of which, considering they had only met for practice on four occasions, had made creditable progress. I also learned that a library had been commenced in this settlement.

From Moroni I passed on to Mount Pleasant, which, when viewed under more favorable circumstances, in regard to weather, &c., I think would be in harmony with its name. Here, as in other settlements, at this dreary season of the year, when most people have but little employment, the wise arrangement has been entered into of providing entertainment instructive and amusing, for the people. Hence there is an Institute at which lectures are delivered on various subjects. There is also a "Dramatic Association," with Bro. David Candland as acting stage manager.

Fairview, or as it is more commonly called North Bend, is perhaps the most picturesque settlement in Sanpete. It is situated in the north east corner of the County, surrounded by undulating wooded hills, and possesses many facilities for becoming a flourishing and beautiful town. The great drawback to its advancement of late, has been its exposure to Indian depredations.

To prevent repetition, I may say that at Springtown and Fort Ephraim matters are moving along in about the same way as at the other settlements I have before named.

Your brother,
JOHN NICHOLSON.

[Special to the DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

Galveston, 30.

Mejia of Juarez' army, bearer of dispatches to Washington, has arrived here.

The French have ceased fighting the Liberals, and do not interfere in battles between the Imperialists and Liberals. The Liberals are gathering in the valley of Mexico, and will soon number 10,000.

New York, 1.

The *Herald's* Santiago correspondent, Jan. 2, says foreign mediation between the Allied Republics and Spain has been definitely rejected, and a vigorous prosecution of the war has been determined upon. Mediation on the part of the United States is looked forward to amicably, and it is believed that a proposition for adjustment from this quarter would be accepted. The Chilean government has received reliable information that Spain is making every preparation for war, and would reinforce the naval division of Rio Janiero. Valparaiso is rapidly becoming impregnable. The Allied fleet is being made ready for an expedition. The finance question is becoming embarrassing, although specie is plentiful. The Mendoza revolution has assumed alarming proportions; the revolutionary army, it is thought, would succeed.

The Fenian leaders in this city have advertised for sale 2,000 arms, principally muskets and Springfield rifles, all ready for instant use.

The *Times* special says the President's new plan of adjustment is based on qualified suffrage and amnesty, of which mention was made a few days since; it has been further matured, discussed, somewhat modified in its details. The prospect of its adoption by the Administration is almost certain.

The New Orleans riot Committee have closed their investigation, and are now at work on their report, which will not be completed for several days.

The *Herald's* New Orleans special says it is understood that, if the Legislature passes the bill for the new constitution over the veto of Gov. Wells, he will issue a proclamation declaring the convention of 1864 legal, and reassembling it. The Radicals are organizing a grand army of the Republic all over the State; and a conflict between Radicals and ex-confederates, is not improbable.

Sandusky, Ohio, 1.

A destructive fire in Mansfield, Ohio, this morning, destroyed property estimated at \$75,000; no insurance.

Taunton, Mass., 1.

Cobb's woolen mill at Leighton, Mass., was burned this forenoon; loss \$120,000; insured \$80,000.

New York, 1.

Freight to Liverpool is dull. Money is steady and easy at 6 @ 7 per cent.

Washington, 1.

The President to-day sent to Congress replies to resolutions, transmitting a statement showing a number of reasons for removals in several of the Departments, and a voluminous document on

the subject of Mexico. He also transmitted, among the latter, a letter from Secretary Seward to Marshall O. Roberts, of December last, in which he says that he does not deem it necessary or expedient, at present, to intervene in the case of contracts between citizens of the United States and Mexico. This was in answer to Roberts' complaint that Juarez had granted a charter to the Tehuantepec Transit Co., in derogation of a previous contract granted to the Tehuantepec Co., which, it is claimed, has legal force.

The President has issued a proclamation discontinuing the discrimination of tonnage and imposts against vessels of the Hawaiian Islands and articles imported into the United States, from December 10th; the exemption continues as long as it is reciprocated.

Boston, 1.

The roof of the building at the corner of Summer and King sts. fell to-day, seriously injuring five men employed thereon.

London, 1.

It is announced that the Austrian troops in Mexico do not leave that country with the French.

Florence, 1.

Count Barrall has been appointed Italian Ambassador to the Court of Vienna.

Paris, 1.

The *Gazette de Tribune* Aux editorially protests against the rendition of Lamorande, the defaulter, to the British Government.

Washington, 1.

In the Senate the bankrupt bill was taken up, the question being on the amendment of the Judiciary Committee to strike out from the last exceptions on the operations of the bill the following words: "and such other property not included in the foregoing exceptions, as is exempted from levy and sale upon execution by the laws of the state in which the bankrupt has domicile at the time of the commencement of proceedings in bankruptcy, to an amount not exceeding that allowed by the exemption laws in force in 1864. An amendment was offered to substitute the words: "and the homestead and other property, not exceeding the value of \$2,000, for the words stricken out, was debated at length, but there was no action.

Toronto, 1.

The total number of Fenians tried here since June is 107; the cases have been disposed of as follows: 22 convicted, 20 acquitted, 49 dismissed for want of evidence, 13 discharged on bail and 3 untried. The condemned will be sent to the Kingston penitentiary.

Washington, 1.

The Senate to-day confirmed H. H. Heath Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico.

The President to-day sent to the House his reply to a resolution calling for information in relation to removals from office.

Miscellaneous.

A REAL "DEVIL FISH."

Readers of M. Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," will remember the terrible narrative of the Fisherman Gilliatt's encounter with the octopus or sea-devil, who winds its horrible suckers round his victim, and gradually draws away his life's blood. The poet novelist has been accused of exaggeration in this incident, but according to Mr. Lord, an English traveler, who has just published in London a book about British Columbia and the Pacific coast, the sea-devils of the North Pacific even outdo the terrors of the Channel species. Mr. Lord says:

"The octopus, as seen on our coasts, although even here called a 'mansucker' by the fishermen, is a mere Tom Thumb, a tiny dwarf, as compared to the Brobdignagian proportions he attains in the snug bays and long inland canals along the east side of Vancouver Island, as well as on the mainland. These places afford lurking dens, strongholds and natural sea-nurseries, where the octopus grows to an enormous size, fattens and wages war with insatiable voracity on all and everything it can catch. Safe from heavy breakers, it lives as if in an aquarium of smooth lake-like water, that, save in the ebbing and flowing of the tide, knows no change or disturbance.

The ordinary resting place of this hideous sea-beast is under a large stone or in the wide cleft of a rock, where an

octopus can creep and squeeze itself with the flatness of a sand-dab or the slipperiness of an eel. Its modes of locomotion are curious and varied: using the eight arms as paddles and working them alternately, the central disk representing a boat, octopi row themselves along with an ease and celerity comparable to the many oared caique that glides over the tranquil waters of the Bosphorus; they can ramble at will over the sandy roadways intersecting their submarine parks, and converting arms into legs, march on like a huge spider. Gymnasts of the highest order, they climb the slippery ledges, as flies walk up a window pane; attaching the countless suckers that arm the terrible limbs to the face of the rock, or to the wrack and sea-weed they go about, back downward, like marine sloths, or, clinging with one arm to the waving algae, perform series of trapeze movements that Leotard might view with envy.

I have often when on the rocks in Esquimaux harbor, watched my friend's proceedings; the water being clear and still, it is just like peering into an aquarium of huge proportions, crowded with endless varieties of curious sea-monsters; although grotesque and ugly to look at, yet all alike displaying the wondrous works of Creative wisdom. In all the cosy little nooks and corners of the harbor the great seawrack (Macrocystis) grows wildly, having a straight round stem that comes up from the bottom, often with a stalk three hundred feet long; reaching the surface, it spreads out two long tapering leaves that float upon the water; this sea forest is the favorite hunting ground of octopi.

I do not think, in his native element, an octopus often catches prey upon the ground or on the rocks, but waits for them just as the spider does, only the octopus converts itself into a web, and a fearful web, too. Fastening one arm to a stout stalk, stiffening out the other seven, one would hardly know it from the wrack amongst which it is concealed. Patiently he bides his time, until presently a shoal of fish come gaily on, threading their way through the seaweeds, joyously happy, and little dreaming that this lurking monster, so artfully concealed, is close at hand. Two or three of them rub against the arms. Fatal touch! As though a powerful electric shock had passed through the fish and suddenly knocked it senseless, so does the arm of the octopus paralyze its victim; then, winding a great sucker-clad cable round the palsied fish—as an elephant winds its trunk round anything to be conveyed to the mouth—draws the dainty morsel to the centre of the disk, where the beaked mouth seizes, and soon sucks it in."

By a sort of poetical justice, these tyrants of the sea-caverns are themselves hunted by an enemy of untiring pertinacity. The Indian regards the octopus as a great delicacy, especially when its huge glutinous body is carefully roasted. Were the octopus once to get its long thong-like feelers over the side of the canoe, and at the same time retain a hold upon the seawrack, it could as easily haul it over as a child could a basket. This the crafty Indian well knows. How he captures him Mr. Lord thus describes:

Paddling the canoe close to the rocks, and quietly pushing inside the wrack, the savage peers through the crystal water, until his practiced eye detects an octopus, with its great ropelike arms stiffened out, waiting patiently for food. His spear is twelve feet long, armed at the end with four pieces of hard wood, made harder by being baked and charred in the fire; these project about fourteen inches beyond the spear-haft, each piece having a barb on one side, and are arranged in a circle round the spear-end, and lashed firmly on with cedar bark. Having spied out the octopus, the hunter passes the spear carefully through the water until within an inch or so of the centre disk, and then sends it in as deep as he can plunge it. Writhing with pain and passion, the redskin making the side of his canoe a fulcrum for his spear, keeps the struggling monster well off, and rises it to the surface of the water. He is dangerous now, if he could get a holdfast on either savage or canoe, nothing short of chopping off the arms piecemeal would be of any avail.

But the wily redskin knows all this and has taken care to have ready another spear, unbarbed, long, straight, smooth and very sharp, and with this he stabs the octopus where the arms join the central disk. I suppose the spear must break down the nervous

ganglions supplying motive power, as the stabbed arm loses at once strength and tenacity; the suckers that a moment before held on with a force that ten men could not have overcome, relax, and the entire ray hangs like a dead snake, a limp, lifeless mass. And thus the Indian stabs, until the octopus, deprived of all power to do harm, is dragged into the canoe, a great, inert, quivering lump of brown-looking jelly.

RUIKAN FOS, THE GREAT CATARACT OF NORWAY.

I was very glad we had the cabrioles, for although the road was far from good, still it was passable, and we progressed more comfortably and faster than we would have done on horseback. The distance is about four hours' ride along a narrow valley, and would have been charming on a sunshiny day. Toward the end we began to ascend and to wind around the mountain sides until we reached a small place about 500 feet above the stream. From here we caught a glimpse of the spray—a smoke-like column rising from a chasm in the mountain, about a mile from us. For an hour we crept along a narrow, stony path, worn in the cliff's side, some times crossing mountain torrents or log bridges, at others getting across the best way we could. Fortunately, it did not rain continuously, but still it was as wet as if it had; but we had a clear view. Half way up the sun peeped out, forming the glorious rainbow across the valley. It was a hard climb, but fatigue was forgotten as we turned suddenly a corner of the cliff and the Fos was seen. Not a glimpse had been visible before, and only the distant thunder of the falling river gave notice of its nearness. We halted upon a narrow strip that formed the edge of the basin into which the waters fell. And now that I have brought you there, how can I describe the rest? The waters of the Nijos, that flow into the lake we traversed, are 1,275 feet above it. The basin, or rather chasm, on whose edge we rested, is in itself remarkable. It seems as if it had been artificially hollowed from the rock, so precipitous are its sides. A thousand feet we looked straight down to its foaming bottom, so small in its diameter that it seemed as if a strong arm could throw a stone across. On every side rocky cliffs, barren and dreary, overtop it. One side is cleft to the bottom for an outlet for the river. A thousand feet of darkness was below us, a thousand feet of barren rocks above us, a narrow ledge of a dozen feet in breadth supported us. Into this dark cavern poured the waters of the Nijos; 900 feet in a perpendicular line fell a column of snow spray, spray I must call it, for the water is so dashed and torn into atoms, that it only reunites when it flows into the river below. Can you realize the height of 900 feet, nearly three times the height of Trinity steeple (if I remember correctly). Nine hundred feet of water roaring, rushing, foaming, tumbling, shooting with lightning speed from the mountain's top into a dark rocky basin, where, foaming and boiling, it throws up a voluminous spray far above its height. There seems to be no words at my command that can do it justice. The mighty fall, the black chasm, the great mountains, the distant valley, all combine to impress awe upon the beholder, an awe that commands silence, and belittles him in his own eyes. A writer more eloquent than I describes it as seeming to him to be "like the end of the world." Words failed him as they fail me. As we gazed, speechless, the sun broke through once more the cloudy canopy, and illumined one side of the chasm, making, by the contrast, the other still darker, and brightening the fall, and filling the air with diamond sparklings where the rising spray crossed the sunbeams, then while the scene look brightened, we turned reluctantly away and retraced our steps back to where we had left our horses.—[Cor. of *Journal of Commerce*.]

THERE are six woolen mills in operation in Oregon, which consume annually about 1,025,000 pounds of wool. Admitting the same for California, this would give 2,050,000 pounds of wool annually made into blankets, casimeres, flannels, &c., on the Pacific coast.

—Queen Victoria's annual income is \$2,000,000, and her living expenses \$500,000.

—Eleven cotton factories in South Carolina are in successful operation, running 27,200 spindles and 995 looms.