

sight by the wall which it underlays. If rock could be used entirely it would make, of course, the most durable structure; but where other material is used for a house, it should rest upon a solid and secure foundation.

PERSONAL.—By correspondence from Bear Lake Valley, we learn that Elder C. C. Rich and family are well. Our humorous young friend, Joseph C. Rich, had arrived safe in that remote region, and was designing to improve the quality and increase his quantity of brains by a deliberate and continuous application to fish diet. The "suckers" will suffer. "Them trout," when will they arrive?

LOOKING WELL.—By a gentleman just in from Cache Valley, we learn that the crops in that valley and on the way down to this city are looking splendid, and if the "hoppers" will be satisfied with a moderate share, there will be a liberal harvest. Box Elder Canyon, which was washed out by a cloud bursting last winter, is being repaired and the road put in good order again.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY.

FOUND.—The body of Nells Larsen, the boy whose accidental drowning we published on Thursday, was found the same day, a little before noon, by Bishop C. I. Robson, about a mile below the place where he fell in.

ABOUT STRAW HATS.—Is there much rye planted for making straw hats and bonnets? Our little girls can learn to plait straw as easily as crochets "tidies." Their nimble little fingers can twine it out and in with dexterous cunning, when they are taught. Utilize all such labor, we will have need of all the country can supply; save money and keep it at home, instead of sending it away, and not even choosing those who shall have the carrying of it; and grow independent, not in name but in deed, by being self-supporting. That is what is involved in straw hat-making, and kindred kinds of industrial pursuits. Is there much rye planted?

POISONED.—We learn that a child of Bishop W. C. Smoot, now on a mission, got poisoned yesterday in Sugar House Ward, by eating poison segos. Prompt measures were taken to counteract the results, a lobelia emetic was given, and other means were adopted, and we hear the child is in a fair way to recover.

WHO WILL DO IT.—Now is the season when milk is plentiful. Who will commence the making of cheese in this city on the plan proposed by President Young some weeks ago? Who will take the milk as it is brought from persons in the various wards, make it into cheese, and return to the owners of the milk a proportionate amount of cheese? Somebody can do himself and the community good by starting in it. There is no fear but it will pay him, and will give every family with a milk cow a chance to get cheese from and for the milk they may have to spare.

IN THREE DAYS.—We have been favored with the following figures, by Br. C. J. Robson, of the quantity of grasshoppers or locusts caught in the stream that runs on the east side of Sugar House Ward—a part of Big Canyon Creek—on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week. From the south end of Canada ditch south of Emigration Creek, 68 bushels; from Emigration to T. O. Angell's, 25 bushels; from the ditch to the County road, 43 bushels; on the first tier of blocks west of the County road 36 bushels; making a total of 172 bushels. By a careful calculation it was found that the average number of grasshoppers to the bushel was over 307,000, which would make a grand total of 53,000,000. These figures would seem almost incredible, if they came from a less reliable source.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY.

ALL GONE!—We have to lament the loss of dear womanhood from the earth. Once the brightest ornaments of the household, and the joy of a true man's heart, they are now gone. There are plenty of "ladies" yet; and "females," though it is not often designated whether the latter belong to the human race or some lower one. But woman, the oldest, dearest, best name for "the sex we love," is a thing of the past, on this broad continent. A few still remain in Europe; but when they cross the "big drink" on their journey to freedom and lady-dom, the name is lost, irretrievably lost. Will somebody revive it, somewhere, say in New York, Boston, or other Gotham-Hub, and then it may become popular again. The meaning of the old Saxon words, which are derivatives of "lady," is "bread-giver." Ladies, how many of you are bread-givers? By the bye, our women are better entitled to the term than those of any other portion of the country, particularly the members of the Female Relief Societies, and the sisters who aid them. Yes, they are ladies; but neither wealth, dress, fashion, position, caste, nor impudent hauteur gives a right to use the title. While we honor and are proud of the name of "man," we will honor and be proud of its companion name for man's companion—"woman."

TO BOUNTIFUL.—President B. Young paid a visit to and held meetings in Bountiful yesterday. The meetings were well attended, numbers of people from Centerville and Farmington being present. In the morning President Young delivered a very instructive discourse; in the afternoon, Elders Joseph A. Brigham Junr., and John W. Young spoke, followed by another discourse from the President. A few remarks by Elder James H. Hart of Bloomington, Rich county, brought the meeting to a close. The Bountiful and Farmington choirs made melody, the closing piece being executed by the latter choir with great sweetness. The day was beautiful, except a slight shower; the drive was pleasant; the people rejoiced at the visit; and everything associated with it was of the most agreeable character.

The crops by the way looked very beautiful and promising, the grain already waving to the passing wind, gleaming in the sunshine and exciting strong hopes of an abundant harvest. Grasshoppers are numerous in places, and persevering with an industry which, directed in a nobler cause would entitle them to a mural crown or the presentation of a piece of plate in the shape of a toothpick. Bishop Stoker and his Ward are out to-day to a man, including both sexes and all fighting ages, and the slaughter this week is expected to be gory-ous, for the foe will hop and fall never to bend again the hinges of a crooked member for another rise. Peace to their (h)ashes if they are mashed, and to their ashes if they are burned.

The President returned to the city after the afternoon meeting, arriving before six o'clock.

DROWNED, at Mount Pleasant, Sanpete, May 13th, Creswell, only child of Edward and Eliza Cliff, aged three years and nine months.—*Mt. Star*, please copy.

Correspondence.

PARIS, Rich Co., U. T.,
May 7, 1868.

Editor Deseret News.—Sir, Having just made the trip from Salt Lake City to Bear Lake Valley, I consider myself posted in regard to the manner of reaching this point; and, for the benefit and guidance of future pilgrims bound for this locality, I will give a little history of the trip and how it can be performed on the most round-about route.

The distance from Salt Lake City to Paris, Rich county, on the Huntsville road, is about 125 miles, this valley lying a little east of north from your city.

Travel north about 35 miles to the mouth of Weber Cañon, where you can purchase, for one dollar, a ticket signed "J. C. Little," which ticket, with the assistance of a good team, strong wagon and sound constitution, will take you through Weber Cañon. A great amount of work has been done on this road, and were it not for a few hundred thousand full grown boulders that still adorn the track, you might feel some reverence for your ticket, notwithstanding the loss of your greenback.

The last eight miles has been in an easterly direction. At Mountain Green settlement the road bears north-east seven miles over a low chain of hills that divide Weber and Ogden valleys. It passed over snow-drifts, and in forcing the south tributary of Ogden river found it high even to run over the wagon-box.

At Huntsville, 60 miles distant from the southern settlement in Bear Lake, the road to Rich county was reported to be impassable for teams, in consequence of snow and a grand land slide up the Cañon that had slid a portion of the road into the river, completely damming it up; and some enterprising individuals had taken advantage of this freak of nature, and were erecting a saw mill at the dam. Not being able to make the trip on this route, the only alternative is to strike west twelve miles, down Ogden Cañon, at the mouth of which a kind-hearted man charges you only a dollar and a half for the damages.

The road down this Cañon had not been fixed up this Spring, and was pretty rough, though, generally, it is in splendid condition. The gatekeeper says the scenery in the Cañon is worth the price of travel, and from his honest looks I would not judge him capable of misrepresentation.

Now you are on the road to Bear Lake, via Soda Springs, which is far nearer than the proposed road via Alaska. Continue north 40 miles, to Bear River bridge, and if you are not acquainted with this locality it will make little odds, as you will be told when you get there. Now, turn north-east, over another range of hills, into Cache valley on the west side; go eight or nine miles, and when your team mires down calculate that the town of Charleston is near by. About nine miles further will be found the town of Weston, ten more Packer's Ferry across Bear river; and two beyond, the scene of Connor's battle with the ill-fated Bear Hunter and his scallawag band of Northern braves. The bleached skeletons of scores of noble red men still ornament the ground, and one can almost imagine he feels the influence of the departed still hanging around the battle field. I am sorry to say that Po-co-tello and his small "gang" were not identified in this conflict.

From this point to Soda Springs is about 70 miles north-east, the first thirty miles through hills and mountains, and the balance of the way through what is very appropriately named "Volcano Valley."

Connor City, at Soda Springs, laid out for the settlement of the Morrisites, is not so extensive and populous as St. Louis, the inhabitants now numbering about a dozen exclusive of trappers, Indians and traders. The Government barracks is in a sadly demolished condition. Like the poor Indians it is slowly passing away. Whether for firewood, or for building purposes I am not prepared to say, but the fact is apparent that it is on the evaporate. Half a mile on, is found quite an extensive distillery, the door of which is locked by order of some internal revenue officer in Boise City.

Two or three farms have been started here, but Jack Frost has played them out. The springs are a great curiosity, have the soda snap in their taste; and as the water boils over it forms a scaly

rock, thus making respectable hillocks with a sharp peak, the spring being right on the top. I "located" one for speculation when the Union Pacific Railroad comes along.

You now turn south, and travel 25 miles up the Bear River to Bennington, (the northern settlement in Bear Lake), cross Bear River on a "wooden ferry," and get to Paris by going 15 miles south westerly.

There is a good bridge across Bear River, five miles above the ferry, but the water on each side of it at this time of the year prevents anything crossing it except ducks and geese.

The health of the people is good, with the exception of whooping cough among the children. About one half of the crops are in the ground, with no grasshopper prospects. A four days rain and snow storm has just passed over, leaving the ground in a splendid condition for receiving the balance of the seed. Breadstuff is scarce, but the fish are "running," and we can stave off the monster by making it warm for the suckers.

J. C. R.

MINUTES.

New York half-yearly Conference, held, at 390 Grand Street, Williamsburgh April 26th.

The Saints in the New York District convened at the above hall, on Sunday, April 26. There were present on the stand Elders H. B. Clawson, W. C. Staires, Jos. Bull, H. J. Richards, and B. Hule, from Utah. Elder Brown, returning from his mission in Holland, with W. H. Miles, President, and a great number of the local priesthood.

The Conference was opened at 10 o'clock a.m., with prayer by Elder Bull.

Elder W. H. Miles after a few preliminary remarks, presented the authorities of the church in Zion, with those of the elders having charge of this year's emigration and those present at the conference, who were unanimously sustained.

Reports were then given of the New York, Newark, Portsmouth, Philadelphia, Hyde Park and Cohoes branches, which were to the effect that in some places they were in good standing, with but a few exceptions, and many were being added by baptism, and that they were renting halls to preach in, and doing all they could to faithfully warn the people.

Elder Bull then arose and said, that since his arrival, two months ago, he had labored with a great deal of pleasure in this conference. He had found the Saints a good, generous people, with but few exceptions. He had but one object in view in laboring amongst them, and that was to bless the Saints. He realized the Church was progressing, and that it had never seen a better day than the present. In his intercourse with merchants and clergy in New York, he had been invariably treated with kindness, and listened to with attention.

Elder Hule expressed himself happy to meet with the Saints in conference, and to speak of the good things of the kingdom. He had some difficulty in converting the people. They would treat him kindly, but would have nothing to do with "Mormonism." Yet he felt assured some would shortly be added to the church.

Elder Brown was then introduced, and said he rejoiced to be with the Saints to-day, and had done so during his mission. He had but recently returned from his field of labor in the Netherlands. The people there were a priest-ridden people, and it seemed almost impossible to penetrate the thick coat of tradition with which they were covered. Whilst there he assisted in the translation of the *Voice of Warning* and many pamphlets of the church. He had conversed with clergymen who would listen to him attentively until Joseph Smith's name was mentioned, then the bible was closed, and they speedily made their exit. Since then he had labored a short time in England, and had visited many conferences where there was a complete furor caused about the emigration; all were anxious to be released from their thralldom. He exhorted the Saints to sustain the Elders, and all the institutions of the church.

Elder W. H. Miles, after a few very appropriate remarks to the brethren, dismissed the meeting with prayer.

2½ p.m.

The conference was resumed, and opened with prayer by Elder Brown.

Sacrament was administered, when Elder Brown was requested to speak,

and he said he felt thankful to speak in defence of the gospel. He briefly related his experience on his mission in Holland and England, and said there was a lively interest felt in England as to the work of the Lord. Numbers were being baptized. During his short stay in his last Conference, about 100 had been added by baptism.

Elder Clawson said that it was with peculiar interest he met the Saints in this conference. It reminded him of the fact that but a few years had elapsed since six men met in this State and organized the Church. He spoke of the rapid progress the Church had made recently. Everything with regard to emigration was progressing as well as could be expected. He exhorted the Saints to unite works with their faith, and to assist themselves home to Zion. Those who would not be able to emigrate this season, were not to feel disappointed, but to persevere in accomplishing their deliverance the following spring.

Elder Staines experienced great pleasure in meeting with the Saints, and in listening to the remarks of the brethren. He reasoned at length on the necessity of new revelation; of the difficulty in understanding the Scriptures in their present mutilated condition; and compared the translations of Joseph to the conglomerate mass of uninspired writers. He fully endorsed the sentiments of the brethren in exhorting the Saints to gather home.

Elder W. H. Miles then arose, and expressed himself highly edified with the remarks of the brethren, and gave the Saints some excellent instruction. As the time was nearly expired for closing the meeting, he deferred making further remarks. He then called for a show of the Priesthood present, when the following numbers were handed in: 5 Seventies, 4 High Priests, 44 Elders, 16 Priests, 15 Teachers, and 16 Deacons, making a total of 100.

Meeting was then dismissed with prayer by Elder Brown.

6½ p.m.

The meeting was called to order by Elder W. H. Miles, and opened with prayer by Elder Hule.

Elder Bull arose and said, he felt like taking for a text the words, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and in an elaborate discourse, traced the rise of the Church from the year 1830 to the present; showing how, from the commencement, the enemies sought its overthrow, but all their efforts failed. As the Saints were persecuted, so also did their faith increase; and as they were deprived of one privilege, the Lord blessed them with others. As one city was destroyed, the Lord led them where they could build themselves hundreds.

Elder Miles said he had listened with considerable attention to the remarks of the brethren, and felt like relating some facts that he desired published to the world. At the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, he resided in New York, and William Smith was then president of this mission, and was at that time preaching doctrine contrary to the will of Joseph. They slept together on the evening of the martyrdom. In the morning he arose and went into the streets, and was attracted to a notice on a bulletin board, at the corner of Chatham and Franklin streets, of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He was very much astonished, although it was expected that violence would be used against them. To his appearance the whole city seemed stricken with awe and astonishment, fearing the consequence. He returned to the boarding-house, where he had left William Smith, and said to him, "They have killed the prophet," when William exclaimed, "My God, they have slain my two brothers." They both then proceeded to the bulletin, and before they reached it, as if momentarily struck with the idea, William turned and said, "I know the very course Brigham Young will take, and the Twelve. I know he will be chosen to preside over the Church; but as sure as it is done, I will oppose it; for by my patriarchal office it is my place to preside over the Church." Shortly after this, William was disfellowshipped for preaching doctrines contrary to council and for committing acts of great wickedness. He then narrated a few facts in the history of Sidney Rigdon and Joseph's son, and also of the rise of the so-called Josephites, which were equally interesting.

The conference was then adjourned until the first week in October. Prayer by Elder Brown.

The meetings throughout the day were well attended, and marked attention was paid to the remarks of the brethren; a good influence prevailed, and all felt edified.

W. H. SCOTT, Reporter.