

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRIEVOUS POSTAL DIFFICULTIES.

MANTI, SANPETE CO., }
March 9th, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:

Knowing your disposition to oblige, as a citizen of this large and growing county, I am inouthpiece for a great many in the towns affected with the evils of which I am about to complain. We have petitioned, remonstrated and implored for redress, but thus far in vain. Officers, territorial and county, of every grade and size have strove to effect a change in our postal arrangements, but to no purpose.

First: The citizens of Gunnison, a place of some two hundred families, perform a weekly trip to Manti of 36 miles, there and back, for their mail matter, at their own expense.

Second: The citizens of Mount Pleasant, Springtown, North Bend and Coalville have to send a messenger to Moroni each week to carry and fetch their respective mails, that being the nearest post office to those villages.

Third: The mail for this county leaves your city every Thursday morning, arriving at Salt Creek on Friday evening following and lies there till the next Wednesday, and as our mail is large (and the conveyance being on horseback) some of our mail lies over for a "more convenient season," which means some weeks hence. We very frequently receive the News four days in advance of said slow anti-telegraph process. Can you help us, and can the P. M. at G. S. L. City be induced to fulfill a repeated promise and endeavor to effect a change of schedule, so that the Manti mails will leave Salt Creek on Saturdays as heretofore? If this cannot be done we shall have to organize an express company, for our traffic is large and we must have greater facilities for communication.

I attended the board meeting of the D. A. & M. Society for this county a day or two ago, and was gratified to see the spirit manifested, and to witness the endeavors to award premiums for the ensuing year's fair in agricultural works, which will give an impetus to an enterprise struggling against many obstacles.

Not being your Sanpete correspondent, I forbear speaking of some items of Territorial value. Help us in the postal matter by the publication of this communication, and you will confer a great favor on hundreds of your subscribers and many who would be but for the expense and difficulty attending existing postal arrangements, as above referred to.

D. CANDLAND.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

BRIGHAM CITY, }
March 17th, 1863. }

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Will you be so kind as to give the following a place in your next issue, and oblige many friends:

On the 12th inst., a man by the name of W. J. Chastain accidentally shot himself in Box Elder Canyon while on a fishing excursion, in company with some of the citizens of Brigham city and some of his own company who came with him from the Beaverhead gold mines last fall for provisions.

The particulars are as follows:

Some were shooting the fish with revolvers, others catching them with their hands. It appears that Chastain had found some fish under some stones at the breast of a small dam that had been made across the little stream, and while stooping down to catch the fish, his revolver dropped out of his belt, and the hammer striking a stone, discharged the weapon, shooting him directly through the heart, killing him instantly; he never spoke more than to say "oh! oh!" in a low tone of voice to one of his company who stood nearest to him.

The deceased was a man about 36 years old, a native of Georgia, and left home about three years since—leaving a wife and four children.

He was a man of undoubted integrity, honorable in all his deportment, and was universally respected by all who knew him, being of warm and generous nature, having a mild and gentle disposition, wearing a continual smile on a naturally honest face, that shed a halo of satisfaction on all those with whom he had any association.

And now to the kind people of Brigham city, (as a representative of our party) I thank you for the kindness and attention manifested on the occasion in assisting to pay the last tribute of respect to our unfortunate friend, and however much the Mormon people may be misrepresented and slandered by some people, I am satisfied that one thing is certain—they are not void of natural and sympathetic feeling when necessary.

O. J. S.

—An exchange says that, as babies are a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law, it will be necessary to have a ten cent stamp affixed to them.

—When it is 12 o'clock, m. at San Francisco, California, it is 25 minutes and 48 seconds past 2, p.m., in Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Liverpool *Journal of Commerce* states, as it says, on the best authority, that Capt. Semmes, with the Alabama, intends to sail immediately for the East Indies.

A gentleman late from Vicksburg says that sickness has made sad havoc in the Union ranks—over a thousand per day having been buried for a succession of days. He represents the troops as being much dissatisfied and anxious to return home.

A world's exhibition of dogs is to take place at the Liverpool Gardens of acclimation, Bois de Bologne, Paris, from the 5th to the 12th of May, 1863—comprising dogs sent from all parts of the world. Prizes in money, gold, silver and bronze medals and works of art will be distributed among the exhibitors.

Drafting orders have been issued to the State of Michigan—the draft to commence within five days after receiving the order.

A woman having three hands has been recently reported to the Royal Medical Chirurgical Society. She is thirty-eight years of age and said to be a well-developed, healthy, active and intelligent woman, having one child, in all respects normal.

A grand convention of all the prisoners who have suffered incarceration for political offences by the Federal Government was to be held in New York city on the 4th inst. They have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of concerting measures to obtain redress for their grievances.

Deserters say that Gen. Banks cannot depend on his army, hence the delay in advancing.

Cotton was held in Memphis, on the 5th inst., at from ninety-five cents to one dollar per pound.

Three enormous ocean iron-clad men-of-war, similar to the Dictator and Princeton now in course of construction in New York, are soon to be erected. They will be over four hundred feet long, and much more formidable than either the Warrior or Gloire. The iron armor on the turrets will be no less than two feet thick, and the outside bow, which will be of iron, will be as sharp as the blade of a knife. The battery will surpass anything hitherto commenced.

ITEMS OF SOUTHERN NEWS.

A fight is reported to have occurred near Dahlonga between the Confederates and malcontents, or Union men, in Georgia, with considerable loss on both sides. The Confederates claim the victory, having captured all the insurgents' stores and guns.

A magnificent dinner was recently given at Charleston to the officers of the French frigate and to the French Consul at that port. The French officers seemed confident that the French government would soon enter into an alliance with the Confederate government.

A dispatch from Port Hudson, La., of Feb. 6, says that the U. S. sloop-of-war Brooklyn was sunk by the steamers Alabama, Florida and Harriet Lane—the Brooklyn having been sent in pursuit of the latter.

In Little Rock, Ark., eggs are \$2 per doz; turkeys, \$7 apiece; pork, 25 cts. per lb; flour, \$25 per bbl.; meal, \$1.50 per bushel.

There were recently two thousand Union prisoners in Richmond.

All supplies purchased by the Confederate officers are paid for in Southern paper, which is taken at par everywhere in Nassau.

The Charleston papers chronicle the death of Hon. Laurens Pinckney, of South Carolina.

The Richmond *Dispatch*, of the 17th ult., publishes an advertisement for substitutes for service in the Confederate army, offering a bounty of \$2,000 apiece.

The *Dispatch*, of same date reports that the privateer Florida had sent the Annie Bussall, laden with troops for New Orleans, to the bottom.

In Richmond, on the 18th, gun powder was selling at \$8 per lb.; tea, \$6.50 and \$7; chloroform, \$16.50 per lb; black broadcloth, \$16, 50 and \$22.50 per yard; grey cloth, \$18.

—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

—The world will probably be girdled by the electric telegraph during the present year. Communication has already taken place between London and Turnen, in Siberia, a distance of four thousand, thirty-nine miles.

SEVENTIES' HALL LECTURES.

On the 20th ult., President Joseph Young delivered an instructive lecture on the "signs of the times."

Tuesday, the 24th. Elder Levi W. Hancock gave an outline of his experience in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

The audience were cheered and enlivened by a choice selection of songs and anthems.

We are pleased to be able to record something favorable of the performances of the choir of the Seventies' Hall, for we are assured that the Conductor, Mr. S. Barson, has striven to make the vocal music entertaining, but on several occasions, after the delivery of the best of lectures on the most sublime subjects, some most ridiculous and inappropriate songs have been introduced, embodying sentiments which, to speak the least of them in the mildest form, were anything but refined. It is to be hoped that the same lack of good taste will not occur again.

On Friday evening, Mr. John Pack delivered an excellent practical lecture on agriculture.

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.—A SCENE IN TEXAS.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER.

A crowd was assembled in the bar room of a Texas tavern one day when I entered, said my friend, the traveler, and had I not been pretty well used to such sights and scenes, I should have withdrawn at once.

The dingy, dirty, smoke-begrimed apartment was filled with a score or more of men of all ages and every description. Some were smoking, some drinking, some eating, some grumbling, and all were talking loudly and cursing vociferously.

Old and young were alike dark, dirty and brutal looking, and from many a bosom I saw peeping out the butt end of a pistol or the handle of a bowie-knife.

Gamblers, robbers and cut-throats were these men, every one of them, and it behoved a decent person to be very circumspect in his looks and actions if he would escape with a whole skin.

After refreshing myself with something to eat, I drew off into a little niche in one corner, where I quietly ensconced myself, with the double object of resting my weary bones and watching the scenes around me.

In the course of my observations I noticed that there was a door behind the rough, little corner bar-room, evidently communicating with an apartment in the rear; and after awhile the landlord, who was a huge, muscular-built, ferocious-looking man, turned round in that direction (toward the door) and called out,

"Nance, cum har, I want yer!"

A few moments afterward a dashing, beautiful young girl, masculine in her proportions, but juvenile in her appearance, and who was as bold and vicious-looking as she was handsome, appeared in the doorway.

"Well, ole man, what d'yer want?" she disrespectfully demanded.

The tones of her voice were clear and musical, but her words and manner were coarse and vile.

"Tend bar till I come back!" responded the innkeeper, who instantly disappeared from sight without waiting for a reply.

The next moment a black muzzled, ugly-looking, Herculean built fellow, apparently about forty years of age, as near as I could judge, and who was half drunk, at least, swaggered up to the bar.

"What'll yer take?" said the girl, who meant, of course, what sort of liquor he would drink.

"I'll take er kiss me beauty, ef yer don't object!" was the boisterous reply.

"Yer don't say so, boss!" impudently responded the girl. "Wa l, then, I do object."

"Then I'll take it 'thout yer leave, I will!" "Try it worst ef ye dar, blast ye!" hissed the girl, and her black eyes flashed with the fires of passion.

"Cuss me ef I don't!" added the outlaw, at the same time reaching over and grabbing at the girl, who quickly drew back, but not in time to escape the long arms that were stretched out toward her.

The fellow caught her in his strong hands, drew the upper part of her body across the bar, put out his black muzzle and attempted to kiss her.

The girl fought like a lioness, and was no ways choice in the words that flowed from her mouth.

By this time the attention of all present was attracted to the struggle, and considerable excitement was apparent among the lookers-on. Some cheered on the outlaw, whose name appeared to be Dick Dehaven, and some the girl, who was called Nance Denick.

"Go in, Dick, an' yer'll win!" yelled not a few.

"Keep it up, Nance, my gal, an' yer'll beat the buffer arter all!" cried others.

And still the desperado and the girl were struggling together across the bar, and the struggle, as might well be expected, had now become a fight of the most brutal character.

For the time being the girl seemed no match for her antagonist, and they tore and scratched until the blood flowed in a stream.

Meanwhile the rest of the crew became so excited that they began to dance and howl about the room like madmen.

"The gal's a screamer, an' she'll lick him yet!" yelled some, evidently very much delighted with the girl's indomitable pluck.

"Bet ye she don't no how!" was the ready response of others.

The combatants heard all this war of words, of course and at length Dehaven exclaimed between his black teeth,

"Let go yer hold, Nance, an' let me have the kiss, or I'll rip yer hart out!"

At the same time he drew his knife with his disengaged hand.

"Dick Dehaven, I'll die first!" was the desperate reply of the panting girl, who, under proper circumstances would have made a heroine.

At that moment the landlord appeared in the doorway. His face was inflamed and his eyes were flashing livid fires. In his right hand he flourished a glittering bowie knife.

"Who's that got a hold on my gal?" he screamed aloud in furious tones.

For a moment every sound suddenly ceased, and at the same time Dehaven and the girl loosened their hold of each other.

"Dick Dehaven, the drunken coward!" responded his daughter, as she wiped the scarified face.

"What wur it all about?" yelled the innkeeper, with savage vehemence.

His hot blood was boiling.

"Cause I wudn't let him kiss me!" responded the girl, "he tried ter force me, an' threatened ter rip my heart out."

"Did he, the bully!"

With a terrible oath the innkeeper bounded across the bar, and sprang at the burly throat of Dehaven, who was shouting out a defiance with all the strength of his lungs.

Again all was excitement, and again the room resounded with fierce cries and curses. In a few moments the fight became general. The scene was bloody and tumultuous. I fled from the house fearing for my life.

Not many moments afterward the crowd poured pell-mell out of the door. The battle still progressed, however. Cries, curses, yells, screams, filled the air. Some of the combatants had fallen down, either dead or wounded, and the whole of them were streaming with blood.

In the midst of all could be seen the innkeeper and Dehaven, and above all could be heard their hoarse voices.

Suddenly, with a loud cry like the scream of a panther, the former fell backwards, wildly threw out his arms, dropped his knife, and tumbled to the ground. His opponent had struck him to the heart.

"Cuss him, he's a goner!" exultingly screamed Dehaven.

Fiercely dashing his way through the crowd the outlaw turned round and strode forward toward the inn door.

"Now, then, I'll have that kiss my hearties; blast me ef I don't!" he shouted with more than one terrible oath.

As if by mutual consent the fight suddenly ceased, and friends and foes followed on after Dehaven.

The next moment the latter was facing the indoor, with not a dozen feet between his own person and the point indicated, and a more fiendish looking human being it has never been my lot to behold.

Suddenly, like a flash, the innkeeper's daughter appeared in the door. In her right hand she carried a rifle. Her eyes were flashing, and her bosom heaving. Beyond the crowd she could see the dead body of her father.

As she appeared, Dehaven halted. So did those behind him.

"I've cum for that kiss, me beauty!" shouted the exulting outlaw.

"Take it when yer can get it, ye red-headed bully," madly screamed back the passionate girl.

"I'll take it now, then, gal!"

Dehaven stepped forward.

"Not a kiss, cuss ye, but a bullet shall be yours!" cried the girl, and as she spoke she brought her rifle to an aim, and discharged it with deadly effect, right into the bosom of the outlaw.

With a scream of agony Dehaven tumbled to the ground.

"Hurra for you gal!" chorused a large number of the desperadoes, and for once there was no opposition from any one.

"Blood for blood!" returned the lawless reprobates before her.

"Cum in all ny ye, and take a drink, fur the ole man's dead, an' I'm boss here now, added Nance, as she turned round and entered the inn.

Drink! it was a magic word in that crowd, and friends and foes followed on after the girl. For a time, at least, the hatchet was buried.

The fracas was now over, and I had no heart to remain any longer. On the ground in front of the house still lay the innkeeper's body, while his daughter, a chip of the old block in every respect was laughing and chatting and treating her villainous custom-inside.

What became of Nance I never heard, though I do not think it would be very hard to guess. Probably she married one of her cut-throat customers, and mayhap still keeps an inn—but if she has escaped a violent death up to this time, she has been particularly fortunate, all things considered.

—The Supreme Court has decided that a minor who enlists in the army cannot be a major.