

## ONLY A GIRL.

INEZ ICELY.

I'm but a girl, and so they say  
I ought to stand aside,  
Nor should a craving mind obey  
For fear man will deride;  
Must let the shallow stream assuage  
The longing thirst I feel,  
Lest I should rise above the age,  
And thus my fate should seal;  
Must stand content while brothers drink  
Rich draughts from rivers deep,  
I may not venture near the brink,  
But must a distance keep.  
I must not strive to climb the hill  
Of science steep and high,  
They think I have not strength of will;  
Therefore I must not try.  
If that is true, then why was I  
Created with a mind  
Which constantly doth grieve and sigh,  
When narrowly confined?  
I would not vote, I would not preach,  
Nor occupy the bench.  
More pleasing springs are within reach,  
Which will my thirstings quench.  
I think I will man's sneers defy,  
And search deep mines of truth.  
Sure Wisdom will no good deny  
To earnest, zealous youth.  
She will not say, "You're but a girl,  
"I'll nothing give to you."  
But rather, "I have richest pearl  
For all of merit true."  
—Cincinnati Times.

## An Incident of Colorado Travel.

The car-door opened, there was a rattle and a rustle upon the platform outside—and she came stumbling in. At the same instant there came in with her a ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, whose years were not counted above ten. She carried in her arms a bundle closely and carefully wrapped, at one end of which a tiny face appeared, a diminutive copy of her own. Carefully placing this bundle upon a seat, she next dragged in a box and a basket, and a strong odor of bilge water, such as ever pervades the steerage or between decks of the emigrant vessel, announced to the indifferently interested passengers that my fellow-passenger was an emigrant.

She was not more than thirty, she was fair, and appeared as strange and timid as the antelope we saw from the car windows gliding over the plains. But no one spoke to her, no one presumed to claim acquaintance with this travel-soiled, weary looking young woman; and as she sat on the next seat to my own gazing wearily out upon the wide bleak monotony of the plains, I observed several times during the day that her large blue eyes filled with tears, and that the little boy in Scotch cap, knee breeches and black hose, busied himself in a vain attempt to comfort his "mother." All this I observed from behind my book, which proved a medium of communication between my fellow passenger and myself.

She had been looking at the back of my book attentively for some time, when she broke the silence by saying,

"I beg pardon, sir, but can you tell me when we shall arrive (looking at an envelope) at Bijou station?"

"To-morrow evening sometime, if all goes well," I replied.

"Is the country out there as wild and as sparsely settled as this sir?"

"Yes, madam, or more so. It depends very much upon the portion of the Bijou you go to."

The ice being broken between myself and my fellow-passenger, she soon fell a victim to a professional American newspaper interviewer, to whom she told her story.

But this story would have but little interest for the general reader were it not for the sequel, which is herewith given. I will give her story as near as possible in her own words:

"Yes, sir, I am from England. I left there three weeks ago. I observed you reading Dickens and took the liberty of speaking to you. Do I admire Dickens? Yes, sir, I loved him. I am a relative of his, and have oftentimes visited him at his place at Gad's Hill. I am from Gloster. Do you know Gloster? It is a dear old town. We lived just within the shadow of that great cathedral, (a sigh.) Oh, the dear old town. I expect we will never meet again. It is a grand old structure, sir. You can read about it in Uncle Charles' last book, 'The

Mystery of Edwin Drood.' He describes our town just as it is. We all loved Mr. Dickens. I walked with him many times in the grand old structure, for he made our home his home when he came to Gloster. He only lived ten miles away, and frequently came to see us while he was working upon his last book. I observed you reading one of his works, and I made so free as to speak, for I am—oh! so very lonesome and strange here! Did I come all the way alone, sir? Yes, sir. But it was wrong in me to attempt it. I think sometimes I shall give up before I reach my husband. But Charles is quite a man to me. You have no idea, sir, how clever and kind my little son has been to me, both on the voyage and at Halifax, at Baltimore and Cincinnati. How do I like the States, did you say? Oh, sir, I don't like them at all! I like the State of Cincinnati the best of any I have been in. I stopped at Halifax. It is a dull, cold, miserable place. They kept us three days at Baltimore to discharge cargo. At Cincinnati my luggage was smashed, and I had to purchase deal boxes to pack in. They charged me a sovereign for them. I was detained one day at St. Louis—a nasty, gloomy, smoky place, is it not, sir? At Leavenworth they refused to take my English gold for my hotel bill, and I was in great trouble and distress. Did I get my luggage all right? Yes, sir. There is nine hundred pounds of it. Why did I bring so much, did you say? Why, sir, my husband wrote to me that he had got a perfect little Eden of a place in Colorado. Yes, sir, he calls our new home Eden, and I thought I would bring as many of the old things from home as possible, and I brought a box of tea, a barrel of sugar, several bolts of long cloth, some boots and clothing, and at least a hundred different kinds of garden seeds. We will be so happy when I get home. But, sir, (crying) I really think I will never reach home again. Three weeks of travel all alone has nearly cost me my life.

What is my husband doing in Colorado, did you say, sir? He is sheep-farming. He was a tailor and gentlemen's furnisher in Gloster. We lived in one house for nineteen years; my father kept the business before I married my husband. We were doing very well and getting rich, but my husband, who had been a sailor when a boy, and who was born in Brazil, was always discontented and wanted to travel. In an evil hour I consented to sell out our business in Gloster. He took £5,000 with him and started to Colorado. His letters which he wrote from Colorado were very interesting; they were printed in our country paper at home. Oh, sir, if you only could know how tired I am of traveling, how lonesome I feel here upon these plains, so many thousands of miles from my dear old home, you would realize how anxious I am to meet my husband.

The sun and the train rolled on westward, and toward evening on the second day out from Kansas City came in sight of Bijou. My fellow passenger was all bustle and excitement; she had been half a dozen times to the glass to adjust her hair and apparel. The beautiful little boy in his Scotch cap, blue cap and black stockings, had his golden locks freshly curled, his rosy cheeks washed, and stood upon the car seat looking out of the window—looking for "Father."

"Oh, mother, I think I see father," said Charley. "No, mother, it's some one else. Oh, I see a coffin, mother, some person is dead, they are taking the coffin out of the wagon mother. There it is mother, there we are past it now. Now we shall see father, we are home." The train stopped. The weary, travel-soiled niece of Charles Dickens, gathered up her parcels and her cloaks, and stepped out upon the wild, bleak spot called Bijou Station. The passengers, all interested in the talkative and unsophisticated pair of travelers, crowded to the window to witness the expected meeting of husband and wife. They saw it. While her baggage was being tumbled out of the car, she stood, with her baby in her arms, and her boy by her side, gazing around upon the strange scene, and peering eagerly among the rough-clad ranchmen and plainsmen for the face, which alone of all others she wished to see.

"A rough-looking but polite ranchman stepped forward, and with a clumsy bow and bashful

manner, inquired who the Madame desired to see."

"I want my husband, Mr. Henry Lester. Does he not keep a sheep and cattle farm near here?"

"He did, Madame," answered the ranchman sadly, "but he's rounded up his herd for the last time. There he is in that coffin—died last Wednesday night, and we're sendin' the body to Denver, according to his last instructions. He died of congestion of the bowels, madame. Beg pardon, madame, but are you his wife?"

He did not finish his sentence, but stepped forward to catch the falling form of my fellow traveler, who was carried to the car in a swoon. The little boy uttered a piteous wail of grief, while I led him sobbing back to the car, which this wearied and travel-tired pair had left a minute before so hopeful and so happy. There were many wet eyes in that car just then, mine among the rest, as I held that beautiful boy sobbing to my breast.

I saw my fellow-traveler twice again, once when she followed her husband to his last resting place, attended by one solitary carriage and four mourners, and again last Monday morning, when, pale, sad, and bowed with grief, she started with her fair-haired boy upon her long journey back to the quiet shade and seclusion of her old home within the shadows of Gloster Cathedral.—Denver (Col.) Tribune.

## LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, JUNE 9.

**Weather.**—Uncommon weather for June, this. Windy, cloudy and cool, with occasional showers of rain and hail.

**Missionaries.**—Some of the missionaries for Europe will leave this city to-morrow morning; among them Elder W. B. Barton, of this city, and Charles Hall, of Iron Co.

**Fluming.**—The water ditch on the east side of East Temple street, from the National Bank of Deseret corner to the Exchange Buildings, was being flumed to-day.

**Bonds Reduced.**—The bonds of Dr. S. E. Crain, the alleged abortionist, have been reduced from \$5,000 to \$4,000, and efforts are being made by his friends to obtain the necessary bail. He will be bound to appear for trial in the District Court.

**Returned.**—Mr. Parley P. Pratt, having finished the business in the east connected with the publication of the biography of the late Elder P. P. Pratt, his father, returned to this city last Saturday evening. His wife remains in New York, at the Female Medical College, where she is undergoing a course of studies.

**Sentenced.**—This afternoon Justice Clinton sentenced Donovan, Johnson and Gladden, the three men who robbed Mr. Kirtley, last Thursday, each to a fine of one hundred dollars and three months' imprisonment at hard labor. The fine will be paid in labor, which will lengthen out the term of imprisonment to something over six months.

**That Murder Case.**—The examination of George Graham, John Graham and R. Hoffman, charged with complicity in the murder of Peter Van Valkenburg, occupied a large portion of to-day, before Justice Richards, and will be resumed to-morrow. The witnesses are very numerous. Messrs. Tilford and Woods are attorneys for the defense.

**Has a Bad Look.**—A woman, named Belmont, a few days ago, made accusation to the police authorities of this City that a couple of men had taken her to Ogden, drugged her, and while she was in a semi-insensible condition, robbed her of \$900, a quantity of jewelry amounting in value to about the same sum, and a railroad ticket to San Francisco. The police, with their usual promptitude, found the two men against whom those serious allegations were made, but it appears from the statements of different parties that the woman had, to say the least, made exceedingly exaggerated statements.

**Assaulted and Battered.**—Mr. W. Howard made complaint at the City Hall this morning that one Charles Mulhall had committed assault and battery upon him last evening. He alleged that Mulhall struck him a couple of blows with a

hammer, which, of course, constituted the battery part of the charge. A hammer is an ugly implement to be battered with and Mr. Howard has a couple of ugly bruises upon him, one on the shoulder and the other on the knee. The hammering was the result of a disputed bill, which Mr. Howard held against his alleged assailant.

**The British Mission.**—Elder John E. Rees, writing from Merthyr, South Wales, May 1, to the *Millennial Star*, said that in that Conference thirty-five persons were baptized the previous quarter, and the prospects were equally good for the quarter ensuing. He had been treated with the most marked and uniform kindness by the Saints, and had been respected and treated kindly even by the world.

Elder John Squires, writing from St. Albans, Herts, May 5, also to the *Star*, said he had been laboring in and around that place, preaching alternately, on Sundays, at two places, one eleven, and the other seven miles distant. Five persons had been baptized. But Elder Squires' health was not good, the climate thereabout not appearing to suit him, so he left that place to travel and preach, which he had been doing of late.

Elder Junius F. Wells, writing, May 11, likewise in the *Star*, said he had held meeting at Gainsboro' the preceding Sunday, and baptized one person.

**Would Have Looked Better.**—The words "Mormon authorities" do not look very well in connection with the instructions to Col. Morrow from the War Department. The civil authorities would have been more in place. Suppose the matter had been reversed, and it had read Methodist authorities, Presbyterian authorities, Baptist authorities, simply because any of these might be the adopted religion of persons holding a civil official position.

Somehow there are many people who appear to be perfectly reasonable on most other subjects, but who, when they touch upon anything in which "Mormons" are interested, cannot help manifesting a most peculiar phase of human weakness—an underlying prejudice against those who may materially differ from them in their religious views. It certainly would have looked better, and been more just if the war department had been informed that the question involved was one in which the civil authorities, and not the "Mormon authorities," were immediately interested.

One thing is very evident, and that is, that, although the "Mormons" are far in excess of the other classes of the population, they are not the only ones that would be likely to be affected should the soldiery presume upon the instructions, and they not be under wholesome restraint. All classes of people need to be under the protecting wing of the civil law. If we are living under martial law or a military despotism, why not say so in plain terms?

**More of Them.**—We learn, indirectly, from Brother Longson, who has charge of the farm of Bro. Joseph Kingsbury, situated in Sugar House Ward, that the worms or grubs mentioned in Saturday's NEWS, as having appeared four miles north of the Hot Springs, also appeared in large numbers on the land under his care. He was successful in destroying them. He says they are somewhat particular about the kinds of vegetation they devour.

**Work on Mining Claims.**—The following will be interesting to miners and others interested in mining claims—

*Editor Deseret News:*

"Please publish the written copy of a letter just received by me, showing that work on a tunnel fulfils the law as well as though it were on the lode itself, in order to hold from year to year mining claims.

"Yours,

"DEXTER A. HAWKINS."

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

"General Land Office, E. C. F.,

"Washington, D.C., June 2, '74.

"D. A. Hawkins, Esq.,

"10 Wall St., New York:

"SIR:—In reply to your recent inquiries I would state that it is held by this office that the expenditures required by the Mining Act of May 10, 1872, may be made from the surface or in a tunnel run for the development of the particular lode.

"I have this day sent to your address a copy of the Mining Act of May 10, 1872, and of the amendatory act of March 1, 1873.

"Very respectfully,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"W. W. CURTIS,  
"Acting Commissioner."

**Experimental Pisciculture.**—The telegrams, yesterday, announced that an aquarium car was on the way west with fish for the California rivers. A. P. Rockwood, Esq., of this city, Superintendent of the Co-operative Fish Association here, has received a letter from T. W. Webber, of Charleston, N. H., informing him that the aquarium car will bring a barrel of live oysters and probably a few lobsters for experiments in Utah; and a telegram, received from Livingston Stone, Esq., U. S. Deputy Fish Commissioner, says that the car will be at Ogden on Wednesday, (to-morrow) afternoon, requesting some one to be there to take charge of the treasures apportioned to Utah.

Mr. Rockwood is enthusiastic on the subject of fish culture, and has probably spent more time and means than any other man in the Territory to make it a success; and if by patience and skill the propagation of oysters and lobsters can be made successful in Utah, there is little doubt that, at some time, in the not very distant future, our markets will have a supply of these favorite crustacean luxuries, native and to the manner born.

**Conference at Glasgow.**—As reported in the *Millennial Star*, a conference was held in the City Hall saloon, Candleriggs, Glasgow, Scotland, on Sunday, April 20, Elder R. McQuarrie presiding, and R. T. Paton acting as clerk.

The following Elders from Utah were present—Jos. F. Smith, L. J. Herrick, R. T. Burton, R. V. Morris, H. S. Gowans, E. N. Freeman, R. McQuarrie, J. F. Wells, J. T. Little, V. King, W. N. Fife and A. McFarland. The total number of members, including officers, in the Conference was 582.

Elder W. N. Fife was to succeed Elder McQuarrie on the first of May.

The Conference was addressed by most of the above named Elders.

Meetings were held morning, afternoon and evening. "The hall was well filled on each occasion, there being about 500 persons present, a good many of whom were strangers, who listened with great attention to the speakers. The Saints also enjoyed a time of refreshing at this Conference.

"Notices of the Conference appeared in the Glasgow *Herald*, *Mail*, *News* and *Scotsman*, but the most correct and impartial report was that which appeared in the *Herald*."

## Correspondence.

Organization of a Stake of Zion.

RICHFIELD, Sevier Co.,  
May 27, 1874.

*Editor Deseret News:*

It is with much pleasure that I communicate a few items of news from Sevier county, which has once more become a home of the Saints, the great majority of whom have entered into the United Order, and on Sunday last were fully organized into a Stake of Zion, with its Presidency and High Council and Quorums of Priesthood as follows—

Joseph A. Young, President of the Stake, and A. K. Thurber his First Counsellor.

Members of the High Council—Nelson Higgins, Henry M. Russell of Salina, Andrew Peterson of Richfield, Isaac W. Pierce of Glenwood, Henry C. Jacobs and Charles W. Siegmiller of Prattsville, Gottlieb Ence of Richfield, Paul Poulson of Richfield, Alonzo L. Farnsworth of Richfield, Thomas Hunt of Monroe, Paul M. Poulson of Monroe, Elias Johnson of Joseph City, and Wm. G. Baker Clerk of High Council.

William Morrison, President of the High Priests of the Stake; Wm. McBride, President of the Mass Quorum of Seventies; Soren C. Peterson, President of the Elders' Quorum.

These brethren were ordained and set apart under the hands of Elders Orson Pratt and John Taylor of the Twelve Apostles, and Elder J. A. Young, President of the Stake, to their spheres of labor.