

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NO. 45.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1865.

VOL. XIV.

The Deseret News:

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Wednesday Morning.

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OFFICE:

CORNER OF SOUTH & EAST TEMPLE STREETS.

ADVERTISEMENTS

To insure insertion must be handed in by Monday Noon, and paid for in advance.

Correspondence.

(Continued from page 358.)

PRESIDENT YOUNG'S TRIP TO CACHE VALLEY.

Thursday, 3d.

Rolled out of Brigham City at nine o'clock this morning, and arrived in Wellsville at one p.m. We were met at the mouth of the canyon by Elder E. T. Benson and Bishop Maughan, accompanied by a brass band in uniform. A large procession was formed to receive the company, on its entering the city, carrying flags with appropriate mottoes, and headed by the brass band. The whole presented a gay appearance. When the company came to the procession it was greeted with three loud cheers accompanied by waving of hats.

After dinner and resting an hour and a half, we repaired to the Bowery, to hold a meeting, which was crowded to its utmost limits. The Wellsville Bowery is a substantial structure, about 70 by 45 feet.

Pres. Heber C. Kimball.—God is our king and captain and the angels are His associates, and they will fight our battles and give us the victory over all the enemies of truth. We are blessed above all people upon the earth; the land we live in is free, the gospel is free and we are God's people. The wicked are continually trying to bring evil upon us; but who are they fighting against? Against br. Brigham. No; they are fighting against God, and against His angels who are ministering to the Saints on earth. The Twelve Apostles of this church are the disciples of Jesus as much so as Peter, James and John, and the rest of the Apostles of Jesus were in His day; and we are dictated by the same God. If you do not know this, it is time for you to repent and seek this testimony for yourselves. Br. George, here, prayed for everything to rest upon br. Brigham and His wives and children, and then he prayed for me and br. Daniel. If I was going to pray I would take it up in comparison like a tree. I would pray for the roots and for the branches as a whole. "O, God, the eternal Father, let thy people partake of thine attributes, and enable them to go on from grace to grace until they receive a fullness." How can we be alive in Christ, except we abide in Him? To be full of the revelations of Jesus, we must be alive in Him. If this people will compare their present with their past condition, they must know that they are well off; and when we tell you that you are greatly blessed, we tell you something that you know. Try to properly appreciate your blessings. The Latter-day Saints should be the purest, most virtuous, most honest, just and upright people upon the earth.

Elder Geo. Q. Cannon bore testimony to Pres. Kimball's remarks, and exhorted the people to be alive to the duties of the present. He referred to the purity and healthfulness of the young, and pointed out that in developing the resources of the country we are creating within us a self-reliance not known to such an extent among any other people. It is the privilege of Pres. Young alone to receive revelation for the church, but it is also the privilege of every Saint to have the same Spirit, that they may possess a knowledge of the truth for themselves.

Elder John Taylor was pleased with the spirit manifested by the people. When the Spirit of the Lord rests upon a people they feel that they are one. He believed the inhabitants of Wellsville were progressing, and stated that

he never saw a time when Israel was more inclined to serve God than at the present.

[Elder Taylor was left speaking in the latest report that has reached us. Ed. News.]

SALT CREEK, Juab County, August 3, 1865.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—I was about to pen you a brief account of my trip to Springville, when the arrival of the mail cut short my cogitations and compelled me to postpone them until the present. By the way, had it not been for the unmistakable canvas belonging to our esteemed "uncle," with their indispensable appendages of straps and locks, etc., I never should have recognized, in the old, coverless lumber-wagon and given-out span of mules that were supposed to be able, or, at least, expected, whether able or not—to convey mails and passengers within "Schedule time," the Great United States through-mail between Salt Lake City and the capital of the Territory. One of the passengers came in by foot-express to apprise the postmaster of the near approach of the "mail-coach," so that he might have all things in readiness and not detain it on its important mission. I don't know exactly why they are made, but it is impossible to help hearing sundry complaints about "the inefficiency of the mail," "it is a perfect humbug," "a regular imposition," and so forth; but I have long since come to the conclusion that mail contractors, like Bishops and Editors, are an "institution," instituted on purpose to be grumbled at, that they are a much-abused set of men who are expected to accommodate, please and provide for everybody and their wants without receiving so much as gratitude for their pay, and who are supposed to be able to perform impossibilities, control nature and be beyond the reach of the vicissitudes, accidents or circumstances to which ordinary mortals are more or less subject. But pardon this digression; having got the mules, wagons, mail sacks, passengers and driver out of my head, I will endeavor to "return to the subject," as the celebrated Mr. Unsworth would say.

By the kind assistance of one of our leading and most philanthropic merchants I was enabled to complete my arrangements and leave your city on the morning of Sunday, the 30th ult., and arrived at West Jordan Ward in time to attend the forenoon meeting. The acting President, who is also your worthy agent, appointed a meeting for the evening, when I addressed the congregation, and, judging from the interest and pleasure manifested, I trust some good will result, not only in that small settlement, but in the neighboring wards.

Bro. Harker appears to be the right man in the right place; at least so I should judge from the little I saw of him, his home and his domestic arrangements. Whatever his politics, he is evidently sound on the question of "internal improvements;" like a great many others in the Territory, he raises all his family needs to eat and drink, has a fine flock of sheep which produce him all the wool he needs to clothe his family, make blankets, etc., and, as he carries on spinning and weaving at home, it seems to me about all he needs now is the means of carding his own wool to constitute him a member of the "Independent order of the Mormons;" that is, a good citizen who practically sustains home manufactures and home interests generally, and can live well and dress well without trading off all that should go to feed his family for something to put on their backs. I did not have time to visit any farther in this settlement; but there, as at every other place, I was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and evidences of the industry and virtue of the citizens abounded on every hand. There is but one respect in which they seem to be rather behind, and a little time will doubtless remedy that,—namely, on the erection of a suitable meeting-house and school-room, the present one being entirely unsuitable and inadequate to the requirements of the ward.

At Lehi the Bishop was absent from home, but I was most kindly entertained by his family, brother Wm. W. Taylor, and others of the citizens. I merely called a few moments on Bishop Harrington at American Fork, but long enough to learn that he is, as heretofore, zealous and energetic in behalf of true progress.

At Pleasant Grove I staid all night, and was most hospitably and comfortably provided by brother Mayhew. At Provo I met with a very cordial reception from Bishop Miller, with whom I took dinner and spent a very pleasant hour or two in conversation, and in looking over his grounds, orchard, house and premises generally. The Bishop evidently does not believe in burying his talents; but strives to take the lead in everything that will build up and beautify the city, develop the resources and increase the prosperity, virtue and happiness of the citizens. The same can most justly be said of Bishop Johnson, of Springville, with whose family I was particularly interested and pleased. Order, harmony and good-will, appear to prevail amongst them. The fine chords of the melodeon call the family together for prayers night and morning, soothing, calming and preparing their minds for their devotional exercises. I could not help gazing, with especial interest, at the two rows of cheerful, healthy, happy faces, from infancy to middle age, that graced either side of his long breakfast table, and as I thought of the Psalmist's description of the righteous man, whose children were like olive trees round his table, I felt to participate in the happiness of my worthy host. I was surprised to learn that br. Johnson was 60 years old; he certainly does not appear more than 45, and is far more hearty, active and young than many a man of half his years. This the Bishop attributes, under the blessing of the Lord, to his temperate life and obedience to the "Word of Wisdom," which he has strictly observed ever since he came into the church.

I must ask pardon of these brethren for my personalities; but I believe public men are public property, and whenever the moral effect of their life and example will tend, if known, to do good, it is surely not only excusable but justifiable to present it to the public.

At Spanish Fork I made no stay, as the Bishop and Agent were both about 2 miles away from town engaged in building a bridge.

At Payson I was kindly received by Bishop Fairbanks, who continues active in promoting the general welfare.

Br. McBride was absent from Santa Quin, but I had the pleasure of meeting with my old friend br. Holliday, with whom, under the pleasing leadership of Pres. Lyman, I traveled through the sterile regions of our southern country and into the Colorado in the memorable days of '57.

I arrived at Nephi about 9 p. m., just as the Bishop and his family were retiring, and as this is an extremely comfortable place, the Bishop and his family having made me very welcome, and hesays it is not safe for me to go through the canyon to Sanpete Co., alone, on account of Indians,—I have concluded to stay here until to-morrow.

Abundant evidences of the industry, enterprise and prosperity of the citizens of Deseret have met my gaze on every hand thus far, though it is impossible to notice a tithe of them in a communication like the present. The grain harvest promises to be plentiful, and fruit abundant, while almost everything that can please the palate and conduce to health appears to be in possession of the industrious and thankful. What a wonderful contrast between this country now,—with its pretty villages, towns and cities, tempting orchards, waving fields of grain, gleesome children, healthful and beautiful young men and maidens, and the equally interesting countenances of cheerful and contented old age—and the solitude and desolation that prevailed when I first passed through it in 1849. Where naught but silence reigned, life and activity now abound; instead of the howl of the wolf, is heard the happy hum of children's voices or the musical laughter of their gladsome hearts; in place of the poor,

degraded squaw, sweating and groaning under the load which her selfish lord and master compels her to carry, is to be met the sturdy and well-fed oxen drawing after them the wagon heavily loaded with the fresh, sweet hay, or the ripe, yellow grain, that gives promise of abundance for man and beast. And what has brought all this about? What has brought many of the happy thousands who dwell here, from the abodes of sin and wretchedness in the old countries—from the dark and unhealthy alleys and filthy streets of those immense hot-beds of crime and disease known as cities, from the body and soul-corrupting influences of factories, or from the dark and dangerous mines where thousands never see the sun rise or set? What has brought these individuals here, freed them from the worse than African slavery they were enduring, and placed them where they can enjoy the bright sunlight and breathe the pure air of heaven, where they can own and cultivate the soil, build their own habitations and rear up their families without the constantly harassing fear that they may starve for the lack of that bread which speculators hold, but which the poor often cannot get? What has done all this? That "gross, wicked, abominable imposition and delusion called 'Mormonism.'" Well, thank God for such a delusion! May it grow and increase until the whole earth and all its inhabitants are thus deluded. But how hopelessly infatuated and deluded must the world be to deem this Work a delusion, with all the evidences of its beauty, wisdom, purity, healthfulness, prosperity and happiness staring them in the face! Another digression, which you will please pardon.

W. H. S.

LATEST FROM EXCHANGES.

In a terrific thunderstorm at Altoona, Pa., June 5th, two young ladies, named Plummer and Hamilton, were instantly killed by lightning.

Boys only twelve years old have become highway robbers in Troy, N.Y. The local papers deplore the youthful depravity displayed in this and other ways.

THE Richmond Whig says: The burnt district is being transformed into a busy district. Busy, industrious negroes and mechanics are engaged in brick piling, while the sites for new establishments are being enlarged every day. The foundations for several large establishments are being laid.

SINCE the exportation of horses from Russia has been authorized, that trade has attained considerable proportions. In 1863 more than a thousand were embarked at the port of Odessa for Constantinople alone, and 200 were sent overland to Constantinople, thence to be forwarded, it was said, to Italy, for the service of the army. The province of the Don contains, according to official returns, 372,639 horses, 964,766 head of horned cattle, 2,431,586 sheep, and 2,000 camels.

MISS CLARA BARTON, daughter of Judge Barton, of Worcester, Mass., who has obtained national repute by publishing a list of missing soldiers, and by her heroic deeds to the wounded in battles, and even under fire, left Washington on Friday, on a Government vessel, with a party, for the purpose of enclosing the area of ground at Andersonville where so many Federal prisoners perished from want and exposure, and of putting up head-boards at their graves. She conceives that she has a correct list of the deceased, and has accordingly obtained seventeen thousand head-boards for the purpose.

The first printing-press in North America was established in the City of Mexico, about the year 1600. The first press in the English Colonies was set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1629.

At Canaan, New York, during a thunder storm, the telegraph lines were greatly injured. Poles were splintered into fire-wood, and the insulators hurled into the swamp; wires were melted, twisted, and destroyed, some pieces being put out of all shape and others charred to a coal.