

Correspondence.

LEEDS, Washington Co.,
March 30th, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

We in this part of the Territory feel, I presume, about as much interested in matters pertaining to the prosperity of the kingdom as any community in these mountain valleys. We see from time to time the advice of our friends praying us to discard polygamy, throw it out of our religious creed and thus secure to ourselves and our posterity that great earthly boon—toleration, and freedom from the persecutions of that moiety of the human family, the monogamists. They tell us that this is all that is required to insure us our civic rights. Can it be possible that this is all? I trow not. Let us look through the troubled vista of a little over forty years. When Joseph Smith, in the then backwoods of the State of New York, an illiterate farmer boy, proclaimed to the world that he had seen an angel and through that source he had been informed that the true religion of Christ did not then exist on the earth, then a howl of false prophet was raised, then the storm of religious persecution commenced, which has never yet abated only while it was thought that the Mormons would perish, and the cause of Christ would perish with them. Was it for polygamy or for its suppression that the mobbing, murdering and plundering of the Saints was commenced in the State of Missouri? Was it polygamy that induced the great extermination proclamation of Boggs of that State? Was it polygamy that caused, under the pledge of the imbecile Ford, the murder in cold blood of our Prophet and Patriarch, who had stood trial after trial and had never been found guilty of any crime? Was it for polygamy that the leaders of the church by the court martial of the traitor Gen. Clark were sentenced to be shot? Was it polygamy that spoiled the beautiful city of Nauvoo and drove its inhabitants out to perish on the bleak prairies of the northwest in winter? Was it polygamy that has robbed the saints of the millions of dollars that have been stolen from them since the organization of the church?

If any persons will read the address of General Clark they will there see what his object was. He said, in substance to the Saints, "Disperse yourselves over the country, give no more heed to bishops, give up your religion, live as we live, be what we are, and you will be all right." To-day the aim is the same, the end to be accomplished is the same. Give up polygamy (which no true "Mormon" will do), then the world would say, "You have admitted that one of the principal items in your system is false. By this we know that all are false, we know that your leaders are impostors and that you are either dupes or knaves." And many of those who advise us to give up this principle are fully aware of what the sequel would be. It is not merely polygamy that is to be used up, but it is the entire "Mormon" system, this unity of a people, this oneness of opinion, this unanimous vote, this general system of co-operation, this determined war against corruption, social and political, and this general equality and peaceful mode of life—all, all must fall, the libertine, the gambler, and the swindler must bear the sway. Can we admit this? No, never.

Yours in the Gospel,
C. A. CONNELLY.

To Bee-Keepers.

The following communication in reference to the management of bees for the month of April, will be interesting and valuable to the bee-keepers of the Territory.

General Management of Bees for April.—All bees should now be placed on the summer stand, where they must remain for the season. This is the best time to procure new hives, to have them ready at swarming time. The Kidder hive can be had at H. Dinwoodey's furniture warehouses, from \$4.50 to \$7.00 each. Bees should now be over-hauled. Place an empty hive by the side of the one you wish to overhaul first. Take out the frames one by one; examine each closely, to ascertain if you have a queen and enough honey, beebread, &c. Straighten off all crooked comb, by shaving it with a thin bladed knife dipped in hot water. Cut out all very old and mouldy comb. Look sharp for moths. Arrange your frames so as to have your worker comb in the centre of the hive. Clean out your old hive and proceed with your next swarm as above, until you have overhauled all your bees. Stands which have no queens should be doubled up with those that have queens but few bees in them, they should be well scented with diluted essence of peppermint. All stocks of bees that have but little or no honey should be supplied by taking one or more frames from such stands as you may have to spare. If there is none such you can feed them with white sugar made into a thick syrup, that will not sour. You would add to the quality of the syrup very much by mixing one pound of honey to three of sugar boiled together. Where the Kidder hive is in use the feed can be put in the top of the hive by taking off the box or honey

board, and laying on the frames a piece of the comb. Putnam's bee feeder is the best device we have found for feeding bees. It is readily adjusted to the mouth of the hive, and keeps all other bees from interfering. The entrance of the hive should be kept contracted till peach trees are in blossom, after which it should be opened to its full gauge. We think that bees which for some time have been fed on meal will now get along well on the natural pollen of the alder, willow and quakenasp.

S. H. PUTNAM,
MOSES THURSTON,
JOHN MORGAN.
Practical Apirians for Utah.

The Lottery Maniacs.

Lottery buyers may be classified in regard to special characteristics in numerous subdivisions. There is the man who once secured a small prize, and has since spent twenty-fold its amount in the vain hope of obtaining a successor of more respectable proportions. There is a man who knows a man who heard a fellow talking of another fellow he once knew who had drawn a "capital," and he cites the misty tradition as a certain sign that he is sure to have the same luck. There is the man who saw the new moon over his right shoulder the previous evening, and augurs from the accident that he is to have a good run of luck. There is the man who woos the goddess Fortune in dashing and haphazard style, and pulling out the first ticket he happens to get his fingers on, resolutely turns his eyes ceilingward, so that he can thrust it into his pocket without seeing what numbers it bears; he has an unflinching belief that this way of doing the thing is vastly superior to any other, and is certain to bring a prize sooner or later. There is the man who is an exact opposite, and makes the selection of his ticket a matter of close calculation of chances by looking over the drawings for a number of days to get precise information as to what numbers have been drawn, and from this shadowy foundation divine what ones will be drawn. He is a devout believer in the solemnly uttered axiom of the lottery dealer, that during the year each number is drawn an equal number of times; and if any one has not been drawn for several days he begins to purchase tickets, bearing it with an unquestioning faith that is amusing to an unbeliever. There is another man, however, whose faith in his power of divination is as amazing as the case cited is amusing, and this is the individual who is certain that a selected combination of numbers is sure to be drawn, and who rushes in frenzied haste from one office to another looking for the ticket bearing it, and, inconsolable if he does not find it, nevertheless does not let fortune give him the slip altogether, but plays the numbers in that delusive game called policy, which is not to be described. This sort of buyer can never be mistaken. He is the person who rushes into an office, eagerly calls for the "Kentuckys," hastily looks over the tickets, departs as hurriedly as he came, and of whom the man behind the counter remarks, before he is fairly out of ear-shot, "One of the sharps—he's going for a sure thing!"—*Galaxy*.

THE CONVENTION.—During our visit to that city we paid a visit to the Constitutional Convention then in session at Salt Lake, acting upon their Constitution for a State while claiming to be admitted into the Union as one of our glorious Galaxy of States.

We took pleasure in noting the action of that Convention, and while we have ever noted how much has been said relative to noisy debates, etc., we must accord to this Convention the credit of being one of the most business-like and orderly that we ever attended—each member in place, each attentive to questions under debate, each respectful in debate and reply, and conciliatory and courteous to the small minority of Gentiles that composed the body.

We have attended Conventions in Europe and many States in our Union, yet we accord, truly, great credit to that body for attention to business and for order, decorum and courtesy in all business during session. The venerable Elder, Orson Pratt, presided. Many of our Legislatures and Conventions could learn lessons of order and business from the Mormons.—*California Farmer*.

A BLOCKADE STORY.—A writer in the *Cincinnati Commercial* tells the following story, which, however, sounds rather "fishy."

"A man in Denver married, but had to leave immediately for Salt Lake City on urgent business. He left his bride with tears in his eyes and a promise of immediate return upon his lips. He got there just in time not to be able to get away. He made his way slowly along with the blockaded trains, working with the hands, for every shovel-full of snow got out was that much obstruction removed between him and his beloved. When within two hundred miles of Cheyenne, the foremost train got into a bigger snow-bank than ever, at which Faithful-unto-death struck out afoot and walked the two hundred miles in five days. He came in with frozen feet and ears, but his heart was all right, and he went on to Denver rejoicing. At one point he was chased by wolves and lost his plug hat in

running. The hat saved his life, for the wolves had never seen one before and stopped to examine it for a long time. It took them so long to determine what it was, that our heroic lover got out of reach. He borrowed a red handkerchief at a laborer's hut and passed on."

A FEW GLASSES OF BEER.—Beer, like a flea, is subject to hops.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Moreover, beer is like a bird, being a swallow.—*New York Mail*.

And again, beer is like a bear, it is a brew-in.—*Boston Globe*.

Then, too, beer is like a good horse, it runs at a tap.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

And once more, beer is like the *Evening Journal*, decidedly flat.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lastly, beer is like unto the famous cats, it comes from malt, eh?—*Chicago Post*.

Not "lastly," for it is also like a fool's folly—it flows from a butt.—*Leavenworth Commercial*.

Moreover, beer is like kisses, it is sipped from mugs.—*St. Louis Journal of Commerce*.

Once more, it is like a good scholar—by steady application it often goes to the head.—*Denver News*.

Again, beer is like a lazy man, for although it has worked actively it often becomes a lag-er.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended by a lady writer, when broiling is not convenient:

The frying pan being wiped dry, place it upon the stove and let it become hot. In the meantime take the steak—If it chance to be a sirloin so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible; when the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong coffee. This makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthy, beef flavor that any John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, or ham, only they require more cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream, thickened by a pinch of flour into which, when off the fire and partially cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.

A PECULIAR VERDICT.—An exchange publishes the following as a verdict rendered by a coroner's jury, a short time since, upon the body of an Indian found near Buel City, Nevada—

"We, the jury empannelled to inquire into the cause of death of a deceased person, found partially buried two miles south of Buel City, do find that the deceased was a native of the northern part of the Great American Desert; that his name was James Lo; aged between 20 and 90 years, more or less; that he came to his death some time during the last half century from a benevolent interposition of Divine Providence or from an over-eating of Nevada pine nuts; that he now peacefully rests in the grave which his fellow braves dug for him, and that he is now a good Indian enjoying his just reward.

AMERICAN TROUT ACCLIMATED IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Seth Green received recently a letter from Mr. Frank Buckland, Supt. of Fisheries of England, accompanying a report of Mr. Buckland just made on salmon and trout breeding at South Kensington. From this report we extract as follows:

The tanks outside of the building contain fish of which I am really proud. The attendant who looks after them has my orders to feed them for the amusement of visitors. When the visitor first looks into the tank he will see nothing but water, but when the food strikes the service the place is instantly alive with my lovely fish. About six weeks ago I examined these fish. I found that they consisted principally of *Salmo fontinalis*, American brook trout; These are from eggs sent over to me, three years since, by Mr. Seth Green, the eminent American pisciculturist. I know Mr. Green will be much pleased to know how well these fish have done. The majority of them are between two and three pounds, but some are, I believe, as much as three pounds in weight. These American trout are now thoroughly established in England, and I must put in my claim to having brought this about.

Mr. Buckland, in a note to Mr. Green, congratulates him on the success of the first attempt to introduce American trout to English waters.

Z. C. M. I.

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H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.