

Correspondence.

HOTEL VICTORIA, Venice,
Aug. 7, 1873.

Elder Angus M. Cannon:

My Dear Friend—On arriving in England my field of labor was assigned in the Birmingham Conference, as you are probably already aware, and at as early a date as possible I repaired to that town and commenced work, endeavoring in my feeble way to become familiar with the condition of the people, and learning how I could be the means of doing the most good.

But I will give you some few items relating to my present little trip. Upon our arrival in Liverpool, Elders Herrick and Clark, and your humble servant, arranged for a trip to Vienna, and in order to do so without inconvenience to our respective conferences it became necessary for us to come early in the season, as many of the returning Elders expect to leave Liverpool early in September. Accordingly on the evening of the 21st ultimo, we left London for Harwich, per steamer *Zealous*. Arrived at Antwerp on the following morning at 8 o'clock, remaining there for a short time, to see some of the principal places of attraction. We came to Brussels, which is a beautiful little city, and possesses many attractions in the way of fine buildings, beautiful arcades, walks, drives, &c. But to me one of the principal objects of interest was the battle-field of Waterloo, which we approached by the macadamized road built by the Emperor in 1814, one year before the battle. I presume it would not have been constructed so readily if it could have been understood to what use it would be applied in so short a time, for you will remember it was this road that enabled Wellington to get his artillery into position so readily. On this road we pass through part of the fine old forest De Soignes, but on the immediate ground occupied by the English it has all been cut away. With this and one other exception the battlefield remains about the same, and that is, the construction of a large mound on the spot where the English centre rested. This is ascended by 225 stone steps and enables the visitor to get a very good idea of the positions of the contending forces, and the advantages and disadvantages to be gained by the occupancy of such and such positions. I assure you I enjoyed this day's drive very much, for independent of the history connected with it, it is a most beautiful drive.

Leaving Brussels we arrived at Cologne at 6:45 p.m. of the 24th ult., and came up the Rhine as far as Mayence, stopping by the way at Bonn, Coblenz, and Bingen. This is a very interesting part of the journey and gives us, among other things, an idea of what can be done in the way of cultivating mountain sides with grapes, &c. Were it not the fact that they are there and growing it would be hard to believe. In many places the mountains are so steep that you could not walk up them, without going by a circuitous route, and then they are so rocky that there does not seem anything in the world for the plant to live upon. If soil was conveyed by some means to many of these steep mountain sides, how can it be kept from washing away? But the grape is here growing and leaves no doubt as to what can be done. You must know that everything is utilized. The streets are carefully swept by women and children and manure of every description is saved. We should think it very hard indeed if we had to cultivate such land in Utah as is cultivated by the people in Germany, Austria and Italy. We should think it very hard indeed. In these countries generally the agricultural implements are of a primitive kind and very cheap. Instead of large teams of four and five fat horses being hitched to one plow, as is the case in England, in many instances you will see the Germans plowing with one cow, but two generally are used in some places. Horses or oxen are seldom seen among the farmers, but cows are used, and this, as you can readily see, affords the family something to live upon, as well as a team for work. Nothing must be lost here, or the farmer could not live. Women do the most of the farm labor. In the hay and harvest fields you will see two or three women working where you would see one man, and using the

shovel, wheelbarrow, and pick as well. I have thought many times how much more profitable the labor of some of our Utah regenerators, who are harping about tyranny and oppression, and have such a longing desire to do something to relieve the poor oppressed women of Utah, might be employed in the dominions of William or Joseph. They might perhaps induce the Emperor of Germany, or his Highness of Austria, to release the poor people from supporting so many thousand soldiers (young men and boys) as are now stationed in every city and almost every village, thus obliging women to perform what they would otherwise do. This would indeed be an act of humanity, one of almost universal good. Can you not suggest something of this kind? We could dispense with their labor, at least for a short time, and the financial and political condition of the country would not suffer, and I am well satisfied the moral and religious would not be impaired by their absence.

Most of the country from Vienna here is suffering terribly from drouth, especially between here and Trieste. Corn is cultivated to quite an extent and thousands of acres will make nothing, not even fodder. Rain would not now save it, it is so much dried up. The meadows and pastures, many of them, look like ours in October, when it is very dry.

Now I have occupied all my space and have said nothing in relation to the great World's Fair. You will see enough about this in the papers. I will content myself by saying that it is a very, very grand affair, and all that we had anticipated, although the weather being so very hot and there being some sickness, our stay was made shorter than otherwise. This is also the case here. The weather is very warm and some cholera.

We expect to leave here for Milan via Verona to-day at ten.

R. T. BURTON.

HEBER CITY, Wasatch Co.,
Aug. 30, 1873.

Editor Deseret News:

Within a mile and a half west of this place, near the bridge over the Provo river, between Heber City and Snake Creek or Midway, Frank Carson, of Alta, Little Cottonwood, shot a horse thief last evening. Frank tracked him from Alta over the mountain, overtook him riding his (Frank's) horse, barebacked and with a blind bridle, and demanded his horse. The thief, an Irishman, "Pat" by name, refused, called Frank the polite name our official friend has so readily at the end of his tongue, and, with the natural proclivity of his countrymen for a fight, attacked him with a fence stake, striking him across the legs as he sat on his horse, whereupon Frank shot him through the right breast, and the Irishman still showing fight, Frank struck him with his pistol over the head. The horse thief begged mercy then, and Frank, taking his horse from him, let him go, came to Heber and with a friend returned to look for the thief, but could not find him, nor has he been found up to this present writing. No doubt he will turn up somewhere, as he said to Frank he was not much hurt.

Here is a fine country, splendid looking grain, probably in this (Provo) valley 150,000 bushels, and large quantities of hay. Heber City is a thriving settlement, and has all the facilities for making a fine city—plenty of building rock, lime stone and timber, and above all has a real go-ahead, enterprising and live man for a bishop, Abram Hatch. His example in building and improvement appears to be emulated with zeal by some other go-ahead spirits like himself. They are applying the bone and sinew, guided by the intellect God has given them, to utilize the bounties of nature God has provided, and are making a real fine place. I notice a considerable addition to the Co-operative store building, doubling its previous capacity; a neat meeting-house nearly completed; a public square in course of being fenced with picket fence, and surrounded with a double row of shade trees; a neat, substantial and convenient tithing office and yard; and a great many other evidences that there are live men here.

You editors and other newspaper men, when you want to get rid of the blues, should take a trip out by Kimball's and through the moun-

tains to this valley. At Kimball's you would hear the sportsmen's guns and if they were successful would witness their pride in displaying their spoils, occasionally a few small ducks, too young to get out of the way, now and then a prairie chicken or sage hen, a grouse, or a few blackbirds. Of course, if they are unsuccessful, the first you see of them all signs of fatigue are banished and they look perfectly innocent of handling a gun that day.

By the bye when a fellow pays \$1 for a bed one night, don't you think he ought to have clean sheets, or at least some assurance that the part of the sheet that comes close under his nose has not covered the pedalextremities of his predecessor? VIATOR.

A Big Serpent in the Sacramento.

They have a story on the Yolo side of the river that a huge serpent dwells in the Sacramento's darksome bed. The sea serpent for this occasion is a river serpent. A boy has seen it, a man has looked upon its ugly head. It appears near the bridge and stretches its body nearly from shore to shore. It is in order to advise people to go no more into the river to bathe. Speaking of that, brings to light and mind an event of Sunday morning last. A gentleman who sometimes dips into the Sacramento near the new gas works, went to a spot nearly a quarter of a mile west of there early Sunday morning to disport himself in the river. Leaving his clothing on the levee's slope he was soon buffeting the current and kicking the water to a perfect foam. Tired at last, he straightened up in water up to his neck to walk out, when suddenly his foot was seized as if by giant jaws. Horrible thoughts rushed upon his mind; some sea serpent or monster of the deep had him fast. He struggled in vain, for a grip like that of a vise held him. He yelled lustily, cried help, murder, police, and in response to his cry came two young ladies up the levee, who were out for a sniff of the early morning air. Here was trouble afresh. He told them the horrible story and begged them for all they held dear to bring help. They brought it in the shape of an Italian fisherman up the levee, whom they summoned. Then they hid their faces and departed. The fisherman rescued the bather from the grasp of a forked limb of a tree, into which he had thrust his foot in such a position that the more he struggled the firmer he was held. As he disturbed the limb the current tended to bear it away, and so he thought it was some monster bearing him to destruction. The Italian did not tell the story, for he speaks no English; the victim did not speak of it, but it got out, and was all the talk at a certain boarding house this week where one of the ladies resides. It is reasonable to suppose, then, that the ladies didn't go so far away but what the sequel of our friend's mishap came to their knowledge. As for him, he walks with a cane yet, from the severe strain his ankle received. *Sacramento Record.*

Catching an Eel.

One of our guests, while fishing for flounders, got a bite the other day that did her good. She is of a lethargic nature, and when she drew out that eel she cut up a series of antics which sent the blood coursing through her veins and brought a flush to her cheeks that made her look positively handsome. It happened thus:

A dozen of us—ladies and gentlemen—were seeking the plodding flounder from the wharf which forms one of the artificial beauties of Gosling Cove. We had been moderately successful, and had landed a good supply, some of which lay on the wharf, and some in baskets, all of course beyond any hope in this world. The gentle Miss Eunice got a bite and pulled out an eel. He was large, and of course lively and vigorous. When she saw his hideous form wriggling in the air, she uttered a shriek and dropped her pole. It fell on the wharf, but not so the eel. He first contorted into the face of a lady fisherman, nearly winding round her neck, which caused her to shriek and turn deadly pale. His eelish then struck the wharf, and, mistaking it for his native element, immediately started to go somewhere.

This was the signal for the ladies, one and all, to drop their poles, set up a chorus of screams, clutch their skirts and endeavor to seek a higher level. In the confusion, one member of the party walked backwards over a basket of fish, and both upset, the former striking against the corpulent Mr. K., whom we facetiously termed Pickwick. He was standing near the edge of the wharf, his face wreathed in smiles and heartily enjoying the antics of both eel and ladies. I never shall forget the peculiar appearance of the bottoms of his boots as he went over, heels up, into the water. Of course this added to the hullabaloo; but K. was a good swimmer and struck boldly for shoal water. In the meantime the eel was having it all his own way, unmindful of K. He squirmed and twisted, now balancing himself on his head, and anon darting here and there to the consternation of the female fishermen, who seemed to be riveted to the spot by a strange spell, and all determined to protect their lower extremities from assault. At last his eelship was secured, and the ladies breathed freely; but Mr. Pickwick declares that before you catch him going fishing with women again, he will ascertain their standing on the eel question.—*Cor. Boston Sunday Times.*

FOREIGN NOTES.

England has lent to the government of India the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000, and half as much more is to be called for for railways within the next twenty-five years.

A French scientific, literary and agricultural commission is about to be dispatched to Persia to examine the country and to report to the Shah and to the French government upon its resources.

The General Baptist Association in England has just held its 104th anniversary, and reports an increase of 319 members. The Association passed resolutions in favor of disestablishment and against the educational act, and censured the course of the Government on both questions.

The Anglo-Brazilian Times says: "The enforcement of the French metrical system has been postponed until the first of January next. In place of the arroba, it appears generally determined in the export trade to adopt the unit of 10 arrobas for quotations of price; and the sack of coffee of 60 kilogrammes."

Mr. Gerard Sturt, M. P., says that since their defeat on the Irish University Education Bill, the members of Her Majesty's government have sat "on the Treasury benches with their hands on their breasts, looking as if they were a lot of beaten gamecocks without a single peck left in them."

Mr. James Baird, of Auchmedden, Scotland, has handed over to a trust, which is to be called "The Baird Trust," no less a sum than five hundred thousand pounds to be devoted to religious education in connection with the Church of Scotland.

A number of Sea-horses were born in the latter part of July at the tanks of the Manchester Aquarium, in England. It is said that these are the first sea-horses whose birth has taken place in Great Britain. There are thirteen of the young ones, and they moved about with great activity the day after they were born. They are first of all fed on the milk of human kindness and then on sea-grass.

A block of stone from Easter Island, Polynesia, has been deposited in the Jardin des Plantes of Paris. It represents the head of an idol, rudely carved, and weighs three tons. Of the nose, which is a yard in length, a French critic remarks, with more force than elegance, that it would take the mainsail of a fifty-ton yacht for a pocket-handkerchief.

The London *Examiner* says that the present year will see an immense increase of the tide of emigration to America and the colonies, chiefly in consequence of the agitation among the agricultural laborers. In the colony of Queensland ten thousand laborers are offered a free passage out by the government and there seems to be no doubt that this number will go. In many English counties there is already an insufficiency of labor in consequence of the exodus going on.

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