

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Monday May 18, 1868.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

Correspondents writing for publication are requested to write on one side of the paper only. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Correspondents' names must in every instance accompany their communications, not for publication, but as a guarantee of reliability.

THEATRICAL.—On Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Waldron made their last appearance in the "Marble Heart." Mr. Waldron's Raphael was an artistically finished personation of the love-stricken sculptor. Now-a-days men do not often break their hearts in love, nor women either—the practical feeling of the age laughs at such romance; yet in the play, and in the characters of Raphael, Marco, Marie and Volage, especially, there is much of human nature. Miss Adams played Marco with much power and correctness. Mrs. Waldron's Marie was simple and unaffected, as it should be, loving, trusting and affectionate. Mr. Lindsay's Volage was carefully rendered; Messrs. Graham and Margetts, Mrs. Bowring, &c., were quite successful in their roles. Mr. Graham giving a new interpretation to Volage, and saving his career from a close, Mr. Waldron was called for, and appeared with Miss Adams, bowing his good-bye.

To-morrow night Madame Scheller makes her first bow to a Salt Lake audience. "The Pearl of Savoy" has been selected for the opening. The selection is a good one, for the character of Marie will give her opportunity to display her versatility, as the light and pathetic are cleverly blended in it; and her powers as a lyrist, of which report speaks highly, can shine in the operatic gems that are embodied in the piece. Our people are extremely fond of good singing and good music. They have been so eager for music at times that they have not been chary of bestowing applause where it was poorly deserved. Madame Scheller's reputation as a vocalist is fully established, and in her singing, as well as acting, we anticipate a genuine treat for the patrons of the Theatre.

THREE NOTHINGS.—A freak of the types occurred in our Saturday's issue, in giving the number of grasshoppers to the hubbel, a portion got in by mistake, and got in three times, causing millions to be read where it should be thousands; three hundred and seven thousand was the average to the bushel. Trifling, it may seem; but if it had been a legacy instead of an "item," and dollars instead of insects, somebody would have thought it very important.

ALL GONE!—We have to lament the loss of dear womanhood from the earth. Once the brightest ornaments of the household, and the joy of a true man's heart, they are now gone. There are plenty of "ladies" yet; and "females," though it is not often designated whether the latter belong to the human race or some lower one. But woman, the oldest, dearest, best name for a woman, "daughter of Eve," is still in the broad continent. A few will remain in Europe; but when they cross the "big drink" on their journey to freedom and ladydom, the name is lost, irretrievably lost. Will somebody revive it, somewhere, say in New York, Boston, or other Gotham-Hun, and then it may become popular again. The meaning of the old Saxon words, which are derivatives of "lady," is "bread-giver." Ladies, how many of you are bread-givers, by the bye, our women are better than those to be found in those of us poorer portions of the country, particularly the members of the Female Relief Societies, and the sisters who aid them. Yes, they are ladies; but neither wealth, dress, fashion, position, caste, nor insolent hauteur gives a right to use the title. While we honor and are proud of the name of "man," we will honor and be proud of its companion name for man's companion—"woman."

THE PIONEER.—Mr. Joseph Argyle said yesterday, in Bountiful, that to destroy grasshoppers he had dug a ditch on Friday, about fifteen rods long, into which he drove the hoppers, catching about ten bushels of them and a half. On Saturday he had holes dug, at different points where the insects were most plentiful, and had them driven into the holes. By this means he caught them bushels. He found, rounding them to jelly in the ditch and holes a more effectual way of killing them than simply burying them in the earth. That's reasonable.

To BOUNTIFUL.—President B. Young paid a visit to and held meetings in Bountiful yesterday. The meetings were well attended, numbers of people from Centerville and Farmington being present. In the evening President Young delivered a very interesting discourse, in the audience. Elders John A. Brigham Junr., and John W. Young spoke, followed by another discourse from the President. A few remarks by Elder James H. Hart of Bountiful, "Rich Valley," brought the meeting to a close. The Bountiful and Farmington choir unimpassioned, the closing piece being executed by the latter choir with great sweetness. The day was beautiful, except a slight shower; the air was pleasant; the people relaxed at the visit, and everybody was glad that it was of the most agreeable character.

The crops by the way looked very beautiful and promising, the grain already waving to the passing wind, gleaming in the sunshine and showing strong signs of a bountiful harvest. Great numbers of hoppers had pervered with an industry which directed in a nobler cause would entitle them to a mural crown or the presentation of a piece of plate in the shape of a toothpick. Bishop Stoker and his Wardrobe teacher, a man, including both sexes and all nations, and the slasher this week is expected to be very bad, for the sun will hop and fall never to bend again the hinges of a crooked number for another rise. Peace to their bethes if they are mashed, and to their seeds if they are buried.

The President returned to the city after the afternoon meeting, arriving before six o'clock.

GONE.—This morning Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Waldron left for the North. Our neighbors north will find in Mr. Waldron a polished and ready actor, of promising ability, who is rapidly rising in his profession, and who can already, though young, take a front position among the historical "stars" of the country. He and his lady bear with them the warm feelings of many admirers.

TRIAL.—This morning John Coon and Walker were brought up for trial, having been arrested on Saturday evening for assaulting Peter Nebeker. They demanded a jury trial which was granted, and after the matter had been inquired into, Coon was fined \$100 and costs, and Walker fined \$5. Mr. Nebeker is suffering greatly from the effects of the blow.

DROWNED, at Mount Pleasant, April 26, 1868, Mrs. Crewe, only child of Edward and Eliza Clegg, aged three years and nine months. Mrs. Crewe was born at Salt Lake City, and was sent to Mount Pleasant to live with her mother, who had no relatives or friends to have charge of her. She was drowned while swimming across a stream.

REMOVED FROM THE WORLD.

WILLIAM A. COON, of Salt Lake City, died

Wednesday evening, April 26, 1868, aged 21 years.

He was born in Salt Lake City, and

was a member of the Deseret Tabernacle.

He was a student at the University of Deseret.

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