

## CORRESPONDENCE.

A Fruitful Season—Visits of the Destroyer—Accident, Schools, Etc.

NORTH OGDEN, Utah,  
January 2nd, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

The year just gone from us has been a fruitful one, fruits, vegetables, and grain of all kinds, except peaches, have been raised in abundance.

The health of the people the past summer has not been as good as in years past. Death has entered many of the dwellings of the Saints, and has taken to the spirit land quite a number of promising children.

Christmas morning the family of Brother James Montgomery, of this place, was thrown into consternation by an accident that happened to one of his little sons, aged about two years. Some of his children were playing about the floor when the little one fell over the foot of another who was sitting in a chair, and broke its left leg, a little above the knee. The little patient is in a fair way of getting better, as the broken bone was set by skillful hands.

We have a good Sabbath school, and the attendance is full, which is quite encouraging to the superintendent and teachers. Our superintendent is Brother F. W. Ellis. There are three day schools in session in this ward, well attended. Two are under the supervision of Brother John W. Gibson, who is ably assisted by Miss Susie Berrett and Mr. Edward Davies. The other school is under the care and supervision of Mrs. J. A. Smith. In a good, prosperous condition.

Our new meeting house is nearly completed. It is so near finished that we hold our ward meetings in it.

AN OLD SETTLER.

Amenities among Old and Young—Graded School Building.

NEPHI, Jush Co.,  
January 6, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

Christmas and New Year's passed off very pleasantly here. The Sabbath school children and teachers met together in our meeting house which was very beautifully decorated for the occasion, and spent a very enjoyable time listening to short speeches, songs and recitations, to which President Paxman and Supt. Wm. H. Warner contributed. About 700 packages of candy and nuts were distributed. A similar meeting and programme was presented and enjoyed on New Year's morning, but an agreeable addition to it was the presence of Apostle George Teasdale.

In the afternoon a fine large building was dedicated for a graded school. Brother Teasdale offered the dedicatory prayer. President Paxman and counsel and many other prominent citizens were present.

Dancing in the afternoon and evening by the Sabbath school children, and family gatherings were very general.

A most enjoyable time was spent here by the "Old Folks" on Friday last. It was a pleasant morning, and from 10 o'clock until noon the sleighs were flying through our streets with the old people. At 12 noon about 150 persons sat down to dinner, which was provided by our Relief Society. The "Old Folks" furnished most of the programme. Apostle Teasdale, President Paxman and others addressed the meeting.

Brother Teasdale blessed the aged ones by virtue of his calling. Among those present there were fourteen who were personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith.

At about 5 p. m. the Brethren were on hand with their sleighs to carefully return the "Old Folks" to their homes.

All is well in Nephi. Health and peace prevail among us. The majority of the Saints are keeping the "Word of Wisdom," and as a natural result the blessings of God are increasing among us.

T. CRAWLEY.

The "News" Appreciated—Tintic Items.

TINTIC, January 7th, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

Allow me to congratulate you on the improved appearance of our paper, the DESERET NEWS. And not only on the improvement in its dress and arrangement, but also on its able management, which is fully up to the spirit of the times. It is the pioneer paper of the West, and may truly be called the "Old Reliable." It has always stood up manfully for the right and maintained its high-toned dignity amid all its assailants.

It is a source of much satisfaction to me to note the able manner in which it vindicates the cause of truth, corrects errors, falsehoods and misrepresentations concerning us as a people from whatever source they come—high or low. I but speak the universal sentiment of the Saints when I say that the DESERET NEWS is truly the "Watchman on the tower of Zion" capable of presenting her laws and principles in their proper light to the world, and no doubt many in high places read it with interest and profit.

And those who can read those discourses by the First Presidency of the Church and others which appear in its columns from week to week and not be convinced that the hand of God has been over this people from the begin-

ning, is over them now, and shall continue to be extended towards them even to the end, must be blind indeed. Truly we live in the day and age spoken of by the ancient prophets when the people have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, hearts and do not understand. But it is presumable that a great many honest people are yet deceived by the lies and misrepresentations circulated concerning us, and for their sakes your arduous and never ending task is plain before you to penetrate this refuge of lies and let the light of truth shine in upon their understandings. But our bitterest enemies are moved against us from far different motives. We do not expect the wicked to turn around and love us, that is no part of the programme. Hence the final issue has not yet arrived, but we can afford to wait patiently for we know in whom we trust.

But there is one duty we have to do, which we owe to our country as American citizens, and that is to uphold and maintain inviolate the principles and provisions of that glorious instrument the Constitution of the United States, which was purchased by the blood of many of our ancestors, and has come down to us in all its fairness and simplicity, and show this nation, and all other nations as far as they will hear us, in terms mild and plain, wherein we have been deprived of those inalienable rights guaranteed to us by that Constitution, and to put forth our claims and ask these rights at the hands of the highest tribunals in the land. And when we have done this, as the lawyers say, we shall "rest our case." And perhaps it may take the next generation to do so.

This part of Tintic District has been very dull since the Mammoth Company closed their works, being indebted to the public generally to the amount, it is said, of \$200,000, which has caused many to suffer. The iron business is in a flourishing condition, so also are Eureka, Bullion Copperopolis and other mines of minor note. The winter is mild thus far, the weather good at present. No sickness in this town.

Yours truly, ORR.

ST. CHARLES,  
Bear Lake County, Idaho,  
Jan. 3rd, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

About New Year's day we experienced the coldest weather of the season. The thermometer ranged about 20 below zero, with a considerable addition to the amount of snow.

Bear Lake seems to sustain its reputation very well. Persons who have established an honorable reputation are generally desirous of maintaining it, sometimes at great sacrifice, and the real character, worth and integrity of the man may be little understood during his career, but his name generally grows into popularity, and he has a posthumous renown. For instance, the great discoverer Columbus was sent home from Hispaniola in chains, a touching instance of ingratitude. Of course the honor paid to his memory now relieves in a measure the disrespect shown to the great and worthy man at the time. The advocates of correct principles cannot be successfully opposed by consistent and reasonable argument, and consequently other means are resorted to, and the ignorant are inflamed with excitement to the extent of violence, which is an evidence of moral weakness in keeping with legislation inimical to the fundamental principles of liberty, as contained in the Constitution of the United States.

The death of General Thomas L. Kane causes the mind to revert to the philanthropic and steadfast character of the man when he walked through the vacated streets of Nauvoo and beheld the live coals and embers, as indicative of the recent expulsion of the citizens from their homes, he following them in their retreat as a devoted friend and advocate of peace, which is no doubt worthy of a prominent place on history's pages, in connection with his mediation in 1858, so well known to the people of Utah.

ANONYMOUS.

A VOICE FROM THE JUNCTION CITY.

Commercial Stagnation—A Plea for Home Industries—Places of Worship—The Weather and Other Matters.

OGDEN CITY, U. T.,  
January 9, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

"Now is the winter of our discontent." I speak advisedly, for never before in the mercantile history of this town have I heard so many complaints among the merchants and business men generally. "The times are out of joint." Not only is there "nothing doing" by way of trade, but the most of our tradesmen, many of whom are shrewd and experienced, confess that they can see no prospect of any immediate improvement for the future. Under the severe pressure of the times, as you are already aware, quite a number of our business men succumbed. They have "assigned for the benefit of their creditors," and, of course, for their own advantage and safety. I sincerely hope the worst is past, but I confess I doubt it, and in this fear or feeling I am not alone. I am no Jeremiah, and have no desire to indulge in melancholy meditations or paint dismal pictures of our business

outlook. But this is certain that we are passing through a crisis that compels men to think and look stern facts in the face. They have to meet them. They are forced to exercise the utmost caution, and to practice the most rigid economy to enable them to tide over the present hard times.

The harvest yields during the past year have been abundant. Grain, vegetable and fruit crops, with a few exceptions, have been exceptionally large throughout the country, but there is no demand for the products of the farm or orchard, unless it be for home consumption, and the grangers have therefore, to store away the fruits of their last season's toil in the barns and granaries. There is no outlet for them at present: In fact there is a general stagnation in commerce.

The recent "cuts" in freight have not helped matters in this respect very much, if at all. The reduction has had a tendency to tempt some men to order large bills of goods, and give obligations which they will have to meet—for such obligations will become due, as sure as death and rent day. There is no more demand for the merchandise since than there was before the "cut" was inaugurated.

The much talked of ironworks, smelting and reduction works have all fizzled out, and the hopes, many of which ran high have fallen below, far below zero. The only remedy for the growing tightness that I can see is the establishment of home industries, which will enable the people to produce all the articles of apparel and other ware they need, and thus become independent of foreign importations. The necessary elements and talent are here, but who shall lead out? The men who have capital will not, and those who have no capital cannot. And thus, between won't and can't the community goes to the wall.

The building boom for 1883 was large. Quite a number of business houses were erected, and still many more residences were built, on the bench, on the lower part of the town, and in the suburbs. The people have plenty to eat and to wear, and many of them live in their own houses, while a few who were improvident have squandered their substance and their inheritances have passed into the possession of the stranger and speculator.

Among other places of business that have failed are a number of liquor saloons. But still we are not left destitute of the "crater." There are now in Ogden over thirty places where intoxicants can be obtained. This number includes three breweries; they all appear to be well patronized and turning "honest pennies."

The Latter-day Saints have six places of worship, all of which are filled with adherents of their faith on Sabbath days and nights. They have as many day schools, all in session and crowded with pupils under the tuition of competent instructors, and all are reported to be making satisfactory progress in the various branches of education, both secular and theological.

The Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians have each a church, to which the devotees of their several faiths repair to receive spiritual instruction from their respective soul-curers.

The above mentioned denominations have also their own day schools and Sabbath schools to which they send their children to be instructed in the faith of their fathers. All enjoy full religious liberty. They worship God according to the dictates of their own hearts. None molest or interfere with them.

The health of the people is much better than it was a few months since, and the bill of mortality is much lighter than it was formerly. Our weather clerk is versatile, sickle and eccentric. The meteorological changes are numerous and frequent. Frequently the wind blows from every point of the compass in the same day, bringing with it rain, sleet, snow, frost, dark clouds, sunshine and thaw.

To-day we have had all kinds of weather. It is now very cold and the snowflakes are falling thick and fast. Large quantities of the congealed waters are being stowed away in the cellars and lofts, to cool the summer drinks when the next heated term sets in.

With a fervent hope that the "good time coming" is not far distant, when depression will be removed, and activity in all kinds of legitimate business revive the spirits, brighten the hope and cheer the hearts of the whole people.

I remain your respectfully,  
WEBER.

## HANGED AT SEA.

A PORTUGUESE SAILOR'S STORY OF THE FATE OF A SHIPMATE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

Joseph Antonio, a Portuguese sailor, landed in New York from the schooner *Hope Gower* on Dec. 26. On his arrival in Boston he sought out Commissioner Hallet, to whom he told a story which that official refused to divulge, fearing it would defeat the ends of justice. Antonio was found to-day at the Mariners' Home. After much persuasion he said:

"My name is Joseph Antonio, and I am a Portuguese and belong in the Western Islands. I shipped as steward on board the schooner *Hope Gower*, Capt. Allen, from Philadelphia, on Sept. 29, at Pensacola. Another seaman at the same time was shipwrecked on board the *Gower* from a German bark, and we were both assigned to

duty, he going before the mast and I in the commissary. The schooner, I was told, was returning from a Mexican port, where she had discharged a cargo of coal, and had put into Pensacola to await orders. Almost immediately after going aboard orders were received to go to Mexico (I could never remember the name of the port), and take a cargo of mahogany for New York. We immediately set sail, and after being out three or four days, the mate ordered one of the seamen, a Frenchman named Autolne, to bring up a bucket of water from the hatch. When the seaman came on deck he accidentally spilled some of the water on the floor, and this so exasperated the mate that he struck the seaman several blows on the face, causing the blood to flow from his nose. On the following morning (Friday), when about 300 miles out from Pensacola, the Frenchman, after receiving his rations, took his turn at the watch. This was about 7.30 a.m. At about 8 o'clock I saw the mate, who had a lamp in his hand, go down the forward hatch, and as he did so he ordered the Frenchman to follow him. As soon as they went down the hatches were closed, which I thought very strange, especially as the Frenchman did not come on deck again. The Captain all this time was aft, near the man at the wheel. Soon after going below the mate and crew returned, but the Frenchman did not come back and the hatches were not opened. At about seven bells or at 11:30, some one asked where the Frenchman was, and the remark was made significantly: 'Perhaps he is asleep in the hole forward.' The hatches were then opened, and a rope was hauled up, and suspended at the end of the rope was the lifeless body of the Frenchman, with a noose adjusted about his neck. He was laid upon the deck, and, after the entire crew had gathered about, the body was picked up and pitched overboard. When the vessel put into the Mexican port, papers were furnished to the American Consul to the effect that the seaman had hanged himself while on the trip from Pensacola, but it does not seem that the Consul was told that when the body was hauled on deck the hands were lashed behind the body. I had no chance to go ashore, and when I landed in New York I was paid off and discharged. When leaving the vessel the mate said to me: 'Steward, take care of yourself.' I came directly to Boston, and have notified the Judge of the United States Court."

Commissioner Hallett says that Antonio's story is being investigated by the United States Commissioner in New York.—N. Y. Sun, Jan. 3d.

## A NEW ZEALANDER'S EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING FEAT.

Details of a remarkable swimming feat have just come to hand from Auckland, N. Z. The facts as stated in the local papers which are before us, are verified, if any such verification were needed, by private letters to the relatives and friends in this country to the hero of the exploit—namely, a Captain Haultain, son of Colonel Haultain, who was formerly a British officer, but now for a great many years a well-known resident in the colony. Captain Haultain, who is 32 years of age and weighs, we are told, fourteen stone, commands a sailing vessel trading on the New Zealand coast. The night of September 9th was, it appears, an excessively stormy one, a strong gale blowing from the east-southeast, dark, rainy and unusually cold. About 2 a. m. his ship was making for the entrance of the Whangard harbor. The Captain himself was upon the deck, occupied with some alteration of the rigging, and while clearing away some ropes, was caught by the peak "down haul" and flung clear of the ship into the raging sea. Captain Haultain had on at that time a heavy overcoat, high sea boots up to his thighs, two pairs of trousers, two shirts and two undershirts.

Taking it for granted that a boat would be sent back to look for him as soon as possible, he swam with these appalling incumbrances upon him, as near as he could tell, for about half an hour in the wake of the ship, coo-eeing after the fashion of antipodeans by land and sea. No boat, however, appearing, he felt that his only chance was to strike out for the shore. At this time he was no great distance from the Frenchman at the mouth of the harbor, and he succeeded in stripping himself of his load of clothes and his long boots, an operation which in itself must have been exhausting enough, necessitating, as it did, frequent dives. To make the nearest land he soon found was hopeless, on account of the strong ebb tide that was running, and he had nothing for it but to head for the opposite shore of the harbor, three miles distant, which two or three lights made visible through the darkness. This extraordinary feat—extraordinary, that is, when the circumstances are considered—he succeeded in accomplishing, and he was picked up after being three hours in the water, clinging to the beach with his hands, half senseless, his legs having lost all power of action, and the surf breaking over him. In the meantime his men on the schooner had lost no time in putting off a boat to the rescue of the Captain. After rowing for some time they gave up the search as fruitless, and the boat being small, were themselves in no very great security.

The schooner left short-handed, was driven ashore upon the same beach as its Captain, sometime before the latter, and the boat heading for the same point, was capsized in the surf, the men struggling ashore as best they

could, though without loss of life. They remained upon the beach about three hours, till daylight showed them where they were. Traveling then along the shore in the direction of the nearest house, they heard cries as if from a man struggling in the water, and eventually found their gallant Captain in the surf, as before described. The force of the sea that was running all through that night, say the local accounts, may be realized by the fact that the vessel was driven so high and dry upon the beach that at high tide it was possible to walk up to her dry-shod.

The Auckland papers speak of it as the most wonderful performance that has ever been enacted upon the New Zealand coast, and claim for Captain Haultain the mantle of the unfortunate Webb. They note the fact, also, that he was such a determined abstainer that even when half dead and totally numbed with exhaustion he refused to swallow even a spoonful of brandy. They exult, and with good reason, in the fact of this heroic swimmer being a native of the colony, and are justly proud that the bone and muscle and pluck capable of such a feat should be a production of their soil. The three-mile swim on a cold night in a storm would have been in itself no mean accomplishment, though far from being an unparalleled one; but when it was, as in this case, preceded by half an hour of waiting in the water for the boat to come back, in clothes such as would have sent an ordinary swimmer to the bottom in five minutes, then supplemented by the extra task of disrobing under such circumstances, not to speak of the first futile attempts to reach the nearer shore, it would be hard to imagine a greater test of human endurance. Captain Haultain has, it appears, been long noted as a famous swimmer. One of the New Zealand papers finishes up its account of the adventure thus: "His escape is quite phenomenal, but he is a phenomenal swimmer, being literally able to sit out the water with his hands at his hips, paddling. This we are informed of by many who have seen him giving an exhibition of his wonderful powers when lying with his vessel at the wharves."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## HE KNEW HOW TO CATCH 'EM

A SHREWD AUCTIONEER AND HIS "QUESTIONABLE" BOOK.

Some time since an auction of books took place on Ontario Street, the presiding genius of which was a sharper, who was wide awake and equal to emergencies. On the occasion in question the crowd didn't seem to "tumble" to the numerous bargains in literary way which were being offered them, and were listless and unprofitable. The auctioneer became tired of entertaining them to no purpose night after night, and concluded one evening to get even with them. He had previously prepared and done up each in a sealed package, a large number of copies of a cheaply-bound book of a hundred pages or so, and stacked them high up on the counter in front of him, after which he began to expatiate upon the merits of the work in a vague and mysterious manner, darkly hinting at the questionable character of its contents, at the same time cautioning the callow youth against bidding, and exacting from each buyer a promise not to break the package until after leaving the room.

It goes without saying that the idea took immensely, the little volume disappearing like magic, and at a good price. When the last one had been disposed of, the auctioneer politely observed: "Now, gentlemen, you may examine your investment." Instantly every package in the room was madly torn open, revealing the savory contents. Dr. Johnson on Infant Baptism. The crowd fled out with measured tread; much after the fashion of a funeral procession.

## ANOTHER FRANCO-GERMAN WAR BREWING.

Nothing has struck me more here in Hamburg than the wide-spread belief among educated Germans that within the next ten years another war with France is certain to take place. "We shall have it to do all over again," is the burden of opinion one hears on every side. It is not the vapors of infatuated "Jingos," but the regretfully-spoken sober opinion expressed without exception by every German we have met. "Nothing but a strong government will do in France," say the Germans. "We don't want to fight, but if attacked again we will take care to leave a government in the country that can keep the peace, even if we have to govern it ourselves." On all hands we hear complaints of the covert insults offered in France to German travelers and residents. Said one gentleman to me: "It is becoming intolerable. They are ten times worse now than just after the war. They don't attack us yet, but directly Blackmark or Von Moltke dies they will be foolish enough to think they are strong enough to beat us, and force on a war as they did before."

I was dining only last night in the company of a prominent official of the German war department. During the course of the evening the conversation turned upon the German army, and a friend of mine said: "I suppose Germany could put over 1,000,000 in the field." There was a pause and a laugh. Said the official: