

Correspondence.

"Washington's Vision."

SALT LAKE CITY,
Sept. 9th, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

Doubtless many of your readers here in Utah, as well as thousands of the American public, have read what is called "Washington's Vision," and have formed various opinions in regard to the authenticity of the statements contained therein. When statements are made without collateral proof of the truthfulness of the same, the credibility of the person or persons deposing to such statements is seriously questioned. I have been induced to offer the foregoing as prefatory to the subject matter of the present communication.

A few days ago, while conversing with Mr. Samuel Turnbow, an old resident of the 14th Ward of this city, and, by the by, a gentleman sustaining an unimpeachable character for truth and honesty, in discussing various topics of the day, he made reference to "Washington's Vision." He stated that he was well acquainted with Thomas C. Keates, an old revolutionary soldier, who fought under the immediate command of the immortal Washington, having been engaged in various battles during "the times that tried men's souls" up to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which he witnessed. In relating many incidents of the war he took occasion to refer to "Washington's Vision." He said, "Washington came from his tent and related the vision, and while doing so the tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and the entire garrison were deeply affected at the recital of the same."

Mr. Turnbow states that the "Vision" as now published is substantially the same in words as related to him by the old veteran thirty-two years ago at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he died at the advanced age of 104 years.

Respectfully, etc.,
G. W. CROCHERON.

Quack Doctors.

SALT LAKE CITY,
Sept. 11th, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

In your last evening's paper I noticed a passing allusion to humbugs of the fortune-telling sort. There are "bilks"—or humbugs of another class, who need as much attention as any—the quack doctor kind.

There is a fellow around trying to swindle people in that line just now. He comes announced as a great man, with all the letters of the alphabet attached to his name, in the shape of bogus titles of the *materia medica* sort.

He visited me at my place of business, and introduced himself with a bombastical flourish that would have put Don Quixote to the blush, and induced me to form the opinion that he might have been stage manager in one of those old country shows where tragedy is dealt out in twopenny doses.

Several people were present, but he singled me out as subject for manipulation. I was asked to excuse him, but I had a disordered liver; my food did me no good, the juices of the body were defective; the substances that should build up the frame were thrown off, &c.

During the time he was speaking his piece, for he spoke it like a stage-struck school-boy, I tried to get in a word edgewise, by way of telling him he was at sea, and that I was not afflicted with the multiplicity of fleshly ills with which he accredited me; but he would not be interrupted, as it might break the thread of his lesson and he might not take it up again at the proper place, and so might have to begin again.

After he had spun his yarn out, I told him it was all a mistake, but he treated my remark as if I had not made it and then asked for a piece of paper and pen to write a prescription that would make me over again, all new, in about a month. He wrote some hieroglyphics and, instead of handing it to me, folded it up and stuck it in his pocket.

He then took me aside and spoke in a confidential tone, and informed me that I was afflicted with still another and more horrible ailment; again I protested, but I had to wait till he got through with another long piece that he had learned by

heart, when I had a chance to tell him that he was certainly mistaken. By the way, of course, his advice is all given gratis.

He returned afterwards, bringing with him a bottle of medicine, which was to make of me another man, although I preferred to be myself.

"Do you want pay for that, sir," said I.

"Certainly."
"You can keep your medicine. I don't believe in it. If you will give me that prescription, as you said you would, I will test it, and if it is worth anything I will pay you. I have no faith in you, nor your medicine, and don't intend to pay you any money."

The fellow discovered the situation, although it is nearly an impossibility to bluff him, and went out of the store with amusing alacrity.

However, by his "advice gratis" he succeeded in convincing a friend of mine that he had a conglomeration of diseases that was fast hastening him to the grave, and that he could arrest his progress in that direction by his invincible decoctions, a bottle of which he sold to him at \$2.50.

The style, manner, and general behavior and appearance of the man stamp him, to the ordinarily keen observer, as an unmitigated impostor and humbug, and I draw the attention of the City authorities to him in case he is practising without license. He is one of a class who keep traveling from one place to another, never stopping but a short time in one locality lest their true character be discovered, and who are generally successful in carrying away the money of the unwary and unsuspecting. A person who will play upon the affections of his fellows to make money out of them is worthy only of contempt, and the public should be protected against such creatures or rather vultures.

Yours respectfully,
ANTI-QUACK.

A Brave Girl.

Frequent complaints have been made in Des Moines, at different times, of insults offered to females in the streets after nightfall. Last Sabbath evening, a young scallawag engaged in this dirty business received a rebuke that he will be likely to remember. Two girls, stout, hearty Swedes, were going west on Locust Street, after evening services at the Swede Church. The girls were alone. This was noticed by two young men, who followed and soon overtook them. When they arrived in speaking distance they addressed the girls, who attempted to escape by fast walking. This they were not able to do, and their tormentors kept close to them. Finally one of the men made an insulting proposal to them, when the larger girl wheeled about and seized him. With one blow she knocked him down, as completely as if a mule had kicked him. Then she knelt on his prostrate form and pummeled the whelp until he begged for mercy, crying like a child. When he did this, woman-like, she relented and permitted him to depart, instead of turning him over to the police.

The other man fled when he saw his companion placed *hors du combat*.

It was the completest turning of tables ever seen in Des Moines, and was worth a dozen sentences in the police court. All honor to the plucky girl whose strong arm did the thrashing.—*Des Moines Register*.

A LOWER PAY TALE.—Yesterday when a washerwoman carried a bundle of six clean shirts into an office on Griswold street and demanded sixty cents of the owner, he replied that it was outrageous, and said that she must cut the bill down to fifty cents. "Well, give me the money," she said, after a long argument. "And you'll keep right on washing for me?" "Y-e-s, I guess so," she replied, after some hesitation, "but I can't wash down no further than the bosom for that figure, and the tails'll have to furnish their own soap and water.—*Ex.*

The Japanese are shipping bricks to California and selling them cheaper than those made in that State, notwithstanding there is an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. on them. The Japanese brick is 8 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide and 2 1/2 inches thick.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Another Arrival of

BOOTS & SHOES

Of All Kinds, at

Taylor & Cutler's.

They keep a Full Stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
CROCKERY,
CLOCKS, Etc.,
Which they will sell as low as any House in Utah.

Home-Made Cloths, Flannels, Linseys, Waterproof, Yarns, &c., at Factory Prices.

DRIED FRUITS TAKEN.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge in the City.

TAYLOR & CUTLER, Under Taylor's Hotel.
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SOUTH-WESTERN



STAGE LINES!

DAILY LINE OF STAGES FROM THE terminus of the Utah Southern Railroad through Southern Utah and South-eastern Nevada to the following points:

Springville, Beaver, Star District, San Francisco Dist., Payson, Salt Creek, Fillmore, Pioche, And all intermediate points.

Connect at Payson tri-weekly for all points in Tintic.

" tri-weekly at Salt Creek for the coal fields and all parts in Sanpete.

" tri-weekly at Beaver for Parowan, Cedar and St. George.

Time to Pioche, fifty-five hours.

Principal Office, Wells, Fargo & Co's Building, Salt Lake City.

w26 HUGH WHITE, Proprietor.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons Wanting

WAGONS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Always do well by buying at the

BAIN WAGON Depot.

You always get the best on fair terms and low prices.

The Bain Wagon, so long and well known, needs but little said in its favor; it is the best and most popular Wagon in Utah.

Full Stock of **Plows** and other **Agricultural Implements.**

Concord Buggies, Spring Wagons, etc. The Finest Stock of Hardwood and Wagon Material in Utah.

FIRST WAGON DEPOT

SOUTH OF THE THEATRE.

Howard Sebree.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Box 361.

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Notice to the Public!

THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US THAT WE CANNOT DEAL IN TWO different makes of wagons with satisfaction to the manufacturers, ourselves and the public.

Therefore, we shall hereafter only buy and sell the

FISH BROTHERS WAGONS.

They have been so steadily and deservedly growing in favor, that we find it next to impossible to sell any other wagon. Ask any person who has bought one for the last two years, and he will tell you he has never had a tire or spoke loose, or a wheel broken or out of repair. He will tell you that the Fish Brothers Wagons run the easiest, and are the *best in all respects*.

The balance of our stock of **Mitchell Wagons** on hand we offer for sale at cost.

We thank the public for its generous patronage in the past, and shall try to deserve your kind favors in the future. We know from the letters written us, and the thousands of words of commendation received from purchasers, that in offering you the FISH BROTHERS WAGON we offer you

The Best Wagon on Wheels!

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

We sell no wagons on *commission*. Fish Brothers' Wagons don't need to go round the country begging for purchasers. We can sell outright all the wagons the manufacturers can furnish us and supply their other demands, and when a wagon leaves our yard, it is sold.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN W. LOWELL & CO.

Salt Lake City, March 4th 1875

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

REUBEN H. CHASE, Plaintiff,
against
EMMA C. CHASE, Defendant,
The People of the Territory of Utah,
To Emma C. Chase, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU are hereby summoned to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Reuben H. Chase, Plaintiff, in the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah, and answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this County, and if not within this County but within the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah within twenty days; otherwise if within the Territory within forty days, or judgment will be taken against you by default, according to the prayer of said Complaint. This action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the said Plaintiff and Defendant and cost of suit.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I hereunto set my hand and Seal of said Court, in Salt Lake City, this 17th day of July, A. D. 1875.

D. BOCKHOLT,
Clerk of the Probate Court,
Salt Lake County.
By ELIAS A. SMITH, Deputy.

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WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Wanted!

100,000 POUNDS

OF WOOL,

Of Good Merchantable Quality, for which

25 Cents a Pound

Will be paid,

One-Third in Money and Two-

Thirds in our Factory Cloth

on delivery of the

Wool.

Apply to

JOHN R. HASLAM,

At President Brigham Young's Office,
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