

## Terrors of the Tempest.

These sufferings endured by men, women and children in that part of Minnesota visited by the late terrible snow storm were extreme. Nothing like it had been known for years. The loss of life was frightful and the destruction of property was immense. A Winona correspondent furnishes the New York Herald with the following description, dated Jan. 18—

I was in Minnesota after the awful massacres of ten years ago, when the red wave of Indian invasion swept over the smiling land and left it a waste of ashes soaked in blood, but the scalping-knife and bullet of the Sioux did not do such havoc as the snows have wrought this year, nor were all the tortures of the red fiends productive of more agony than I have witnessed within the past ten days. What has been suffered and how many have been slain have not yet been ascertained, for the settlements are far apart and communication is difficult; but by every mail come particulars that chill the blood, and we can now fairly estimate the extent of the calamity.

Up to that fatal Tuesday, at whose mention many a heart will ache in Minnesota for years to come, there had been winter weather of the usual sort, clear, cold with occasional storms of snows, some of which had seriously blocked the railroads and induced considerable suffering from scarcity of fuel.

Tuesday, the 7th, was a lovely and mild day. The sun was bright and the air balmy. Every pulse of the country was astir under the genial influence, and the wild swans that clanged overhead once or twice from their meads must have seen the prairie roads alive with teams. The farmers were all out at the nearest settlement. They were getting short of fuel; there was but a handful of flour at the bottom of the barrel; not a scrap of meat was left. But the snows had ceased, their shaggy little horses were well again, so every farmer hitched his team for the town. In the little cottages of wood were women and children; the schoolhouses were full of little ones. Such was the country, thus its dwellers, when the blow fell. Nature would seem to have arrogated to herself all the savage attributes which had marked her first children there, their careful and patient watch for an easy opportunity, and their sudden and relentless onslaught.

So utterly unprepared were the people for the change in the weather, and so suddenly did it come upon them, that one man at Winnebago City describes it as "if a man had clapped his hands—so, and the snow came in our faces." Knowing what the hurricane boded, men leaped into their sleighs, and with voice and lash urged their cowering horses out into the storm. Then the work of death began. For more than fifty hours, till late on Thursday, the freezing wind and falling snow continued. It was not a steady fall of snow, but a howling hurricane, the wind sometimes attaining a speed of twenty-eight, thirty, or thirty-two miles. The snow came in fitful flurries, with a wild screech and a stinging whiz. The thermometer fell steadily, till at Champlain it registered fifty-four degrees below zero. At other places the mercury or spirit marked from eight to forty-two degrees below. Some of the farmers who set out soon found that if they valued life they must turn back. They were enveloped in sheets of snow that blinded them. The wind came so fiercely that they were fain to stop and turn round till a momentary lull came. The road—why, the level prairie was all road now, without one track of wheel or runner to indicate the path of safety. Wherever there was a slight knoll or a tree the driving snow-sleet curled round it and broke over it like yeasty billows over a wreck, and far to leeward grew up drifts of eccentric form. Then the snorting horses that toiled along, pressing with their heaving flanks closer to each other for warmth and dumb protection and sympathy, refused to go forward; the driver felt himself becoming listless, his cold limbs were growing warm, and warned of the swift coming of death, he turned and retraced his steps. Happy they who did so betimes! There were many who held on stubbornly till it was too late. There were many more

who, goaded on by a dreadful fear of the fate of their wives and little ones, left alone in their frail citadels, forced on through the drifts that grew deeper at every step and cold that became more intense every moment. And there were others who grew weary of the contest, and, lying down in their robes, were lulled by the elemental rage into a slumber which knew no awakening. Sometimes the horses gave out, and the unhappy driver, benumbed and chilled, his movements impeded by his heavy clothing, had to abandon his team and take to the drifts. The moans and shrieks of the horses that found themselves thus deserted by their masters are said by some few who survived such scenes to have been agonizing to hear. And at their homes things were no better. There was perhaps a scanty supply of fuel in the corner and but a day's food in the larder. Night trod closely on the heels of noon. Perhaps the mother was alone with her sucking child, her husband ten miles away in one direction, her children two miles away in another. These hapless parents suffered countless deaths. The wooden buildings creaked and rocked in the swing of the storm like ships at sea. The timbers cracked with the frost like rifles. Beads of frost stood on every piece of woodwork, the small panes of glass were so thick with ice that there was no chance that the lamp set in the easement could send its feeble light to the belated strugglers without. It was impossible to open the doors, so high had the drifts become. The fire grew low, though it was replenished with the scanty furniture. Day succeeded to darkness, but the day was as the night. Only the chimney of the house appeared above the drifts. The poor woman knew that her children lay dead, hand in hand, on the prairie, and that her husband's corpse was somewhere entombed in a giant drift. The little baby's blue lips were laid against her empty breast; the soul had sped from between them in a little cloud of frozen vapor. She lay down and died, and the relentless wind wafted through the apertures of the room a decent drift of diamond snow for her winding sheet. These pictures, terrible as they may appear to the readers of the Herald, who sit by warm fires and find the music of the snow as it tinkles against the glass a musical and a cheerful sound, are less than the reality. The advance of death was like that of a torturer, who comes with all his horrid engines to the victim bound at the stake. Only they were to be envied who met a swifter fate in the raging storm without, and were spared the sight of their children dying before their eyes of hunger as well as of cold. On the railroads there was not absolute suffering. Of course trains were snowed in for days in drifts that towered to the telegraph wires, and passengers had to shiver and be scantily fed. But this was only a trifle.

When Friday the 16th came, the sun rose upon a land of snow and silence. Drifts many feet deep and many square miles in extent were there. Here and there the chimney of a house stood up like a tombstone in a vast cemetery. The land lay like a corpse under a winding sheet that had moulded itself into occasional wrinkles over the dead limbs or set features. Now came the giant labor of clearing away the giant drifts and setting free the imprisoned trains, and the sadder task of tracing through the prairies the steps of the dead. Everywhere they were found lying stiff and statue-like in the icy embrace of death.

Sometimes the searchers would find man and horses together, the former lying dead, wrapped in his robes, with the whip in his hand, in the sleigh, one horse down, the other standing in the spot where he was fastened by his partner's fall till he shared his partner's fate. Sometimes the sleigh was found overturned with the traces cut. Then to right or left would be discovered the driver who had wandered round in a despairing circle to die. Occasionally the beasts showed in their dilated nostrils, widely spread lips, and staring eyes, the signs of mortal terror. And the men too, were sometimes Laocoons of ice—statues of writhing despair. But, as a rule, death came quietly, as it generally does in these cases, first robbing the victim of the consciousness of approaching death, which begets an agonized struggle for life, and stilling him with a stupor said to be as delicious as it is deadly.

The death roll cannot yet be made up with any reasonable degree of certainty. We are only now getting detailed reports from the nearer settlements, and it will be fully a week ere these are so complete as to be trustworthy. Many of the missing will not be found till spring; but it is safe to set down all the missing as dead. After carefully collating the various reports received thus far, and making all allowance for the remaining parts of the State, I am led to conclude that the loss of life in Minnesota will range from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. It is just possible, though not probable, that the higher figure may be reached. Almost all of these are men, and a very large portion of them fathers of families in straightened circumstances. The surviving widows and children will thus be left without means of support of any description. The charitable of the East will here find an object for their sympathy.

## EASTERN NOTES.

There is a rural organization in Iowa, whose motto is "None but farmers for legislators."

Our Southern exchanges are beginning to talk earnestly about cotton mills and manufactures in general. Several have been established since the war, and others of considerable magnitude are going up. During the past year the Augusta, Ga., cotton mill produced 218,146 pieces of goods, weighing 2,472,590 pounds, and declared a dividend of \$120,000. As an evidence of the increasing importance of the manufacturing interest of that section, the consumption of 120,000 bales of cotton last year, against about 90,000 in 1871, may be cited. Some of the fabrics show excellent workmanship. The Tennessee Cotton Manufacturing Company, Nashville, was awarded the highest premium for the best standard sheetings at the New Orleans Exposition, and subsequently at Cincinnati, receiving the same compliment.

Every newspaper reader will remember the horrible tragedy in which the wretch whose name (Rosenzweig) stands at the head of this note played the principal part, and which excited such universal indignation throughout the country. The penalty of twenty years' imprisonment was looked upon as too mild, but as it was the extent of the law the people were obliged to put up with it. The public indignation will be again aroused to know that the chances are strong of his release from confinement. Some of the brilliant legal minds in New York now claim that the law under which he was convicted was inoperative, and that the one since enacted did not exist when the crime was committed, and therefore, that he is not amenable to any law. It is a somewhat ridiculous legal technicality, but we suppose it will be suffered to control, as the District Attorney takes no action, and after a certain time Rosenzweig will be released to prey upon society again.—Ex.

The New York Times, referring to the various plans devised by street railroad companies to prevent their conductors from embezzling money, suggests a better plan than any that has yet been presented, namely paying the conductors wages on which they can support life. The editor says:

"Every railway superintendent knows that the conductor receives a ridiculously small stipend, and that he is compelled to pay a large part of this as black-mail to starters and drivers. The result is, that out of his hard-earned wages there is not enough left at the end of the week to pay the ordinary and necessary expenses of himself and family. Now this state of things, while it does not warrant a conductor in stealing, places him under the most powerful temptation to dishonesty. Pay the conductors decently, and honest men will engage in the business. Pay them as they are now paid, and nine out of ten will feel justified in robbing their miserly employers."

The Savannah Advertiser has had a conversation with a gentleman, a resident of Beaufort, who expected soon to go North for the purpose of making arrangements for the establishment of a silkworm nursery at Beaufort. He appears to have given the subject the closest attention. The cocoons which he showed the writer, and which were grown near Beaufort, are said to be very beautiful, and were stated by him to be as fine as any ever

grown in the United States. He carries them on with handsome letters of introduction and recommendation to silk manufacturers at the North, and certainly, upon consideration of the facts before us, we cannot but say that he must succeed in making arrangements satisfactory to all. The experiment of raising the silkworm at Beaufort, says the Advertiser, has been made with the most satisfactory results. The cocoons produced are, as we have stated, very beautiful to our uneducated eye, and the fact that efforts are being made to establish a nursery at that place proves that the parties making the experiment are willing to risk a considerable amount of capital in it.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession one red and white spotted cow, six years old, with a crop off left ear, branded b on left hip. Also one red and white spotted heifer, about three years old, with a hole in left ear torn out, branded b on left hip.

If the above are not claimed and taken away within ten days, they will be sold as the law directs, on Friday, February 14, 1873, at 2 o'clock p.m., at the estray pound in the 14th Ward, Salt Lake City.

JOSEPH HORNE,  
District Poundkeeper.  
S. L. City, Feb. 4, 1873. d63&sdw-1ea



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## PROSPECTUS

TO THE

**LIFE AND WRITINGS**

OF THE LATE

**ELDER PARLEY PARKER PRATT.**

I contemplate publishing an edition of the Life and Writings of the late Elder Parley Pratt, written by himself.

My father desired to have this work published while on his last mission to the eastern States, but not being able to accomplish his object, he placed the manuscript in care of Elder Geo. A. Smith, who was then in the East, requesting him to convey the same safely into my hands. On his, Elder Smith's, arrival home, the writings were delivered to me.

Previous, however, to the author's going east, he placed me under solemn promise and covenant that, in case he did not live to see his history in print, in due time, I would have it published.

In order to carry out the design and request of my much respected and lamented father I am now sending out this prospectus, that the public may be apprised of the nature and general character of the work, and be prepared to subscribe for the same if they feel disposed.

A perusal of the work will show that the author has not been the recorder of a certain number of dull, stale, and uninteresting events; but in writing his life, he has bestowed upon it a great amount of care, thought and labor, passing over portions that would be of no interest to the general reader, and selecting the most noted and striking incidents of, as he says himself, a truly eventful life, and with the pen of a ready writer weaving them into history with an originality, a force and beauty of style peculiar to himself.

In reading the work I am strongly reminded of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction; and in conversing about it with the General Historian of the Church, Hon. George A. Smith, he remarked to me—"Your father's history is written in his best and happiest style and is one of the most interesting works that I have ever perused."

Below I give portions of the headings to some few chapters, etc.

CHAPTER 1.—Genealogy, etc.

CHAPTER 2.—Childhood—Youth—Education—Early Impressions—Journey to the West—Make a new farm in the wilderness of Oswego.

CHAPTER 3.—Revisit Canaan, N.Y.—Interesting meeting—Marriage—Return to my Forest Home.

CHAPTER 4.—Interview with Hyrum Smith—Visit to the Church—Ministry among my Kindred and Baptism of my brother Orson—Wonderful Signs in the Heavens—First Interview with Joseph Smith—Description of his Person and Abilities, etc.

CHAPTER 5.—Description of the Inhabitants on the south side of the Missouri River—Instantaneous Healing—Strange Manifestations—Discourse on board a steamer on the 4th of July—Its effect—A voice from the dead—Exposure in crossing the swamps—Hospitality of a preacher, etc.

CHAPTER 6.—An army—Long march—A voice—Delegation to the Governor—A solemn oath—Great storm and flood—Mob committed—Sudden destruction—Labor with my hands—Calling and ordination of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles—My ordination, blessing and charge.

CHAPTER 7.—Removal to Kirtland—A Temple—Endowments—Prophecies, Visions, etc.—Visit from H. C. Kimball—A remarkable prophecy and its fulfillment—Mission to Canada—Falls of Niagara—Reflections.

CHAPTER 8.—Betrayal and imprisonment of Joseph Smith and others—Secret inquisitorial trial of the prisoners—Sentence of death—How reversed—A Judas—Preaching in camp by Pres. Smith—Farewell scenes.

CHAPTER 9.—Massacre at Haun's Mill.

CHAPTER 10.—Conduct of Colonel Price and guards—Reluke by Joseph Smith—Contrast between King Herod and Governor Boggs—Wholesale extermination of the Mormons threatened—My family visit me in prison.

CHAPTER 11.—Joseph Smith and his fellow prisoners—Reflections in prison—Mock trial—Final escape—"P. P. Pratt's Imprisonment and Escape while in Missouri."

From the preceding headings selected at random, the public will be enabled to form a tolerably correct idea of the character of the work.

In its pages will be found many of the author's best poetical productions, including his last, entitled

**"MY FIFTIETH YEAR."**

The former works of the author have been received by the public with great favor. His autobiography, the crowning labor of his life, I feel confident, will possess as strong claims upon the favor of the general reader as any of its predecessors, while to the Latter Day Saints, it will have an all-absorbing interest as a record of the life, labors and ministry of one of the first and most prominent elders of the Church.

The work will contain at least three-fourths as much reading as the Book of Mormon. It will be published in one volume, by subscription, on good paper, in good sized, clear type; and will be bound in cloth, calf, and morocco.

The price per copy, bound in cloth \$2.50  
" " " cloth gilt 3.00  
" " " calf, gilt 4.00  
" " " morocco, gilt 5.00

It is expected that the work will be ready for distribution to subscribers in about twelve months from the date of this prospectus.

I design visiting the country, soliciting subscriptions.

The autobiography which I am about to publish, will contain a full and complete account of the Author's life, from his boyhood to his martyrdom, and I trust it will be well received and duly appreciated by all lovers of truth, and be the means, through the blessing of God, of accomplishing much good, for it may now be said of the author, as it was said of Abel, viz: "He being dead yet speaketh."

Yours, Respectfully,

P. P. PRATT.

N. B. The work will be sent post paid to any part of the country, on receipt of the price, either in U. S. Currency, or P. O. Orders, for the amount.

All communications must be addressed to

P. P. PRATT,

P. O. Box 925, Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City, Jan. 27, 1873.

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