

Saturday, May 20, 1860.

## 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 necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of reliability.

**THEATRICAL.** — This evening "Enough Arden" will be repeated, with its beautiful sentiment, poetical language, good stage business, fine scenery, and a gorgeous apotheosis at the close. It will be followed by "When Women Weep," a sparkling comedietta in one act, adapted from the French by J. G. Methus, Esq. Madame Scheller appears in both pieces, and will sing several songs. Her singing of "Coming through the Rye" is alone worth going to the theater for.

**FUNNY.** — The Editor of the Esmeralda Union is a funny man. He publishes an issue that is bubbling over with mirth. It is ironical, witty, sententious, farcical, comical and facetiously comical. Hero is his description of one of the storms that have coated Nevada with sleet and snow. When we were having such even down rain.

"Wednesday afternoon old Mother Earth was treated to a spanking new white dress about two inches thick, in the shape of hailstones about the size of small birds' eggs. They fell fast and furiously for a few minutes, and with sufficient force to make people in the streets run for shelter on the 'double quick.' Thursday afternoon we were visited by a severe rain, the 'spancerish' patter of which was accompanied by the mellow bass of distant and deep-toned thunder."

**PERSONAL.** — The New York correspondence of the *Alta*, in treating of the Academy of Design, refers to a gentleman well known to many of our citizens, a number of whom have portraits by him—E. W. Ferry, Jr. His own portrait by William Page, is on exhibition at the Academy, and is an attraction. He has a very fine candle-light picture at the exhibition himself, entitled "Waiting for Tea." It is replete with fine artistic study and at the same time homely truth to nature." His friends in Utah will be pleased to learn that his fame as an artist is rapidly rising, and that his paintings are objects of much admiration by connoisseurs.

**EXTENSIVE TRADE.** — A gentleman of exquisite and superlative taste, lately arrived here from the blooming and beautiful wastes of Idaho, who can see more neatness, sweetness, beauty and taste in Ada County sage or rabbit brush, than in the flowers, shrubs, orchards and foliage of this bleak and forbidding region. In a recent letter to the *Idaho Statesman* says, "This is much more extensive city than I expected to find, and in many respects a beautiful city, but it lacks the neatness and taste generally displayed by the American people."

What silly people nine-tenths of all the travelers who pass through here must be, who give our city credit for being the "Queen of the West," and at least one of the most beautiful cities in the United States!

**STILL DOWN.** — This morning, with flattering hopes of an interminable batch of telegrams, we reached the office, confident that everybody could be pleased with a huge pile of the very latest news, dripping wet from the heavy rain storms of the plains. But a solitary paragraph from the Pacific was the entire bulk. "Line down again," said the gentlemanly operator, when we inquired after the cause. "Oh, indeed; where, please?" "East of Grand Island, about sixty miles on the other side of Port Kearney." "Uumph! Thank you!" And we turned away dis-either gusted or satisfied—as you please. Cannot there be an opposition started? Oxen are not so scarce, but enough might be furnished to make relays from the terminus, at proper stage distances, and have dispatches hauled here by a yoke of cattle ahead of those furnished by the wire. We sympathize deeply with the operators. They are industrious and honest young men, and must be worried in conscience at taking their salaries just now; besides, they do not like to acquire habits of idleness.

**DIG AT THE MORMONS.** — The *Idaho Statesman* of the 23d is "heavy" on the "Mormons" in a few "light" paragraphs. Clipping from the Vancouver Register a "rooster and hovine" tale of President Young's desire to prohibit wholly sensational paragraphists must have given birth to, he intimated that there is no such "good news" at last accounts, and then continues:

"If he should conclude to shun off that more or less, we suggest that his babies be given to the bishops and the widows emigrate to Idaho."

Just what you would like, if the "good news" were true. That is—the order of the day it seems; ladies, not babies. Here we have both; the first we make wives, the second legitimate. Marriage is not much in your programme, is it?

Again he slips, and this time credits to a "Utah Exchange." The item is unmistakably taken from the "Humorous Readings" of a literary contemporary: "It is well known that when a young man meets a woman at night, and you see a young man looking at her, and hear a smack, you may bet your bottom dollar that the young man don't live there."

On which he says:

"If a young man is caught at that business in Utah his days are numbered by the Harem Protection Society and turned over to the destroying angel."

And we would observe that though there is plenty of "that business" in Utah, the father and mother of the young man, knowing well the "young man" and his motives, there would be risk for one of those "widow" seekers who might try the seduction game which is popular in many other places. For fathers here have an ugly way of expressing their appreciation of the acts of scoundrels who contaminate their daughters' innocence. They constitute the "Harem Protection Society," and "destroying angels," whom honest men and gentlemen meet with pleasure, because their motives are good, but whom corrupt scoundrels dread before they ever come in contact with them. The "smack" of virtue sounds sweet to the ears of purity; and honest men encourage it. If the Local of the *Statesman* were here, he would find it very popular about this time.

**HARVEST COMES.** — Bro. E. Croach brought a specimen of wheat into our office this morning, pulled on the 11th inst., at St. Thomas, on the Muddy. It was about five feet high, with the heads in the dough, and is most likely harvested by this time. He informs us that there are between 200 and 300 bushels of wheat sown at St. Thomas, which will average about 25 bushels to the acre, and about 100 acres of it is like the specimen shown to us which will average some 40 bushels to the acre. People need not get excited over grasshoppers and scarcity, with such early harvesting and abundance on the other side of the "rim," added to what will be produced on this side. He expected harvesting would begin on the 1st. The grasshoppers are well on the way up, and though grasshoppers were found from Beaver north to this city, there were no complaints of destruction by them, except at Moab, where they had eaten up some wheat which was in the ground, but which had not yet come up. But the grasshoppers have not done much damage to the wheat, and the scarcity of wheat is due to the want of rain, and the want of water to irrigate the land.

STARTED OUT.—Bishop John Sharp, with

men, went on his journey. They are to carry on the work of the church, and will be got together, and they will have a great time quickly. This is the first "gang" of graders for the distance between Hobo Knob and this valley, on President Young's contract.

**KIRKBY OR COMMERCIAL.** — Goldsmith, it is well known, was fond of music, practised it, at times, from his early years, and during his Continental tour, turned his limited execution on the violin to good account; by occasionally making a tune upon it the purchase of a meal and a lodging. His performances, however, were all by ear; he did not know how to read music, and the music written. His friend, Roubillac, knowing that the poet valued himself on his supposed knowledge of the science, determined to play upon his vanity. One day he asked him to give him a tune (he also knew something of music) telling him that the style in which he had performed had made him wish that he would again play the same melody, that he might write it down. Goldsmith, proud of being thought a musician, and tickled with the artist's flattery, immediately consented.

Roubillac then called for a sheet of paper, and scoring on it a few lined staves, requested his friend to begin. Goldsmith accordingly proceeded to play, and Roubillac to write; but what he put down only consisted of random notes and strokes, such as any one might write down who was as ignorant as himself. When both had done, Roubillac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who affected to look over it with great attention, said it was perfectly correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed that he was so good a musician, as to write down music only by the aid of his ear.

## FOUND.

NEAR the MUSIC HALL, in this City, a GOLD PIN, on paying the charge of this office, is offered to the person who will bring it to **EDGERTON & CLAWSON'S** Store, 10 Temple Street.

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May 20, 1860. EDGERTON & CLAWSON'S

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