

the sufferings, travails, and deliverance of this people from the land of their persecutors, and His handiwork in sustaining them in the wilderness, through sorrow, affliction, poverty and wretchedness? All the faithful saints will do it; but how few outsiders as we call them, will stop to pray to God in the name of Jesus to know if this work is true; they pass it by as a thing of nought, as unworthy of their attention; they are so absorbed in the affairs of this world, that the preparation for the next scarcely enters into their thoughts, and many of this class are honorable men.

I rejoice when I contemplate the work of the last days, and survey the Saints in their p. sessions in Utah. I have but one text which I desire to keep before them, it is to forsake their sins and become united as one man in the purpose of all their temporal acts, that their labors may all centre in the building up and sustaining of God's kingdom instead of building up the kingdoms of this world.

For their consolation I will say to my brethren and sisters that we have had a very happy time on our short visit in the South, and I think I never experienced greater peace, sweeter peace, than I have done on our short visit to Provo a week ago. We left the City a week ago last Friday, and returned again to this City on the Tuesday following. We had a most excellent meeting at American Fork, and everybody and everything seemed to cry peace on earth and good will to men. When we returned home we found rumors that there had been difficulty in Provo and some of the brethren had been killed. Br. Heber C. Kimball in conversing upon this subject in the School of the Prophets, remarked that the brethren voted that we should go to Provo and that the angels of the Lord should accompany us, but he did not expect that they would all go with us and leave you without any. There are good saints in Provo, and they want to be better saints; they may have committed errors, but when you arrive at the truth of the matter, they wish to be Saints. We are all called to be Saints, to be filled with the purity of God, and with the power of the Holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus—the spirit of revelation—we are called from darkness into light, from error to truth, from the power of satan to the living God, we are called from the kingdoms of darkness to the kingdom of God and light, and, by and bye, we shall be chosen because we are worthy, and it will be said to us: "You have lived the life of a Saint, now you are chosen to be an heir of the Celestial kingdom of our Father and God." Let us not forget, my brethren and sisters, the gathering of the Saints for sanctification and preparation to inherit all things. Let us live closer to our duty, that we may be sanctified and be prepared to dwell together in the Celestial kingdom, which may God grant. Amen.

Correspondence.

LOGAN, Cache Co., }
March 2d, 1867. }

Editor Deseret News:—Dear brother,—Since receiving the appointment of Superintendent of Sunday Schools in Cache county, I have visited as many of the schools as possible, including Paradise, Hyrum, Millville, Providence, Logan, Smithfield and Richmond. Every school possesses some particularly commendable feature, though better order, discipline and attention are exhibited in some than in others; principally owing to the greater interest manifested by parents, teachers and other influential persons in those places. The progress, however, being made by the children of this county, generally, in the knowledge of the principles of the gospel, the life of Jesus, the history of the Church, and its present organization, as well as the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith is very gratifying and encouraging. One or the greatest difficulties superintendents and teachers have to contend with at present, is a want of tickets and books; this, however, will be remedied in time.

A few of the teachers of the Logan Sunday Schools, including two or three of the Logan Dramatic Association, performed the drama of the "Golden Farmer," and farce of "The New Footman," for the purpose of raising funds to increase their library, and, notwithstanding the hard times, they cleared upwards of \$50. They feel very thankful for the interest manifested by the public.

Other schools are taking various steps for the same object, and we hope to have

a little means to send to you, for the purpose of buying books for us east this year.

As it may not be generally understood, I would like to say to the various superintendents throughout the county, that it is our wish to obtain all books, rewards, tickets, etc., through the Sunday School Union for the Territory, and if they will forward their orders and money to me, I will receipt to them, and give them every aid in my power freely and with pleasure.

Praying for your success in every enterprise for the advancement of the Kingdom of God and the happiness of the human family.

Your Brother,
W. H. SHEARMAN.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

PLEASANT GROVE, March 6, 1868.

Editor Deseret News:—Yesterday the "boys" working in American Fork cañon thought they would have a little sport. They having previously found the retreat of a bear. Mr. Aldrich, had promised the "boys" that he would go into the den and bring him out; but they thought it was all "gas" with him; so to make his word good, he armed himself with a candle and a gun, and went to the hole in the rock, which was quite small. He fixed his candle on a long stick, then shoving a small rock ahead of him, he started for "his man", whom he discovered after advancing on his hands and feet, about fifteen feet within the cave. Mr. Bear seeing the light, gently put it out with his paw. Mr. Aldrich leveled his gun and fired, hitting Bruin, and then retreated to reload, when he went in again; which he repeated seven times, to make sure that he had killed his game, then hitching on to the bear, the carcass was brought out to the astonishment of the spectators. The den or cave was found to be wider after entering than at the mouth. The bear weighed three hundred pounds. Mr. Aldrich is a backwoodsman from Illinois.

B. W. DRIGGS.

NEPHI, March 6th, 1868.

Editor Deseret News:—Dear Bro.,—Having a few leisure moments, I improve them by writing you a few lines. On Monday, the 2d inst., I left home in company with Elder Erastus Snow, for a tour to "Dixie." Drove to Milo Andrus', where we were kindly entertained for the night.

On Tuesday, 3d inst., drove to Provo, where we arrived quite late, the roads being very bad. At American Fork and Battle Creek we noticed that the people were working some in their gardens, and saw one or two plows running, and were reminded in several ways that seed time is at hand.

Wednesday, 4th inst., we called on President Young, and were (as usual) a little late, the President was in his carriage about starting down to Bro. Madsen's fishery, at the mouth of Provo river. We found Bro. M. a whole-souled, big-hearted patriarch, though not very old. His family are all workers, and everything around the place indicated thrift. He told us that during the past winter, himself and family had manufactured seines, nets, lines, and other implements which would have cost, had he purchased them, not less than five hundred dollars. He had raised the flax, dressed it himself, and others of his family had carded and spun the twine, and he had knit his seines during winter evenings. He also told us that he had three years' bread-stuff on hand. After drinking a glass of Danish beer (very mild drink) we took our leave of this truly enterprising man, and returned to Provo city.

After dinner, we drove to Spanish Fork, where we stayed all night. In the evening we attended a lecture in the school house. Bro. W. D. Jones was the lecturer. Subject—"The manufacture of iron and its uses." The lecturer handled his subject very well, for a new beginner. After the lecture, Bro. Snow was requested by Bishop Thurber to make some remarks, which he did to the joy of all present. His subject was the union of the Saints, and the necessity of sustaining ourselves. He urged upon the Saints the importance of sowing the usual (or even greater) amount of grain, and not to be frightened at the prospect of grasshoppers; for if we do not sow, we cannot expect to reap.

Thursday 5th, we started from Spanish Fork, about 10 o'clock, and drove over to Spring Lake Villa, where we took dinner with our enterprising friend Benj. F. Johnson. In the afternoon, drove to Mona, (What's in a name?) where we stopped over night, being kindly entertained by Bro. Ed. Kay.

In the evening meeting was held, Bro. Snow and myself speaking. This place, (Mona,) is capable of being made into a very pretty little town. The new town being laid out on a high, gravelly ridge, with plenty of water, and near the base of the mountain, will make it a good fruit growing spot. And as the settlement has plenty of hay land, and a good range for stock, we may reasonably expect to see a flourishing place in a few years.

This morning snow covered the earth to the depth of three or four inches. We drove over to Nephi, where we will remain till to-morrow. The people in this place are somewhat nervous in regard to the grasshoppers, but the Bishop says they will sow most of their land notwithstanding.

This is an enterprising place, and though only two years since I was last here, yet I see many and marked improvements. Four good schools are kept here, and what is best, all are taught by our own teachers. There is a manifest improvement in the great work of Education.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
JOS. W. YOUNG.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 10th, 1868.

Editor Evening News:—Sir,—The high-toned morality of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City, and this Territory at large, has become proverbial and praiseworthy with all well-regulated men and women. It appears desirable that this reputation should remain unimpaired, continuing to grow brighter and brighter as the people advance in knowledge and influence. To maintain this position, however, constant and unceasing vigilance is necessary, that no evils are allowed to grow and check the development of the infant plant.

True, the police are "ubiquitous" in their sphere, and the City Fathers wide awake to the suppression of vice; but notwithstanding every precaution, many things are in existence repugnant to our feelings and unpleasant to reflect upon.

We have a city ordinance for the punishment of those who indulge in the low, vile habit of swearing; but it is not always made effective with persons who break it, for the reason, probably, that our city has an annual ebb and flow of transients, whose only spiritual consolation on this earth seems to consist in their frequent allusions to the name of that Deity, whom they most wickedly defame, expecting in return a full and complete absolution of sins, in this world, and immaterial, everlasting lungs to chant their never-ending songs of praise in that world which is to come. This is an excellent programme, if the managers can only be made to believe it will work and stand criticism.

This transient-riding-over city ordinances can be measurably overlooked, but when it comes to persons of reputed gentlemanly qualifications establishing an office within the corporate limits, for the express, avowed and advertised purpose of dealing out oaths by the thousands to our most respected citizens, in my opinion the duly elected representatives of the people should enquire into the feasibility of prescribing such remedies as the nature of the case demands. The office I refer to is situated the first door east of "Hooper's corner," and is conducted, as near as I can ascertain, by Gen. A. L. Chetlain, L. S. Hills and R. V. Morris.

Truly, Yours, J. C. R.

We have received the following humorous communication, which we present to our readers:

A VISION.

Three days' history of an Astrologer, while in Gunnison.

FIRST DAY.

Morning:—Astrologer has arrived. Beat the drums, blow the trumpets, hoist the flags. His horoscope is displayed, &c., figuratively spoken, and he pronounces: himself, the stars, familiar spirits, and a host of artful inventions, as ready for actions:—"Every body and his cousins, come on! who wants to know something about: sweethearts and grasshoppers, Indian war and dyspepsia, lost cattle and lucky days sears and gold diggings, warnings and narrow escapes, &c.; come on every body! come on!! come on!!! only a bushel of wheat for a figure; come on! but don't forget the wheat!"

Noon:—Great excitement. Faces commence to turn towards the great man; and loaded with wheat and great expectations, people start for and arrive in his mysterious presence. Figures are drawn

and the judgement is spoken:—"Mr. A., your cattle will come up in the first drive at Spanish Fork,—one bushel of wheat, sir! Mr. B., your mare is out at Bridger, but your colt is dead,—one bushel of wheat, sir! Mr. C., for three years the stars are in opposition to you, and in favor of your decease, if you live over that time you will get well,—you shall go to the Muddy,—one bushel of wheat, sir! Mr. D., you shall get riches, if you go to the gold mines and dig them,—one bushel of wheat, sir! Mr. E., the Indians have got your horses, and you will not see them any more,—one bushel of wheat, sir! Mr. F., you will do well by staying here in Gunnison,—one bushel of wheat, sir!

Evening:—Astrologer's sacks are full.

SECOND DAY.

Morning:—There is a revolution in the stars and in Gunnison! The stars will not yield their information. The Astrologer is only on three wheels, the fourth has gone, and the mysterious writing on the wall, defies him and his art. He cannot find the wheel.

Noon:—Excitement abated. Astrologer's friends indignant. Astrologer in perplexity; has seen the wheel a little above ground, partly covered, but can't get the direction.

Afternoon:—Astrologer puzzled. The wheel was taken in the night, while a more skillful astrologer had figured out the very moment when the position of four stars made it impossible for any other astrologer to ascertain where the wheel went, and who the audacious criminals were that took it.

Evening:—Astrologer on the track; friends jubilant. A tall, slim, light-complexioned fellow, and a tall, heavy, light-complexioned fellow, had taken the wheel.

THIRD DAY.

Morning:—Utterly defiant; ridiculing notices are on conspicuous places in Town, informing astrologer that if he does not find the wheel, they will consider him below the witches. Astrologer will pay tall, slim, light-complexioned fellow \$25, to have leave to tell him his fortune; but tall, slim, light-complexioned fellow don't care.

Astrologer can't find the wagon wheel, and leaves town in a borrowed wagon; leaving the word behind, that on the 19th of March, the stars would come to order again, and operate in their due functions, which would not fail to result in the redemption of his lost reputation.

As the Astrologer's vehicle disappeared behind the Fort wall, the vision vanished.

ONE OF THE ELEVEN DOZEN.

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O, YES! O, YES!

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