

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Y. M. M. I. A.—U. O. Flouring Mill—  
Y. L. R. S. Concert—Schools.

MORONI, May, 2, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

The Young Men's M. I. Association of Moroni was re-organized one week ago to-night on the plan proposed by Bros. Young and Hardy, who were here some time ago, organizing young men's mutual improvement associations, as per instructions from the First Presidency of the Church. The Bishop and his counsel recommended the following persons for officers, who were unanimously elected by the Association—President, Peter Laurestein; first counselor, Thomas Morely; second counselor, Neils Christenson; secretary, Cyrus Prestwich; assistant secretary, D. H. Cook; treasurer, Jacob Jacobson; head teacher, B. H. Barton. We regard this as a good selection of officers, especially the president, under whose able management this society cannot fail to succeed. This is another evidence of the wisdom and foresight of the bishop and his counsel.

The United Order is building a flouring mill, which will be finished in time to grind the coming crop. This is something Moroni has needed for some time. Much praise is due the Bishop and others for their energy in this matter.

The Young Ladies' Retrenchment Society of Moroni, gave a concert in the City Hall, last night, which was well attended by an appreciative audience. The "Drama of Life" and other pieces were beautifully rendered. A comic song, by Brigham Draper, was loudly applauded.

We have two schools, attended mostly by small scholars, but some of the larger boys expect to attend as soon as the crops are in.

Most respectfully,  
R. H. BARTON.

Labors of the Elders—Baptisms—Prospects.

KAIAPOI, Canterbury, N. Z.,  
1st April, 1876.

Dear Brother Gus.

There are four Elders from Zion laboring around here, and in Christchurch. Some additions have been made to the branch, and the Saints here are feeling well and are trying to save means for emigration. I hope to be able in one year from now to gather up with the Saints. The Burnett Bros. are well and feeling first-rate in the work of the Lord. Bro. James Burnett is president of the branch, and Bros. McLauchlan, Steed, C. Hurst and John Rich are the Elders who are laboring here and in Christchurch, and are baptizing a few. They feel that a good work will be done here and many be brought, through their labors and the blessing of the Lord, into the Church.

Bro. Fred. Hurst is laboring in Wellington, but appears to be having rather a rough time amongst the people there. I think there is only one Saint now left in Wellington, the rest having all gathered to Zion.

I remain, &c.,  
JOHN CLARKE.

## SILK CULTURE.

By the Superintendent of President Young's Cocoonery for the year 1875.

POINT OF MOUNTAIN SOUTH,  
May 1st, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

As the time is fast approaching to begin raising the silk worm, I am daily interrogated, "How shall we proceed in silk raising?" For the benefit of those wishing to engage in the business, I will make a few remarks in regard to it, founded on my own experience, which has heretofore proved successful.

In the first place we must be alive to our business. Now be the first thing to be done is to secure the silk worm eggs before the weather gets too warm, to avoid their hatching, and before the leaves are far enough advanced to begin feeding. In order to avoid their hatching, place them in a cool, dry place or cell, if not damp, in a box of any kind, to preserve them from the mice, with a goodly portion of gimlet holes bored in the ends and sides to admit of the circulation of air, there to remain until wanted

to hatch. From the first to the 15th of June bring the eggs from your cool repository, and spread them on a newspaper upon a table. Leave them in a cool room. It is best not to expose them too suddenly to warmth that would hatch them. Leave them in a cool room a day or two, then take them to a warmer room, and spread on a table as before. In a few days they will begin to hatch. They commence early in the morning and continue hatching until near noon.

Now your labor commences. As soon as they hatch, they start off in search of food. Pluck your tenderest leaves, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, leaving the tip end and one small leaf. Cut the leaves in halves, lay them on the worms, where they are the thickest. When they are all on the leaf, if it is not full of worms, place it in another spot, and so on until the leaves are full. Have another paper near the one you have your eggs upon. Then take a pen-knife, and take hold of the edge of the leaf full of little worms, placing them on the paper you previously laid on the table, taking them up one by one as they fill up, lay them close together side by side, until all of that day's hatching are taken care of. Now gather some tender leaves, laying them one on the top of another, say from five to one dozen, according to the number of worms. Lay them on a board and cut them with a sharp knife, about an eighth of an inch wide, and crossways the same. Then sprinkle them lightly over the young worms; be careful not to put on too many, as the worms will attack the first leaf they come in contact with. If there is more than enough for them the top leaves will wilt, and dry up before the worm can get to the top. Repeat this operation every two hours. If the worms do not come up it is a sure sign that they have had too much feed, and are unable to get up. Then you must feed lighter. Over-feeding is a great fault in the first stage and must be avoided. Continue in this way each day during hatching, taking care to keep each day's hatching by themselves.

Any person wishing silk-worm eggs can be accommodated by addressing the undersigned.

Mrs. ANN K. DUNYON,  
Draperville, Salt Lake Co.

Schools—May-day Dinner and Dance.

PARAGONAH, Utah,  
May 2nd, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

There are two day-schools in lively operation here—one public, being taught by Mrs. Hulda Mitchell, and a private school, taught by J. V. Williams. Both are striving to do the best they can to help the scholars to climb the ladder that leads to excellency.

The sisters took it into their heads yesterday to get up a good old-fashioned English May-day dinner for the benefit of the private school and scholars, to witness which and the little ones enjoy themselves caused tears of joy to roll down more than one pair of cheeks, when some of our old veterans cast our minds' eye back to our boyish days, when in place of peace and prosperity, we were being mobbed, driven, plundered, whipped and murdered. But how differently we are situated to what we were forty years ago!

After dinner was over, which was partaken of in the school-room, our hearts were warmed up again to see the little ones trip it off in the dance. All was fully peace, and good-naturedly got through with, for which we wish to remember, with many thanks, Sisters Horsley, Julia Robinson, Sarah Ann Holyoak, Deborah Stevens, and Ellen Watts, and others, not forgetting Brother Daniel Stones, the musician, and Brother G. Baker, caller.

J. VAN NOSTRAND.

Conference—Distribution of Elders—Baptisms, etc.

LAIE, Oahu, S. I.,  
April 25, 1876.

President B. Young:

Dear Brother—Our late conference for the Islands held here, commencing on the 6th and ending on the 10th inst., was largely attended and very interesting. All the foreign elders present. We had eight long meetings. Many came from the distant islands of the group. Elder Napela came from the Island of Molokai. Our valley

elders all participated in the preaching to the people. I addressed the Saints a number of times at considerable length. Many of our native elders delivered short but spirited addresses. A rich portion of the Holy Spirit blessed the entire conference. All seemed to feel well and amply paid for having come to conference. We truly had a good time of social reunion and rejoicing together, one long to be remembered. Peace and apparent satisfaction visibly dwelt in the heart of each one present. The spirit of gathering to Zion dwelt with, and was preached upon by, many of the native speakers.

The following distribution of foreign Elders was made—S. P. Richards and H. S. Woolley to go to the big Island of Hawaii; B. Stringham and Wm. H. Branch to the Islands of Maui, Lanai and Molokai; and R. G. Lambert to remain with me for the present upon the plantation. The other brethren will return here in time for two to visit and make a circuit of the Island of Kanai, and two others to make the tour of this Island, Oahu, before next October Conference.

A goodly number were baptized during the last six months, new members.

Our work on the plantation continues on quietly, smoothly, and favorably. All is peace on the place. The cane grows very fast and is looking well. We keep it well cultivated, stripped, etc., and are still plowing for more new plant. We have now over twenty acres just ready to begin planting, all newly prepared, which has all been plowed and harrowed and cross-plowed with big plows, then harrowed again, and is now being laid off with big plows, going twice in each furrow, preparatory to planting. We keep a number of single mule plows running, plowing out between the rows of cane.

Your brother in the covenant of peace,

ALMA L. SMITH.

A Visit to the National Institution for Deaf Mutes—Graduating Exercises, etc.

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

The old superstitions regarding those whom nature had created with imperfect minds, or without the power of communicating their mental experiences in vocal language, are curious. We find in the time of the Black Prince that deaf mutes were recognized as a lower order of humanity than their more fortunate brethren, but since their intelligence was apparent they were allowed certain liberties in all households, coming even to the court, and entering the banquet halls, but never by any chance sitting with the guests or allowed to serve them. They might watch the feast with their bright eager eyes till all the guests were served, then the broken fragments in the trenches or chance morsels thrown to them as to the dogs were their only portion. In our own land since the beginning of the present century, deaf mutes were ranked with idiots in the eye of the law. Only a few years ago, in the face of all their wonderful progress, Gen. Butler declared a deaf mute was but half a man. I hardly think the general would say that now, especially if it were his good fortune to be present at the graduating exercises of the National Deaf Mute College, as I was a few days ago. The regular college year terminates with the last week of June, but the weather is then so warm that President Gallandet wisely arranges for the public ceremonies at this pleasanter season. This National Deaf Mute College was founded through the benevolent interest of Hon. Amos Kendall, whose personal sympathies had made him enthusiastic concerning these children of silence, and in young Edward Gallandet, the son of a mute mother and a father whose name will always be revered, Mr. Kendall found a willing helper. In more incomplete establishments, it had already been proved that this unfortunate class were not deficient in intellect; they only lacked the ordinary power of expression; their education had been carried through ordinary branches; they eagerly wished for something still beyond, and Mr. Gallandet desired to see an institution that would fit them thoroughly for any place in life, especially for that of instructors in their own ranks. The battle against the prejudice and ignorance of generations

was hard, but Congress at length made an appropriation and the college was founded.

There is a preparatory department, but in the collegiate course all branches comprised in the ordinary classical list have been included. One can comprehend how physical and mathematical sciences may be grasped by the deaf mutes, but we are amazed when we find that mental philosophy and logic are quite as readily understood and acquired.

The college is located a little out of the city, upon the beautiful grounds formerly attached to Mr. Kendall's private residence and still called Kendall Green. The professor's houses form a pretty cluster at a little distance from the chapel, and carriages sweep up a drive bordered with trees and shrubs. We were a little early on our visit. A group of students were standing upon the lawn, intent upon something which one of their number was telling. They would interrupt his rapid signs with questioning gestures, and we watched them with interest. But, once in the chapel, we forgot the little group in the presence of the larger one. The pupils were seated as happily excited and as joyously expectant as any students could be on commencement day. There is no distinction here of "race, color, or previous condition," so several dusky faces appeared among the fairer ones and all were dressed in gala costume.

One rarely meets a gentleman of courtlier manners than President Gallandet, he never fails in the least or greatest requirement, and the students will be very likely to follow their teacher. The portrait of Thomas Gallandet (the first person who preached in America the gospel of possible education of mutes) was at the back of the platform, while in a front seat, dressed in a simple richness best becoming her silver hair, sat his widow, now more than seventy-seven years old, and a charming woman in every relation of life; nine children have called her mother, not in the tones that you and I would use, for Mrs. Gallandet has never heard a sound of any kind, but in a voiceless language whose eloquent tenderness is most expressive. Not one of her children has inherited her misfortune, and there are few scenes more beautiful than that of President Gallandet escorting his mother to parties and receptions, proudly introducing her and swiftly translating all that is said.

At these commencement exercises, we missed the music usual on such occasions; it seemed as if we had in some way invaded the kingdom of silence, and that its leader's sceptre was over us.

Dr. Mitchell offered the opening prayer. Beside him stood Professor Gordon, with closed eyes reverently following and translating the spoken petition by signs. Then came an oration by Mr. Teegarden, from Iowa, who is only a partial mute; he hears nothing now, but he has a dim memory of the sounds once familiar, so while delivering his oration you could see by the motion of his lips that to him words were realities and signs an acquired accomplishment. The event of the afternoon was the oration by Wm. Geo. Jones, of N. Y., on the "Pictures of Creation." This young man is the son of an actress at the Bowery Theatre; in person he is very short and very broad, but you would never guess the capabilities of expression hid under that smooth good humored face; he gave us pictures of creation indeed. Prof. Fay read his theme; but Mr. Jones' gestures were so vividly graphic that we scarcely needed to listen, it was amazing. There seemed to be nerves of motion everywhere, even his cheeks seemed to possess special muscles, which made them quiver in the funniest movement, and all the audience were in convulsions of laughter, while he who made the sport only showed his consciousness of its absurdity by a queer twinkle in his blue eyes. Of course he was rapturously applauded, he could see the motion of the clapping hands, and his arms were filled with bouquets.

There are twenty-five thousand deaf mutes in our country. Other asylums and schools give them the common branches, but here their teachers must be fitted, and Congress has made it possible for almost any one to secure the advantages offered. One hundred and fifty dollars a year cover all expenses of board and tuition for those who are able to pay, while some kind provision has been made for

the children of poverty who hunger for knowledge.

When I went through the classrooms a year ago I noticed a little boy with a head like a cocoanut, covered with closely curling wool, for the face was black as charcoal, but the eyes were blue as violets. Some boyish freak attracted my attention, and the teacher made him write on his slate answers to various questions, and told me instances of his Topsy-like mischief. He seemed to know what she was saying and was delighted that he had been noticed. The other day when the crowd of pupils was passing out, a black boy left the ranks and extended his hand to me with a smile of recognition. I know I looked puzzled, for I had quite forgotten the dusky face. He laughed, touched a bit of blue ribbon on my dress, and pointed to his own eyes, sure I would understand, and having received my salutation walked away exultant. It was a very little thing, but when I contrasted his prospects for life with those which were his before he came here, I felt like singing a special doxology for this marvellous work, which has redeemed so many deathless minds from a bondage that seemed hopeless.

ANNA S. H.

Meetings—Covington—W. & E. Can—Public Buildings—The Poor—Hospitality and Liberality.

COVINGTON, Ind.,

May 5, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Brother Morgan and I have been in the vicinity of the above-named place for the last three weeks. During this time we have held some eighteen meetings to large, attentive audiences, and, with scarcely any exceptions, a good spirit prevailed.

Covington is nicely situated upon the east bank of the Wabash river. Steamboats, before the railroads were built through this section of country, used to very frequently ply up and down the river, making Covington a prominent landing.

The Wabash and Erie canal, until the past two or three years, has been in constant use since 1845. It was originally designed to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio river, but this was never accomplished. This canal passes through Covington, which contains about 5,000 inhabitants. Its two finest buildings are the court house and county jail. The former building cost the sum of \$75,000, the latter \$105,000.

This (Fountain) county boasts of a poor house, which is a very capacious building, two stories high, built of brick. Bro. Morgan and I visited this place, but we were very favorably impressed with the arrangements made for the unfortunate creatures who are brought there, and who are the observed of all observers.

How differently are they treated who have been unfortunate in our country. Our noble mothers and daughters of Israel come to the rescue of the poor, and assist them with encouraging words and with the necessities of life, without the great parade of vaunted charity which is so common among the people of the world. According to the condition that present society is in, I suppose that the poor are cared for as well as they could be.

This is a fine timbered country, the land rich and rolling. The farms are not generally so large as those in Illinois, and as a result the country is more thickly settled, the schools better attended and in a better condition.

Unless a "Mormon" Elder has travelled through this country preaching, he could scarcely realize the vast difference there is between the people of Illinois and those of Indiana. Here the people are more kind and hospitable, giving the stranger a warm welcome to their habitations, and seem more willing to let others worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. We are now staying with Mr. Oliver Shelby, whose mother died a member of the Church. He remembered to have heard several of the Elders preach. He testified that he saw a young Elder, by the name of Robinson, who was sick at his (Shelby's) father's house, cured instantaneously by the anointing of oil and laying on of hands by the Elders.

We have appointments on ahead which will take us until the latter part of next week to fill. To-night we speak at the Court House where we have spoken once before.