

at Poole, England, in which they said they had reason to believe that the ring had belonged to a relative of theirs named Pauline Burnam, who was a passenger on board the steamship *Anglo Saxon*, and perished when that ship was wrecked off Chance Cove, N. F., in 1861. Mr. Potter was requested to bring or send the ring to St. Johns. He accordingly went to that place, and with the ring in his possession, presented himself at the office of the Colonial Secretary. After waiting awhile Mr. Potter was introduced to a Mr. Burnam, who had been sent for on his arrival, and this gentleman identified the ring as the wedding ring of his mother, the Pauline Burnam lost in the *Anglo Saxon*, who was married in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, in 1846. The lucky finder of the ring was rewarded by Mr. Burnam with bank notes for fifty pounds sterling. This is certainly one of the most remarkable fish stories on record.

THE introduction of the foot and mouth disease among cattle is said to have produced an unusual demand for good mutton in the East. This change has made many people acquainted with the qualities of mutton, who have heretofore entertained a strong dislike to it. It is fortunate that this prejudice is dying out, for mutton is a most healthful and nutritive article of diet. According to the census returns for 1870, there are upwards of thirty million of sheep in the United States. This is not one sheep for each inhabitant. France contains as many sheep as souls. In England sheep receive very careful cultivation. We have seen it stated that she could almost as safely part with the air breathed by one-fourth of her people, as with her sheep—the meat, wool, hides, and manure they yield. She succeeds well with her sheep husbandry, because all the products of the sheep are in quick demand. Her people consume more mutton than beef, and great pains are taken with the breeds to produce the best of wool and mutton. The large consumption of mutton there is due to its excellent quality. If care is taken to produce good mutton in Utah, it will be in demand, for experiments have proved that mutton is not only more nutritious, but digests and assimilates with the system more easily than any other meat, and people soon find this out. A carefully drawn report on the subject of sheep husbandry says:

"When our farmers find the demand for good mutton increasing according to their exertions to make it good—that they can raise it cheaper than beef, and that it is better husbandry to get one hundred pounds of mutton from one sheep than from two, then we shall have them cultivating the best breeds of English mutton sheep, to the comfort, profit, and health of the whole community as well as to themselves."

There is a greater degree of attention being paid to the cultivation of sheep for both mutton and wool in this Territory than ever before, and it is a branch of business that should be fostered. A cash market is now found for wool, and from present indications it is not probable that it will be overstocked for some time. We have seen it estimated by the *Pacific Rural Press* that the average profit of California flocks, over and above interest on investment, shepherding, shearing, freighting, &c., is not less than \$1 per head, on the most ordinary breeds. The profit is much larger on improved breeds. To this, it says, must be added the increase of lambs. Sheep-raising in California may pay better than in Utah; but if herds be judiciously managed in this country, they will come but very little, if any, behind those of California in yielding profitable returns. There is no other kind of stock, which, under proper management, yields such handsome returns as sheep; but if not cared for, they are a plague and a loss, as hundreds of our citizens have proved who have put them out on shares.

THE *New York Times*, in the course of a recent article, speaks of horse-breeding in the following language:

"We would impress on our readers the necessity of forming a pure race; not taking any animals at haphazard, just as they may come, but steadily holding on to a certain thing, and then going on from good to better. Large breeders can afford to keep stallions, but the small farmer must depend on the taste and judgment of his wealthier neighbor. In this country, where all is left to private speculation and enterprise, the lucky man gets on at the cost of his less fortunate friend. It is otherwise in Europe.

In England there 50 if not 100 excellent sires for every one that there is in the United States. Then English noblemen let their stallions on easy terms to their tenants; and not only do they do so, but they give large prizes for the produce of these same stallions. Then the Queen is a large breeder of first-class horses, and Her Majesty patronizes the breeding of high-bred horses most generously.

The horses of this country, in the aggregate, strike the newly-arrived European as poor, spiritless animals, overtaken and underfed. Those that pretend to some blood are either coarse, lengthy animals, or light, weedy ones. There are few, indeed, of the stout, short-backed, low, clean-bred horses peculiar to the English Isles, and invaluable as saddle and harness horses.

Here speed alone, and not speed and endurance, is the desideratum. A horse that goes like the wind for a mile is just good for that mile and no more. Of what avail, then, is his speed? He can carry no weight; he only serves to demoralize his master, who bets and wins, to bet again and lose, until he either sees the folly of his course, or until he goes out with a burst-up—laughed at by some, pitied by others."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, writes concerning the proper treatment of calves at the time of weaning. He says:

"On commencing to wean them from milk, take some oats and add some molasses or sugar and put some in their mouths a few times and they will soon learn to eat them. After a few weeks Indian meal, or any other provender can be substituted for the oats or mixed with them. They should be weaned from milk gradually and not at once, giving them a little milk with their grain. Of course, oatmeal is equally as good, and in case of learning them to drink, should be mixed with the milk. In this way calves can be weaned without shrinkage and with much less milk, and quite young."

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the *Chicago Tribune*, to the effect that a large excursion party is being made up for California, for which nine hundred tickets were issued up to Sunday last. Trains are to leave St. Louis, Indianapolis and Chicago simultaneously, meeting at Omaha. It is stated in the paragraph, that "by invitation from Brigham Young, and in accordance with the expressed wish of a large number of the excursionists, the entire party will spend a Sunday at Salt Lake City."

We could not understand, upon reading this statement how these excursionists could be coming here on the invitation of President Brigham Young, knowing that he would be absent from the city at the time of their arrival. Upon inquiring, we learn that a letter was received from the Excursion Agent making inquiry respecting the inducements there were for the party to come to this city and remain over the Sabbath. Upon receipt of the letter, the President having started for Soda Springs, his Secretary, on his own responsibility, proceeded to make the necessary inquiries, so as to ascertain, whether or not, the excursionists could be accommodated. He then wrote a letter to the agent informing him what had been done, over his own signature, and at the same time stated that the President had gone from home. This is the extent of the reported invitation.

THE following article, under the heading of "Distinguished Missionaries," appears in the *Omaha Herald* of the 6th instant:

"Two important men were in Omaha on Tuesday. They were missionaries. One was no less a person, than Gov. Woods, of Utah; and the other was Mr. Horace Eldredge, the veteran Mormon citizen and banker, of Salt Lake. Neither of these gentlemen shall have just cause for objecting to this mention; and will concur with us doubtless as we go along in its propriety. They were both returning from the labors of Missionary work, Gov. Woods from Long Branch, whither he had been to convert the small fraction of 'the Government' of which this famous watering-place is present headquarters, to faith in the fidelity of the silvery ring of Utah to its regular business, has been plowing with the political heathen, with what result the Emma Mine combination will soon know. Horace Eldredge returns from Liverpool after a year's absence and conscientious labor in the cause of the Latter-day Saints.

These gentlemen are each worthy of their respective missions. Gov. Woods belongs to the McKean ring inside of which thrift is said to follow something worse than fawning. Vicious persons

in Salt Lake declare that he is paid in contingent lucre or argentiferous galena. From what we have seen of the Long Branch missionary, we must repudiate the kind of aspersions upon that innocent-looking functionary from Oregon. Mr. Eldredge, on the contrary, at great personal sacrifice, and under a deep sense of religious obligation, has been in Liverpool and on the Continent a year or more, inducing the weary and heavy laden of those distant lands to join the great army of toilers in Utah, who have made a garden of a desert. Without pay or price, looking only for reward to the great Hereafter, he has done this work. It is unnecessary to run the parallel or point the contrast, between these distinguished missionaries whose return to Salt Lake it is our duty to chronicle."

THE Rev Thomas M. Reese, a minister of the Methodist Church, and pastor of the church of that denomination at Williamsport, Penn., is authority for a strange story now being published in the eastern press, of which the following is a condensed version:

When preparing to go to bed one evening or two since, his door bell announced a visitor, and a boy named Owen, son of one of his church members, was admitted to the presence of Mr. Reese, and requested him to go directly to his father's house, as there was something strange there. Mr. Reese went, and on reaching the place says he found the master and mistress terrified and huddled in one corner of the room, and their niece standing apparently unconcerned in the middle of it, while loud noises were being made in the room for which there was no apparent cause. Mr. Reese said "what, in the name of God, does all this mean?" The reply was a request from Mr. Owen that he (the minister) would explain, for they could not. A voice, seemingly proceeding from near where the young girl stood, but not from her, said:

"Old Reese is here; come Rebecca, come along with me. There is going to be a devil of a storm in half an hour."

"Old Reese" inquired "where is the person who said that?" and received for answer "Here I am, right in the middle of the room, but you can't see me."

Thinking that these speeches were produced by the ventriloquial powers of some concealed person, the minister had the cottage searched in every nook and corner, but no one was found concealed. During the search noises, like stamping on the floor and a rumbling sound followed the niece, Miss Owen, wherever she moved; but as the voice was that of a man it was considered clear that she was not the talker. During conversation she said this was not the first time she had been thus annoyed, she had no agency in producing the noises, but she believed it was the devil. After vain efforts to solve the mystery, the minister proposed prayer, and they all knelt down for the purpose, when the voice said: "Oh, it's of no use, I know you, old Reese." After praying, the young woman and the boy went out on an errand, and during their absence all was quiet in the house; but on their return she stated that whatever it was which caused the annoyance had accompanied her, thumping on the wooden pavement and on the fences as they went along; and almost immediately after re-entering the house the noises recommenced, and all efforts to stop them proving useless, the minister left and went home.

On the following Sunday evening when Mr. Reese was about to commence services in his church, Miss Owen entered the building and took a seat in her uncle's pew; and after singing and prayer, and while the members were relating their experience, loud stamping noises were heard in the building, which seemed to proceed from the pew occupied by Miss Owen. These noises became so loud that the services had to be suspended, the people gazing at each other in wonder and terror. The minister finally explained what he knew about the matter, and ended by requesting all to join in prayer, in hopes of exorcising the mischievous spirit, devil, or whatever it was that caused the trouble. Some of those present were so alarmed that they left, and the remainder knelt with the minister, he being mouth in praying fervently to the Lord that they might be released from their unwelcome visitor. Some of the members also prayed, and several hymns were sung without effect. Among the hymns sung was one commencing

You may at be a lover of the Lord
Or you may not go to Heaven when you die."

and while singing this the climax was reached, for a voice, louder and stronger than any of the rest, joined in, making the following change in the couplet:

"You must be a lover of the devil,
Or you can't go to hell when you die."

This filled all present with fear, and forgetting, says Mr. Reese, in his account of the strange affair, the promise of Jesus of Nazareth, that, "where two or three are gathered in my name there am I in the midst of them," numbers began to leave the church. The minister says he was inexpressibly mortified and stricken down at the sight, when suddenly an old lady, a friend of Miss Owen and acquainted with the previous facts of the case, unasked, fell on her knees and began to pray, and while previous prayers had seemed to "ascend no higher than their heads," this "brought heaven down" amongst them, and during its progress they were startled with a terrible shriek, when Miss Owen fell in a fainting fit, from which she did not recover for an hour, but the object sought was gained, for neither she nor those around her have been troubled since.

The preceding is a pretty tough yarn, and if true, furnishes another curious problem in the spiritual philosophy of the day. The reputed author of it is said to be a man of standing in his church,—a minister famed for his learning and oratorical ability, and it cannot be supposed that the mere fabrication of such a story could answer any useful purpose or be of the least advantage to him.

A CARD.

COMMITTEE ROOMS, City Hall,
July 7, 1871.

The Committee of Arrangements for the celebration just past, have much pleasure in returning their joint thanks to the lady who personified "Columbia"—to those who formed her retinue of States and Territories—to the various musical organizations—to all the officials who honored the occasion with their presence; the Orator and Speakers, the Professions, Agriculturists, Trades, &c., who, by their energy and unanimity contributed so decidedly to the successful carrying out of the programme.

The Committee would also express their regret, if, in the multiplicity of their labors, they should have overlooked, or been inattentive to any who may have considered such attention agreeable or desirable.

We recognize this fact, that, to the promptitude and labors of all concerned, the 4th July 1871 was a day long to be remembered.

WM. JENNINGS, Chairman.

D. MCKENZIE, Sec.

HOME NEWS.

MOUNT PLEASANT, 6.

Brother Reynolds of our place sowed rye on the 15th of last September, which he finished cutting to-day, it being fully ripe and averaging about twenty bushels per acre; he also sowed wheat the same date, which he will cut on Saturday; a good crop. The prospects of crops generally are still good, no grasshoppers yet.

The weather is very warm and dry, the driest that has been known for some years.

BRIGHAM, 7.

Yesterday, Johnny Woodland, 9 years old, of Willard city, fell from a horse, fracturing his arm above the elbow. He was brought to this place to Dr. Ormsby, Jr., who rendered the necessary surgical assistance.

On the 2nd inst., Hyrum Tippetts of Three Mile Creek, while in the canyon after wood, let his ax fall on his left hand, injuring the fingers considerably, one of which Dr. Ormsby found it necessary to amputate. Both the above cases are doing well.

BEAVER, 8.

The *Ely Record*, of the 6th, states that a foul murder was committed in Pioche on the morning of the 4th, John J. Monahan being murdered in his own saloon. It appears that several persons were becoming very boisterous in the saloon, and that Monahan remarked, before they could run his house, it would be necessary to buy it first. He then locked the safe, and taking up a duster proceeded to put the lights out; just as he stepped from behind the bar two shots were fired at him, almost simultaneously, one from behind and the other in front, a third shot following. There were ten or more persons present, but all rushed from the room. Constable Doliff arrived in less than a minute after the shooting, there being no one in the room but the dying man. Either of the wounds would have proved fatal. In his dying statement he accused Dennis, Malony and Fox of doing the shooting, and they were arrested and lodged in jail. This tragic scene took place at half-past 4 a.m. He was removed to his residence, where he died in a few