

Maurice, Captain Ernest Renaud, of Nantes, bound from Newfoundland for the Isle of Bourbon, with fish. She had, up to that time, rescued forty passengers of the burning steamer, chiefly taken off the bowsprit, though a few were picked up floating around. At about eight o'clock one of the metallic boats came up, with about twenty-three persons, including the first and third officers; afterwards three or four men were picked up, floating on a piece of the broken boat. The second officer was taken up, having been swimming, with nothing to float him, for six hours. The second and third officers were severely burned; one male passenger was burned frightfully, and some other male passengers slightly. They were but six women saved, three of whom were burned, one in a shocking manner.

Captain Renaud acted with the utmost kindness. He gave clothes as far as he could furnish them to the suffering passengers, and acted as nurse, doctor and surgeon to the burned people, dressing the wounds of the females with a delicacy and tenderness that evinced a benevolent and amiable disposition.

I did not see an officer of the ship during the fire, and am certain that there was not one of them or the crew on the poop, except a man at the wheel for a short time. I understood that when the Captain heard of the fire, he rushed on deck without a cap, and when he saw the flames exclaimed "We are all lost!" He tried to get out a boat, which, when let down, was swamped, and he, whether accidentally or not, I do not know, fell into the sea and was soon left far behind. The fourth officer was in this boat. He cut her loose from the davits; she was carried under the screw and smashed, and several in her drowned; three or four men escaped on a fragment and were picked up by the Maurice, as before stated. About the same time one metallic life boat was let down from the port bow and swamped, but got cleared away with about thirty-three persons in her, including the first and third officers and several women. The men in this boat capsized her two or three times, in trying to clear her of water. Ten persons were thus drowned, including some women. They afterwards bailed her out with life preservers cut in two, and pulled to the Maurice, having picked up two or three passengers before reaching the bark. Altogether, there were sixty-seven souls taken into the Maurice during the night.

A Norwegian bark came up with the steamer the next morning, and a boat was observed going around the burning ship. They may have picked up a few persons, but only a very few. The Maurice had no communication with the Norwegian. At about 7 o'clock the Maurice sailed for Fayal to deposit the rescued passengers. At about 2 o'clock the same afternoon she fell in with the bark Lotus, Capt. Trefy, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from Liverpool for Halifax. As I was anxious to get on British territory, Capt. Trefy kindly gave me passage. He was also anxious to take all the American citizens, but there was such a rush of foreigners into the boats that only one load of eleven could be got off, and even several of these were foreigners.

The fire is known to have arisen from very culpable negligence of some of the crew. The Captain and Surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steerage with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boat-swain, under the superintendence of the 4th officer. The boatswain heated the end of a chain to dip in tar to produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar upset, and immediately all about was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect. There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency.

The rescued passengers saved nothing but the clothes on their backs, and even the greater part of these were torn off and otherwise lost.

Six hundred souls were supposed to be on board, including many women and children.

Known to be saved,	68
Lost, whose names are known,	103
Lost, whose names are unknown,	389
Total,	560
Total number lost,	492

ALLIGATOR KILLING.—A man near New Orleans, has taken up the trade of killing alligators. Commencing in May last, he has killed over four hundred of these varmints. He hunts at night, carrying a pan of fire, and the monster creeping close to him, he kills them at every shot. The Picayune says:—"The skins of the alligators are readily sold at seventy-five cents a piece. They are manufactured into water-proof boots, and the most valuable and expensive shoes to be found in our market are made from tanned alligators' hides. The oil, tusks and hides of these four hundred alligators have produced in the hands of our new hunter acquaintance, \$500, besides paying his current expenses."

SKELETONS OF MEN TEN FEET HIGH.—Mr. William D. Frazer writes to the Cincinnati Gazette from Winchester, Ind., that half a mile north-west of that place there is an old fort, including about thirty-six acres of ground within the fortification. The mound in the centre is about twenty-five feet high, while the fort or breastwork is only about fifteen feet. Directly east and west of the mound are openings or gateways, around which are other forts. A quarter of a mile north-west of the fort is the burying ground, where bones have been exhumed of men that were perhaps ten feet tall. Any man who doubts the latter statement, he says, may call at his office and see the evidence.

DESERET NEWS.



ALBERT CARRINGTON.....EDITOR.

Wednesday, November 3, 1858.

THE Business and Delivery Office of the Deseret News is removed to the north-east room of the Council House, up stairs, where the "News" will be delivered, after this week.

WOOD and HAY wanted at the Deseret News Office.

Advertisements, to insure insertion in the current issue, must be handed in previous to Tuesday morning.

Pike's Peak Gold Mines.

It will be learned, from numerous selections printed in this 'News,' that the gold mines in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak are gaining a very wide and, apparently, a very authentic reputation. In 1849 we were familiar with pretty reliable reports of the discovery of gold in that region by members of the Arkansas company, which made what is known as the Cherokee or Evans trail from the Box Elder Pass of the Black Hills to Green river. And in 1850, while crossing the Black Hills to the head waters of Crow creek, a tributary to the South Fork of the Platte, it was observed by several of Capt. Stanbury's party that the eastern slope of those hills possessed every indication of a gold bearing region. Those indications continued to be strongly marked so far north as the Chugwater, an affluent to Laramie's Fork, but grew fainter as the party progressed northerly. From this fact, coupled with the reliable reports of gold discoveries a short distance south of Crow creek, many of the party were so sanguine that the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the Cache la Poudre (a more southerly tributary to the South Fork) to Pike's Peak contained rich deposits of gold, that they then formed plans and companies for an early return to search for it.

Since the surveys by Lt. Bryan and the march of the 6th Infantry, there is a broad trail and excellent route from this city directly to the now celebrated gold mines just east of our borders. And persons from this side have an opportunity to forestall the gold-hunting companies now forming in Missouri, Iowa, the eastern portions of Nebraska and Kansas, (and we do not know in how many other places) for, so far as we have learned, the 6th Infantry route can be traveled during the whole winter, thereby accommodating the times and means for starting from Utah by those who wish a chance to accumulate fortunes easily and rapidly.

HOW DIFFICULT SOME ARE TO BE PLEASED!—There are certain persons, and those too who claim to be respectable, who are loud in their complaints; if large sums are not expended to keep good order and protect their persons and property; and at the same time are very unwilling to bear any part of the expense, and do not and will not, if they can avoid it, which they generally manage to do. But what is far worse, after the expense is incurred and strenuous efforts made to preserve rights, property and life, some of those very persons most roundly malign and damn the peace officers, one even going so far as to mount his horse, parade the principal streets and utter profane oaths and dire threats against the city police.

Others profess to be horrified by certain marriage institutions, and at the same time are often the very deepest dyed in every form of degrading lust, and howl like wolves in traps, if restrained in their licentiousness.

The scribblers for boasting papers appear to be in the sorest fix, for write they must and, whatever course is taken by Utah, find fault they must, or their productions will not be printed; but for some time past their scribbles have had a strong semblance to pumping without water—finding fault for fault-finding's sake. So goes the world.

ARRIVAL.—F. A. H. F. Mitchell arrived in City on the 27th instant from his mission to the Sandwich Islands. He conducted a company of 16 persons from California. They left Sacramento on the 8th of September, and arrived in Ogden City Oct. 26th, all well.

Missionaries in company:—Henry W. Bigler, John S. Woodbury and Thomas A. Dowell of the Sandwich Island Mission, and David M.

Stuart, Silas G. Higgins, Lorenzo F. Harmon and John H. Winslow of the Oregon Mission.

Information:

Is wanted of Reuben James, a lad 16 years of age, short, thick set, of light complexion, with dark eyes and hair, who has been missing some 14 weeks. He had been for some time in the employ of William Harrison of Provo, and went with him to get wood on the day that he was last heard of. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his mother, Jane James, Provo, Utah County.

Wanted, at the President's office, relative to the whereabouts of Robert Bingant who came to this Territory in 1857 from Whitby, England.

There is a letter at the President's office from O. H. Myers, San Francisco, to Mr. George Myers his brother, or Mrs. Wm. Lemon his sister, living in this Territory.

FOREIGN.—By advices from Pres. Calkins, Liverpool, Sep. 10, we learn that "the Saints are united and enjoying much of the Spirit, and the work is still going forward."

"The meetings are generally well attended by strangers, and mostly by the middle or well-to-do class; and an increased desire seems to be manifested by many of the more intelligent portion of community to investigate our doctrines."

The magistrates and police, in the few places where there is a disposition to disturb and annoy, seem determined to protect us and punish the rioters and mobocrats."

"The cause is also progressing in Denmark." In Switzerland there is much persecution, but some are being baptized.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Oct. 3, 1858.
Utah Territory.

ALBERT CARRINGTON, Esq.:—
EDITOR DESERET NEWS:—

SIR:—Your letter of 2d inst. is before me, for which please accept my thanks.

In relation to a letter addressed to the Hon. Judge Eckels, which a short time ago appeared in the California "Bulletin," I have to say, I signed it after merely glancing over its contents, but not with the slightest idea that there was an expression contained in it to cast reflection, even the smallest, on any community or person—nor did I suppose for a moment, that the letter was to be used, as it has been, to subvert a political purpose.

I, as did many others of the signers of the letter referred to, put my name to it, in the full confidence that it was only what it purported to be, an invitation to take dinner.

I hear that an answer to the letter has been published—this I know nothing about. As yet, no answer, verbal or written, has reached me.

Very respectfully,
JOHN HARTNETT.

Fruits of Modern Civilization.

The citizens of the quiet little village of Knightstown, Indiana, were thrown into the most intense excitement on Friday evening, August 11th, by the discovery that Miss Ann Ragan, daughter of a respectable widow, had been foully murdered. On Tuesday evening the deceased was taken ill, and continued to grow worse rapidly until Friday, when she died while in a severe convulsion. On Saturday, a post mortem examination was held, and it was ascertained that an abortion had been produced upon the body of the young girl by mechanical means. "This sad occurrence," says an Indiana paper, "is not without its moral. The murdered girl will rest in her dishonored grave; the poor broken hearted widowed mother will bend under the great weight of sorrow that has been thus cruelly thrust upon her aged heart until she sinks into the grave; but the seducer—who will require this blood at his hands? Who will meet him with a less friendly grasp? What young lady will decline the honor of his company? What mother will forbid her daughters to associate with him? What 'circle' will refuse him admission because of the stain of outraged innocence and murdered womanhood upon his hands? And yet, this is society—the society our daughters, sisters, wives and mothers move in. Since the perpetration of this dark act, the principal actor in it has been seen in a company of respectable men, laughing gaily, and talking lightly. There was no shirking back among those men, as though the plague was among them. And why should they shrink? Her blood is upon his hands; but then his fine kid gloves will hide all that."

We are sorry that the Sacramento Union, from which the above article was clipped, did not give the name of the Indiana paper which made such correct and honorable comments, for in these times of so much devilish corruption throughout the world, it is refreshing to find here and there even one, connected with so powerful an engine for good or evil as is the Press, who writes and publishes the truth, regardless of whether it may increase or diminish his subscription list. The Indiana paper's comments are strongly commended to careful perusal and observance by all heads of families, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers and

daughters, and, if strictly observed, a broad, deep and most foul channel of abominations will be dried up.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—On Saturday morning last, about 8 o'clock, a deliberate and ruthless murder was attempted on a young man, named Peter Priest at Dry Creek in this Valley. It appears that Priest has a small 'shanty' erected there for the purpose of selling beer, where the belated traveler may find a sort of resting place for the night. On the night previous to the perpetration of the deed, two or three travelers lodged there; and in the morning all pursued their journey, save one, a stranger in the Territory, whose name we could not ascertain, described however, as a teamster. When alone with Priest, the stranger offered a revolver for sale, and after a short parley about the price it was agreed that \$28 would buy the article. Priest pulled out his purse to pay for it, and while counting the money, the other stepped back about two paces, raised his pistol and discharged it at him, shooting him in the left side. The wounded man sprang forward and grasped the villain by the collar; the latter then put the muzzle of the piece against the former's throat and shot him again, the bullet passing through his neck. Another shot was fired, and Priest relaxing his grasp and bleeding, ran towards a herdsman that he knew was at some distance, but had not gone far when he fell. The other jumped on one of his mules, and rode off towards this city, endeavoring to lead another which he had with him, but the animal became restive, and he fled without it. About ten minutes after the horrid deed, Mr. Cyrus H. Wheelock and Mr. L. I. Smith arrived at the place, and received the facts, which we have related from the mouth of the apparently dying man, who was under the impression that the murderer had taken the money and ran; but some of the money was found scattered in all directions over the floor. Instantly on Mr. Wheelock's learning the sad news, he mounted the mule without a saddle, and followed in the direction he supposed the party had fled. He pursued his course without gaining any intelligence until he arrived about Little Cottonwood and saw a mule apparently abandoned and reeking with perspiration. On enquiry, a man was seen to dismount and pass hastily away. Mr. Wheelock caught the mule, and continued to this city in hopes of overtaking the man, and of apprising the authorities, but we are sorry to say no trace of the fellow has been effected. In the evening of the same day an equestrian arrived in the city, who related that while hunting for cattle he came across a man in the brush, towards the Jordan, west from where the mule was abandoned; on which the authorities dispatched officers in search of him. The wounded man is not expected to survive the attack.—[CITIZEN.]

FEARFUL AND JUST RETRIBUTION.—A few weeks ago we published an account of the murder of Wm. Cooke, policeman, by a man named McDonald, alias Cunningham, and that the latter had escaped the vigilance of the officers. We are informed, however, that the hand of a retributive Providence followed him, and he met his fate while attempting another murder at Black's Fork. After escaping from this city he traveled eastward with his companions, on his way to the States. He was passed by Mr. Edwin P. Jones a mail conductor, and informed that the officers of the law were hard after him. Mr. Jones, well-known here under the cognomen of 'Scottie', knew the whole circumstance of the murder, and manifested an interest in the detection of the murderer the night of, and day after the murder, seeking only for justice to the perpetrator of so foul a deed. He informed several parties on the road of what McDonald, or Cunningham had committed; on hearing of which the guilty party became exasperated, and threatened vengeance upon their ever meeting again. On Thursday week last, Oct. 21st, while Mr. Jones was on his return to this City, they met on Black's Fork, and McDonald, swearing he would kill Jones, levelled his pistol at him, as he was dismounting, and the ball passed through the collar of his overcoat on his left shoulder. Mr. Jones, to prevent the murderer's firing on him again, and to protect himself, returned the fire, when the ball passed through Cunningham's throat and neck, killing him on the spot. Thus died the murderer of an innocent man, verifying the saying, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

The companions of the man commenced to load their rifles, when Mr. Jones mounted and rode off. An investigation was held over the dead body by some parties from Fort Bridger, and after hearing the witnesses, it was consigned to the forgetfulness of the murderer's tomb, without a regret, to meet a severer doom from the fiat of the Great Judge of all.—[CITIZEN.]

The Late Indian Massacre.

FILLMORE CITY, Oct. 18th, '58.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:—

Thinking you would like to hear the facts concerning the massacre of brothers Josiah Call and Samuel Brown, between Salt Creek and Fillmore, I take the liberty to write them to you as they appeared in evidence before the coroner's inquest, held over the bodies yesterday.

They left Salt Creek on Tuesday, 5th ult., with two days' provisions, saying they were going down Chicken Creek to see if a drove of cattle could be taken that way into this valley. Some brethren came in from Salt Creek the Sunday following, hearing that brs. Call and