

# THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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**Bishop WILLIAM BUDGE** is authorized to act as GENERAL AGENT for the *DESERET NEWS* throughout Cache County.

## Special Notices.

**Every Lady her own Dress Maker and Tailoress.** Ladies attending Conference can learn, in a few hours, to cut every article of **Wearing Apparel** for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, by the **CURTIS** system, and thereby save expense, time and material, by calling on **Mrs. J. Bull**, near Union Academy, 17th Ward, Salt Lake City. It

AGENTS of the *DESERET NEWS* will please endeavor to collect what Cotton and Linen Rags they can, and forward at their earliest convenience. It

## Correspondence.

PARIS, RICH Co., U.T.,  
Sept. 12, 1868.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Sir:—I noticed with feelings of profound regret that there existed in Utah certain persons disposed to doubt the veracity of the published account regarding the monsters of Bear Lake. I supposed the mere fact of the appearance of my initials to any communication or statement, however incredible apparently, would have rendered its authenticity indisputable. In all well conducted communities, however, there are certain persons always in the rear, and forever behind in the comprehension of great facts. I am sorry they don't believe it, because they might come up here some day, and through their unbelief, be thrown off their guard and gobbled up by the 'Water Devil.' There are a very few people, even here, who disbelieve the "monster doctrine," but as a general thing they are not prospered in what they undertake and their intellects are tottering: they are not considered competent to act as Fence Viewers, and no doubt the General Government will, in time, withhold from them the blessing of paying any internal revenue.

Mr. N. C. Davis has recently seen two more of the monsters; they were amusing themselves in the Lake by spouting water about ten feet high—say a large barrel-full at a time. Mr. P. W. Cook and others have seen one jogging along about a mile a minute, and Mr. Cook don't think it had speed up to any "biler busting" pitch at that. The latter named gentleman wishes it distinctly understood that his eyesight is good—hasn't fooled him for fifty years—and he as firmly believes in the 'Water Devil'—the Indian name for the monster—as he does in the Bible, or anything else that's true. In addition to those already named I could mention in the neighborhood of a score others who have seen the "varmint."

### PLANS FOR ITS CAPTURE.

Mr. Cook, "the Lord being his helper," proposes to capture one of these anomalies next summer, not being fixed for the business at present. His plan is to have a large bearded hook made, to which will be attached about twenty feet of cable chain and three hundred yards of inch rope. At the end of the rope will be a large buoy with a flag staff inserted, and a sinker to keep the staff in a perpendicular position. The stars and stripes will float from the staff. To this buoy will be connected a hundred yards of three-quarter rope, which will be fastened to the switch end of a tree on the shore. The hook being baited with a leg of mutton or a young Indian, and allowed to sink twenty feet in the water by means of a smaller buoy, completes the plan. When the monster swallows the bait, he will necessarily take in a few yards of the cable chain; this will prevent him from biting off the rope, and as the cable will no doubt be heavy on his stomach, he will back out, which will have the effect of fastening the hook into his vitals. About this time there will be some tall squirming and pulling; if anything breaks it must be

the small rope between the flag buoy and the beach. He has still nine hundred feet of rope to play on, and the large buoy can be followed by the flag all over the lake, or until he concludes to give up the ghost. Mr. Cook is sanguine of success. Others propose erecting dead falls at different places in the lake. If these plans all fail, I shall draw one of them up near the shore with a spy glass and harpoon it; or, will sub-let the capturing business to N. F. Austin, who will run the lake through a fine strainer, and starve him to death for want of water.

### THE EXACT LENGTH OF THE MONSTER.

I have received letters from various parts of the world asking the length, breadth and thickness of the animal, and one "feller" in the 19th Ward, writes "that he will believe the whole yarn if I will only knock off the length and velocity." I immediately waited upon Mr. Slight, who avers its length is not less than 90 feet. After laboring with him sometime I succeeded in persuading him to fall a quarter of an foot in its length, providing that difference be added to its velocity in running. The animal now remains exactly eighty-nine feet and eight inches long, and still growing.

### KEEP A PITCH IN.

I don't think the request for a loan of one of these monsters for his settlement could for a moment be considered, as they are absolutely essential to keep the fish from over-running the country: but we have some *monster-ously* pretty girls, rosy cheeks, dimpled chins, pearly teeth, gazelle eyes, and so forth, that are not on the loan, and if he wants one for keeps, and will come up, I will lend him the assistance of my vast experience, and do what I can to comfort him in his old age. Notwithstanding the high moral tone of his paper and its herculean efforts to ameliorate the condition of a sin-cursed world, I have noticed, with regret, that the Editor was somewhat *shaky* in his matrimonial calculations or ideas.

### OUR CROPS.

Although the "hoppers" took about one-third of the grain, and a killing frost destroyed two-thirds more a week ago, still the prospect now is fair for a half crop. With all the disadvantages of the season, I think there will be more grain grown in the valley this year than any previous season. Oats and barley are particularly good. Our

### CORN CROP

Is nothing to brag on, though superior to former years. To give the reader an exact idea of this product in this valley I will instance a dialogue between two settlers.

A.—How is your corn crop this year Mr. B. S.

B.—Well, better than I expected, but its wearing on the bumble bees.

A.—"Wearing on the bumble bees?" I don't understand you. Explain yourself.

B.—You see the bumble bees have to work their hind quarters into the ground up to the butt of their wings to suck the honey out of the tassels. That makes it kind of a wearing on them, and I don't think they will depend on this climate again for their sweetmeats.

### INFIDELITY.

There is a man in this country who says he don't want to see over fifty feet of that monster, and as far as regards its going a mile a minute, he don't believe it, because a man *can't see a mile a minute!*

### A LAND MONSTER.

I did think of dropping the monster topic as it is getting common, so many of them turning up everywhere, some people even throwing them up out of their stomachs. But I cannot forego a limited account of the mightiest event that has occurred and been witnessed since the settlement of Bear Lake. I refer to a land monster, as superior in strength and beauty to the 'Water Devil' as is one of W. P. Nebeker's most exquisite compliments to the ladies, to one of the uncouth expressions of a bull-whacker to a shirking steer. In my rough and tumble way of telling anything here is what was seen and experienced.

As Bro. Charles Miles was returning

home from this place to Liberty last week, he saw, when about three miles from here, an animal about eighteen inches long, the kind of which he had never seen before. It did not seem at all wild, and was beautiful to look upon. It had alternate stripes of black and white running parallel with its body, with a beautiful majestic tail turned upwards over its back. Bro. Miles, supposing it something new in the animal kingdom conceived a powerful resolution to capture it at all hazards, and armed with a small willow about two feet long, "let slip the dogs of war" and took after it. A few well executed strides brought him within reach of the beautiful creature, when he gave it a well aimed blow with his willow; but "Jeamse's river!" he got a liquid return from the animal that completely blinded him. He got it on his hat, he got it on his shirt, he got it all over him, in fact he got it bad and was forced to retreat to a contiguous slough to wash a little around the eyes, leaving the pole cat master of the field. Returning, however, he renewed the attack, succeeded in killing the animal and marched triumphantly home with the pole cat under one arm and his hat and shirt attached to a long willow on his shoulder. Bro. Miles is over sixty years old, and says he never saw or *smelt* one of them before, and don't want to see or smell another. He thinks they are the *strongest* animal and are endowed with the best natural defence of any animal that roams the Rocky Mountain wilds. He is willing to make affidavit to my version of the matter, and if, after that, any are unbelieving, he will give them indisputable evidence of its truth, if they will assist him in the resurrection, from an uncoffined grave, of his hat and shirt.

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Respectfully, J. C. R.

### REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

OUR dispatches for the past few days have brought tolerably ample details of the outbreak in Spain. For a considerable time past popular discontent in that country has been strong, and indications of a coming revolt have been numerous. The banishment, some few weeks since, by the Queen, of the Duke de Montpensier and other distinguished members of the Liberal party, increased the popular discontent, and it has at last burst forth into revolution. The star of the Bourbons is again waning, and its expiring rays promise soon to sink into well-merited oblivion. From France and Naples the Bourbon family, hated and despised, have already been driven by the popular fury, and according to present appearance nothing short of their downfall will satisfy the Spaniards.

Queen Isabella, if not the most detested, is in all probability the most despised of all the hungry horde of royalists on the continent of Europe. Her shameless extravagance has secured for her the hate of her own subjects, and her licentiousness of life has secured for her the scorn and contempt, not only of the people of Spain but of the whole of Europe.

Accounts received of the progress of the revolution are somewhat conflicting, some being to the effect that the revolutionists are in the possession of many of the most important seaports, and inland cities and provinces; while others are that the revolt extends over a very limited area of country, and that it will soon be suppressed. The latter reports, emanating chiefly from Madrid—the seat of government—are no doubt circulated by the partisans of the Queen, who, of course, will endeavor to suppress the truth as far as possible. There is really but little doubt, however, that the insurrection is spread over a large extent of the country, and that several of the most important cities and provinces have declared in its favor. Our dispatches, to-day, bring the news of some of the royal troops, sent against the rebels, having gone over to the side of the people; and it has also been reported previously that several of the leading army officers, and an Admiral with a

portion of the fleet had taken arms against the Queen and her government.

The Queen has, it said, signified her willingness to abdicate providing the people will accept her son, the young Prince of Asturias, as her successor. This proposition has been rejected by the revolutionists who declare that nothing short of the downfall of the Bourbons will satisfy them, and that when they have achieved that they will then decide as to the form of government for the country. The whole of Spain has been declared under martial law, and the royalists are taking what steps they can to re-establish the power of the Queen.

A state of revolution,—being almost always attended with cruelties and excesses—is to be deplored; and very often terminates, especially in Europe, where standing armies are so numerous, in increasing popular grievances and burdens; but in the present instance, when the army and navy seem so strongly inclined to take the side of the people, and when the wretched state of Spain during the reign of the present Queen, is considered, such a result is scarcely probable; and all lovers of popular liberty must wish success to the people of Spain in their efforts to rid themselves of the burdens, abuses and grievances which have been imposed upon them.

In the present state of Europe, when every power is watching its neighbor so closely, and when, despite the oft repeated cries of "peace," war is really imminent, and is confidently expected, this outbreak in Spain may be the precursor of serious troubles to some of the crowned heads of that continent. The temper of the people of France is more than alarming, and the spirit of revolution may spread from Spain to France, and so on, until the scenes of 1848 are re-enacted and kings are seen scampering in every direction to escape the wrath and vengeance of the misruled masses of the people.

**GROWING OLD.**—It seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hope to the coming years. And now we are looking sadly back. Not that the dream has passed, but that it has been of no worth to those around us. As the glowing hopes and ambitions of early life pass away; as friend after friend departs, and the stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a moment in the light, and then broken, and not a ripple left upon the stream.

Forty years once seemed a long, weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints, sacred under their drifting of dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows, even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on toward the evening, whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat. T. W. Brown.

**POOR MEN'S DINNERS.**—The city of Glasgow, says the *London Herald*, is favored with the famous 'cooking depots' managed by Mr. Corbett. At meal times the men swarm into these depots by hundreds. First of all comes soup or broth, exceedingly good. The second course is a plate of meal or "collops," the latter a favorite Scotch dish. With this the dinner has either slices of bread or potatoes, enough to satisfy him under ordinary circumstances for two days. If content with a "fourpenny," the meal would now be at an end, but the "fivepenny" includes "dessert" in the shape of a slice of plum pudding or rice pudding, with milk and sugar. No intoxicating drinks are to be had on the premises, but water is furnished *ad libitum*, and ginger beer and lemonade can be purchased at a penny a bottle. For breakfast, porridge can be had at a penny, and a good allowance of milk at a halfpenny. Some have "two goes," and so expend threepence on their breakfast. Porridge, milk, coffee and bread and butter, can all be indulged in for the total charge of threepence-halfpenny.