

the dead, and thus open the prison doors and set the prisoners free! The Lord is no respecter of persons, and the fifty thousand millions of human beings who are supposed to have lived on the earth from the days the ancient servants of God were put to death, to the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith, never having had the privilege of hearing the gospel, are not going to remain in the eternal world without the privilege of hearing the gospel; but they will be preached to by Joseph Smith and the prophets, patriarchs and elders who have received the priesthood on the earth in these latter days. Many of them will receive their testimony, but somebody must administer for them in the flesh, that they may be judged according to men in the spirit, and have part in the first resurrection, just the same as though they had heard the gospel in the flesh. The Lord has revealed this to us, and commanded us to attend to this duty, the same as Jesus, while his body was in the grave, preached three days and nights to the spirits in prison who were rebellious during the long-suffering of God in the days of Noah. They lay in prison until Jesus went and preached to them.

This and every other principle which the elders of this church preach and teach are from heaven—the Lord has revealed them. They are before the world, and all who hear them will investigate if they are wise. If there is a man on the face of the earth who has got a true principle that we have not, will he please let us have it? As President Young has said many a time, we will change a dozen errors for one truth, and thank God for it. We are after light and truth. We are not afraid of the doctrines of the inhabitants of the earth being presented before us or our children. We have truth, we have been called to present it to the world. We have done it. If they have truths that we have not we would like to obtain them.

I will say by way of conclusion that I thank God for the privilege of attending these conferences for so many years, and for seeing the increase and progress of his work. Here we meet from every nation under heaven, just as the prophets said. We have been gathered by the gospel of Jesus Christ. I had the privilege, last night and this morning, of meeting with Father Kingdon, the old patriarch whom I met with over in Herefordshire, England, where, like John the Baptist, he was a fore-runner of the gospel of Christ. Through his administrations the people in that county had been prepared to receive the gospel, and when we went and preached to them, he and all his flock but one, numbering six hundred, entered into the kingdom, and that opened a door which enabled us to baptize eighteen hundred in about seven months' labor. I never expected to see him again in this city, but he came to my house last night, and he came to meeting to-day, and I felt more pride and joy in meeting him than I should if it had been the Emperor of Russia. I thank God that I have the privilege of meeting with the Saints with whom I ate and drank in foreign lands, who have listened to the voices of the elders of Israel, have received their testimonies, have been baptized for the remission of sins, and received the testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Brethren and sisters, we are in the school of the Saints. Let us progress, and try to improve and set our hearts on the things of God and truth, and carry out and do the work of righteousness for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Correspondence.

ATHENS, Greece, April 10, 1873.

Editor Deseret News:

We are in the city of Athens, surrounded by the ruined temples and crumbling walls of ancient Greece—have a good view of the lofty summit of the Acropolis, beside the marble columns of the Parthenon, in the midst of broken pillars and fallen temples, looking down on modern Athens, the plains of Attica, the famous Hill of Mars, and off on the "Flowery Hymettus." We have met the king of Greece on the sidewalk of Athens, came in hand, and in simple costume, like an ordinary gentleman, have seen the nation's deputies debating in parliament, and have spent an evening at tea with our American minister, have sailed on the classical waters of the Mediterranean, up the Archipelago, among its beautiful islands. We have viewed Constantinople, its numerous mosques with swelling domes and pointed minarets, and promenade its dark, winding avenues, through its wilderness of bazars, have seen the Sultan—all, and a thousand things else, since leaving Palestine. Therefore it is possible an apology is due for so long continuing

descriptions of the Holy Land. Syria and Palestine, in many respects, we have found the most interesting of any country we have visited. As regards the character and condition of the people, its natural scenery, its having formed the great theatre where were displayed, during many centuries, the dealings of God with favored Israel, as well as its being the opening scene of the gospel dispensation; besides embracing the sites and melancholy ruins of ancient cities, so familiar to the biblical student.

I now return to Galilee. I ascended the mountain above "The Fountain of the Fig Tree," to a point overlooking our camp and commanding a view of the plain of Gennesareth, the Sea of Galilee, and the towering summit of Mount Hermon. Here I employed the passing moments in serious reflection on the associations called forth by the peculiar circumstances around. A great portion of the Savior's life was spent in the region around the Sea of Galilee. After having been expelled from Nazareth, his native city, by his own townspeople, he came down from the hilly country of Galilee, and made his home upon these shores, chose his Twelve Apostles, taught the people in their towns and villages and on the seashore, as they flocked around him in multitudes. He performed his mighty works in the cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, which stood on these shores, filled with inhabitants. Eighteen centuries have wrought marvellous and fearful changes in the scenery and condition of this locality. When the Savior and his apostles were coasting along these shores, addressing anxious multitudes, healing the sick, unstopping the ears of the deaf, giving sight to the blind and raising the dead, Tiberias, adorned with its numerous palaces and temples, stood in the zenith of its glory, its citizens reveled in splendor and luxury, and its many priests, in imposing costumes, full of studied systematic knowledge of the law and the prophets, and glowing with pious zeal to entrap and destroy the Apostles and the Savior of the world. Infamy covers the memory of those priests, and not a single building of that magnificent city remains, and nothing is seen but patches of low decaying walls, a few heaps of hewn stone, and granite columns strewn around. The country about the Sea of Galilee was then densely populated—cities and towns occupied its shores, the summits and slopes of the surrounding hills. Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin and many larger cities, were teeming with inhabitants, and in the height of prosperity. The Plain of Gennesareth, under the finest state of cultivation, appeared like a paradise of gardens, growing luxuriantly the choicest of fruits. This plain is now overspread with thorns and tall nettles, and everywhere marked by the finger of desolation. Those cities are now left without an inhabitant, and their places covered with heaps of decaying stones and prostrate walls. Capernaum is so nearly annihilated that even the place it occupied is subject of keenest dispute among travelers; and even now, I see before me in the vicinity of our tents, decaying relics, considered by some to designate the locality of that ancient city.

We left the Sea of Galilee, and continued our route through an improving country, crossed an old Roman road, through fields of grain, beans and lentils, passing several large camps of Bedouins, and for the night pitched our tents at a large fountain, near which a company of Arabs was engaged in digging a sect, to water a rich plain below. This night was characterized by a concert of striking wildness, performed by a great multitude of musical frogs in adjacent marshes, joined by howling dogs in an Arab camp, mingled with loud responses of the hoarse voices of our pack-mules, combined with a hideous chorus of sharp yelping jackals in the neighboring glens.

The next day we passed several long lines of black tents of the Bedouins, and numerous herds of cattle feeding in the plains and rich valleys. They were dwarfed, and were degenerated like the inhabitants of the country. We lunched at the "Fountain of Dan," one of the great sources of the Jordan, in the shade of a venerable tree, remarkable for the immense area covered by its branches. On our departure, two Arabs stopped to enjoy their bread and cheese in its cooling shade. While thus occupied, they were surprised by a marauding party of Bedouins, who relieved them of all their little conveniences. While sympathizing in their misfortunes, we were somewhat pleased that we had escaped their experience. We camped at Cesarea Philippi, on the bank of a rushing stream, in the midst of a beautiful grove. Here is the great fountain which forms the main source of the Jordan, the most celebrated of rivers. From this immense fountain the waters collect, and soon form into a rapid torrent, rushing along with great impetuosity, tumbling over rocks, foaming and scattering its spray in all directions. At this place, that remarkable conversation occurred between Christ and his apostles, in which Peter affirmed that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven: And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Thus securing to every person the privilege of obtaining a like revelation.

Concerning this city, Cesarea Philippi, we record the same fate as followed the ancient cities of Palestine—fragments of walls, here and there a stray granite pillar, partially concealed in the debris, hewn stones crumbling to pieces, lying in heaps, or scattered over the ground.

The modern village consists of some forty houses massed together with flat roofs, on which the dirty and filthy inhabitants sleep in the summer season, to prevent being eaten by flies and bedbugs, and bitten by scorpions, which they are too lazy to destroy.

The following morning, leaving Cesarea Philippi, we pass over a well watered country, whose inhabitants possess more energy and enterprise, improving, in a small degree, a few of the natural advantages which surround them. We encamped at night near what is said to have been one of the burial places of Nimrod; and the next day, after an interesting ride of a few hours, on ascending an eminence, a panorama of great beauty and magnificence burst upon our view—the city of Damascus, "the Pearl of the East," its wide extended plains, on which are a hundred villages, numerous Mosques looming up here and there, above the immense spreading mass of broad, white roof, their great swelling domes, and tapering minarets, adorned with golden crescents, the great plain of Damascus, ornamented with rich fields and beautiful gardens, groves of poplar and walnut, orchards of figs, apricots and pomegranates, and numerous vineyards, sprinkled here and there with tall, conical cypresses, and now and then a palm lifting its graceful

head, stretching East far away till lost beneath the gray horizon northward, till reaching the mountain of anti-Lebanon, and away south, where it is bounded by the river "Pharpar," of scripture memory. The picturesque appearance of the circling hills and mountains, east an air of singular enchantment around this profoundly magnificent scenery—the long, bare ridge of anti-Lebanon, the snow-capped peak of Hermon, some forty miles, a multitude of beautiful conical hills; and still beyond, a long ridge of pale blue mountains, the "Hills of Bashan."

Passing along this plain, we entered Damascus, rode through some of its principal streets, and camped outside the walls, on the banks of the "Abana." Much of the richness and beauty of the plains of Damascus is owing to the invigorating influences of this stream of Bible celebrity, which flows through it from west to east, and is conducted from its channel, and carried on to the plain. Another mode of irrigation, however, is adopted in places where the Abana cannot be reached; it being rather peculiar, I will describe it. A well is first dug till water is discovered; the slope of the plain is then followed, when another is sunk, forty or fifty yards distant; the two are then connected by a subterranean channel, leaving sufficient fall for the water to flow. In this manner a long line of wells is constructed, and the stream of water thus secured is at last on a level with the surface, when it is ready to be used. The plain has a great number of these curious aqueducts, several of which extend along from two to three miles underground. Where the waters of one are spreading life and verdure over the surface, another below is gathering a new supply, obtaining it, in some measure from the surplus of the former, which soaks through the soil.

We called on the American consul, who treated us courteously and assisted us in accomplishing the object of our visit to Damascus. Before we left, he spent an hour under our tent in conversation mutually agreeable. We visited Prince Abdel Kader, who during the invasion of Algiers by the French, fought so valiantly to preserve the freedom of his country. The interview was pleasant and interesting—Mocha, in elegant cups, served in Oriental style, illustrated his good feelings and respectful consideration.

Damascus is supposed to be nearly four thousand years old, the oldest city in the world. Some affirm that it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram. At least, it was a noted place in the days of Abraham—the steward of his house was mentioned as "Eliezer of Damascus." The city is about four miles in circumference, and contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—about eighteen thousand of these are Christians, six thousand Jews, and the rest Mahomedans. The Christian population, previous to the massacre of 1860, numbered about thirty-two thousand. During the three days of those bloody and heartrending scenes, it is supposed that nearly three thousand Christians were murdered. Their private dwellings and churches were burned, their property destroyed, and the survivors driven forth from their homes penniless, with no means of support. Women and girls were seized and compelled to suffer the most fearful of all forms of slavery. Many of the buildings of these sufferers still lie in ruins. In walking the streets of Damascus, among the staring crowds, I imagined there was discernible, in the sombre countenances of many of the people, similar feelings to those which prompted the massacre of 1860, and that they were only waiting an opportunity.

Damascus is noted for the number of its mosques. We gained access to the principal one, partly through the courtesy of our American Consul, and partly by the stimulating influence of a golden Napoleon. On entering we pulled off our boots and put on slippers. In Catholic countries, on entering places of worship, taking off the hat is the invariable requisition, while in Mahomedan Jurisdiction the temple of devotion cannot be entered without taking "off the shoes," while the *chapeau* may remain undisturbed. The ancient structure, the "Grand Harem," as it is termed, is second only to the Mosque of Omar. The Mosque and square cover an area in length of eleven hundred feet, and eight hundred in breadth. It has three styles of architecture, and is of great antiquity. It was originally Pagan, then Syrian Christian, and now Mahomedan. On one side it has a court surrounded by cloisters with arches in front, resting on columns of granite, limestone and marble. It has three minarets—the "Western Minaret," the "Minaret of the Bride," and the "Minaret of Jesus." According to Mahomedan tradition, when Christ comes to judge the world he will first appear upon this minaret, bearing his name, he will then enter the mosque, and summon to his presence men of every denomination. Under this mosque is a cave containing a casket of gold, in which is said to be the veritable head of John the Baptist. Any doubts we may have cherished of its identity we refrained from expressing, the same as when shown similar curiosities in the more enlightened Christian churches. We ascended one of the minarets, where we had a splendid view of Damascus and its environs.

A gentleman who spent several weeks in Damascus, hunting relics and curiosities, related to me the following anecdote concerning the founding of an ancient mosque, which stood in sight of our encampment. The Sultan, wishing to erect a mosque, engaged a distinguished architect, giving him instructions as to dimension, style, and location, fixing the site in the center of Damascus. The architect, having completed the work, repaired to the Sultan to report his proceedings, and claim his reward. The Sultan enquired if he had followed his directions. He replied that he had built the mosque according to instructions in every particular, and he felt assured the Sultan would be highly gratified; but he had ventured to depart in one item from his instructions—considering that Damascus had a tendency to spread in one particular direction, he had located the mosque a short distance towards that point, from the center of the city. The Sultan graciously complimented him on his peculiar foresight, dismissing him with flattering expressions, told him to go home, and a commissioner should be sent to examine his work, and if approved, he should be abundantly rewarded. No sooner, however, had he returned, than an order was sent by the Sultan to have him beheaded immediately, and the following inscription engraved upon his tomb, "Let this architect's head be restored when this mosque becomes the center of Damascus." The gentleman said he read this inscription in Arabic, on a decaying tomb near the Mosque.

The external view of the private dwellings of the people is not inviting. The rough mud walls and projecting upper chambers, supported by decaying timbers,

have a singularly rickety appearance. The entrance is by a miserable looking doorway through a narrow, winding passage, and not unfrequently through a stable-yard; and around the whole is cast an air of peculiar squalidness. The inside, however, exhibits a better complexion, many are neat and comfortable, and some approach to splendor and even gorgeousness, have an open court with ornamented pavements, a marble basin in the center, surrounded with jets d'eau, citron, lemon and orange trees, and flowering shrubs, affording shade and filling the air with perfume. The apartments are furnished with chairs and sofas, with soft cushions, sometimes covered with embroidered silk and satin, the walls wainscotted, carved and gilded, and the ceiling covered with ornaments.

A fine macadamized road leading over some fifty miles, from Damascus to Beyrout, constructed by a French company, is the only decent road in Syria or Palestine. We passed over this thoroughfare, through an interesting country, possessing natural scenery of peculiar beauty and grandeur, arriving at Beyrout, a sea port on the Mediterranean, in renewed health and vigor, gratified and instructed by our tour through Syria and Palestine.

LORENZO SNOW.

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY, MAY 14.

THE "NEW ORLEANS HERALD" is a new venture, very similar in appearance to the New York Herald, and is a gritty opposition paper.

WORTH HALF A MILLION.—An experienced farmer made the remark that that beautiful shower of yesterday was worth about half a million dollars to Utah. Another half million shower to-day.

INFORMATION WANTED about the widow and children of James Paton Galston, who came to Utah from Ayrshire, Scotland, about twenty years ago. Address A. A. Paton, 107 Henry Street, Detroit, Michigan.

"HABEAS CORPUS."—Baker is about to be *habeas corpus*. The papers are ready, and Judge Z. Snow has been notified that he has the privilege of making a new complaint in the case.

APPROPRIATION.—William Coult, of the 9th Ward, the aged gentleman who was accidentally run over and injured by the hook and ladder apparatus of the Fire Brigade not long since, was allowed an appropriation of \$100, by the City Council, last night. This is commendable.

IRON FOR THE U. N. R. R.—During the past ten days the Chicago and Northwestern has transported over their road twenty-five car loads of railroad iron for the Utah Northern railroad, and they are now receiving about three cars of the same daily.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

THE AGENTS appointed in the different settlements of Utah, to solicit funds to aid in the emigration of the poor from Wales, will favor the committee by forwarding the donations by the first of July, to the Treasurer, L. W. Richards, P. O. Box 167, S. L. City, U. T.

ELIAS MORRIS,
Chairman of Committee.

SOMETHING NEW HEREABOUT.—Last night while the inmates of the house of Charles Read of the 7th Ward were visiting at a neighbor's, a male child was laid at their door, and on their return was found asleep. It was slightly clad and had a paper upon its clothing stating that it was born April 18. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Read propose to adopt the infant. Some of the neighbors are wondering whether these fine spring showers are responsible for such growth as this.

FROM CACHE.—Bishop Henry Hughes, of Mendon, Cache County, is in town. We learn from him that it is the intention to commence making the Utah Northern grade from Logan to Franklin next week, and that it will only take a few weeks to complete it, the work being comparatively light to that on other portions of the line. It is said that there will not be occasion to move as many feet of dirt between Logan and Richmond, about fifteen miles, as was done at one fill, the Cottonwood Hollow, between Hampton and Mendon.

SANDY, 14.

Editor Deseret News:

Yesterday, at 3 o'clock, James Edwards, late of Pioche, persisted in insulting quite a number of gentlemen that were waiting for the train, drawing a large knife and a six shooter. One of the insulted party succeeded in getting the knife, whereupon Edwards commenced shooting, one ball taking effect, and wounding David Huffaker in the ankle. A return shot from a bystander took effect, killing Edwards, the ball passing through the brain. Huffaker was taken to Granite and the body of Edwards was taken to the city on the p. m. train.

J. BOWYER.

LAND SLIDE.—There was a small sized land slide at the Point of the Mountain, south, yesterday, caused by the heavy rain storm. A considerable quantity of soil and gravel was thrown upon the track of the railroad, which was run into by the morning train from Lehi. The engine was thrown off the track, the accident causing the train, which should have reached this city at half-past 11, to be delayed till between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In consequence of this occurrence there was no passenger train from Lehi last evening, the one which came in at 7 o'clock only having come from Sandy. The reason of this was that there was not sufficient time for the train which got in here in the afternoon to return to Lehi and return on time.

WILL LEAVE TO-MORROW.—Elder John Clark will leave this city to-morrow afternoon on his way to Europe to fill the mission to which he was appointed at the last General Conference of the Church. Brother Clark is well known in the Territory and as widely respected as known. His prominent connection with Z. C. M. I., having had the superintendency over the grocery department, and his universally urbane and gentlemanly course in that capacity, as well as the excellent business qualities he has manifested, have secured him the general esteem of the public, and he takes with him the warmest wishes of many friends for his welfare. He will remain at Oden over to-morrow night and will be joined there by Elders R. T. Burton and John C. Graham on Friday morning.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—A. Christenson, our Brigham City correspondent, sends us the following, from that place, under date of May 13th:

"About 4 p. m., a man from Bear River City, went into the woolen factory, leaving his horses and wagon outside, locked and secured. The animals took fright and ran desperately through a number of streets. When they came in front of Col. Loveland's residence, a young man, aged 22 years, named James Hansen, in the employ of Mr. Hunsacker, was riding on an excellent white horse, on which he ventured himself directly in front of the runaway, attempting to stop them, when the wagon tongue struck his right leg, breaking it instantly, besides which tongue went several inches into the right side of the horse, which died almost without drawing a breath. No surgeon was at hand, but Judge S. Smith set the broken bone of the young man's leg, and it is hoped that he will recover."

WASATCH HOTEL.—A photograph of the design of the building about to be erected by Nicholas Groesbeck & Sons, on what is known as the Groesbeck corner, has been handed to us. The design indicates that this will be the finest structure of the kind in this City, and will be known as the Wasatch Hotel. The west front will be 135 feet long, and the building will extend seventy feet from west to east and 156 feet from north to south. The structure will be four stories high, besides the basement, and from the sidewalk to the top of the tower will measure 123 feet. The first storey of the front will be constructed of iron pillars, while the other portions of the walls will be composed of brick. The building will contain 250 rooms. The first floor of the west front only will be occupied as stores, and it is designed to fit up the corner one in a very superior manner. The building, which is expected to be finished and ready for occupation by the 1st of November, will possess first-class gas and water facilities. This is quite an extensive enterprise in the building line.

SALT LAKE, SEVIER VALLEY AND PIOCHE RAILROAD.—At the annual meeting of stockholders of the Salt Lake, Sevier Valley and Pioche R. R. Co., held yesterday afternoon, all the members of the old board were re-elected, except in the case of Messrs. W. R. Judd, Abel Parker, Amos Woodward and John Cunningham, chosen in place of others who declined a re-election.

The officers for the ensuing year continuing the same as before, are H. S. Jacobs, President; E. M. Barnum, secretary; P. Edward Connor, treasurer. The election of Gen. Connor as Vice President, was in place of John W. Young, who on account of other numerous cares declined a re-election. H. P. Kimball was also elected General Superintendent for the ensuing year.

A mass meeting in the interest of this road is called to be held at Tooele City, to-morrow (Thursday the 15th) at 8 o'clock p. m., at which a delegation of the officers and friends of the road will be present from this city.

We understand the delegation from here will be taken to Tooele to-morrow by Col. Kimball, in one of his stages.

Fatal Shooting Affray at Sandy.

A fatal shooting affray occurred at Sandy, yesterday afternoon, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the particulars of which have been narrated to us by a gentleman who was an eye-witness. Our informant stated that at about the time aforementioned from twenty to thirty persons were upon the platform of the railroad station, when a man named James Edwards, late from Pioche, stationed himself at the end of the platform with a huge knife, the blade of which was about eighteen inches long, in one hand and a six-shooter in the other, and dared anybody around to come down and fight him, at the same time flourishing his weapons, making various threats and using very foul language. Although the threats and challenges were mostly of a general character, they were more especially directed towards a small-sized man dressed in dark clothes, who seemed, in some way, to have incurred the particular displeasure of the desperado.

The latter, with two companions, moved to another part of the station, when Mr. James Livingston, who was then present, went up to the place where the three were, and informed Edwards that if he did not conduct himself better he would be under the necessity of arresting him. In the meantime a man named Redding, not Mr. Redding, the nurseryman, another named D. Huffaker, and the small man in dark clothes, before alluded to, came up, the first two probably fearing that Mr. Livingston might be attacked. No sooner had the latter stated his intention of arresting Edwards if he did not keep the peace than one of the latter's companions, a large man, jumped up to attack him. Mr. Livingston, being unarmed, and having but one natural arm, besides, and that the left one, was thus placed in a bad fix, but Redding caught hold of the attacking party and threw him to the ground upon his back. Almost at the same instant Edwards struck at Mr. Livingston with his big knife, grazing his cheek and cutting through his clothing across his breast, and then commenced firing on the others, putting a ball through the calf of Huffaker's leg. Some of the parties on the other side returned the fire, bringing Edwards down with a bullet in his head, having entered the right temple. He only lived about an hour after receiving the shot. His body was placed in a box made of rough lumber, and was brought to the City in care of one of his late companions, who took it to the Valley House, where it was lying up to noon to-day. We presume that there will be a speedy investigation of the affair.

We are informed that Edwards was not more than twenty-five years old, but that he was a desperate character, and that he was engaged as one of the fighting men in the early stages of the late mining dispute at Pioche.

The News says that a suit has been commenced against Daniel Drew, about a very delicate matter, in which a woman is concerned.