

ship William Tapscott under Captain Bell, Elder Robert Neslen being president of the company. After a tedious voyage we landed at Castle Garden, New York, May 13th, 1859. The next day we started by steamboat and railroad a distance of 2,000 miles to Florence. Here my funds gave out; but through a much unlooked for providence I was appointed by George Q. Cannon to drive an ox team for Capt. George Rowley, starting June 7th, 1859 (and not June 9th, as stated in NEWS) traveled to Salt Lake Valley, a distance of 1,000 miles, arriving there in the afternoon of Sunday Sept. 4th, 1859 (and not Sept. 14th, as stated in NEWS). Here we were greeted by hundreds of our co-religionists, who provided graciously a bounteous supply of all that nature could desire.

Please correct friend George's chronology and oblige, PETER LATER.

Provo is in the throes of a violent mining excitement. Several parties left last night and early this morning for a new Eldorado located about twelve miles west of Spanish Fork, on the south end of Utah lake. The cause of the migration is samples of ore brought in yesterday by Phil. Beesley and others who have made locations in the new district for some Provo people who have known of the new field for several weeks. The samples brought in are full of free gold. It is so rich that even experienced miners thought there must be some mistake, but tests made at the Brigham Young academy brought forth the welcome assurance that no mistake had been made. The mineral was first found about eight months ago by a young man from Benjamin, who had gone to the mountains for a load of cedar stumps. He supposed the yellow flakes were pyrites of iron and thought nothing more of it till one day, a short time ago, he showed a piece of the ore to his father-in-law, who is an old prospector, and who at once pronounced it gold. A few friends were admitted into the secret, and they made locations, endeavoring to keep the matter quiet, but yesterday their good fortune became generally known, and the result is that everybody is trying to get in early and avoid the rush. The ore is iron, streaked with spar, and appears to be a water formation; it crops through the soil in different places, but so far it has not been definitely ascertained whether it is a blanket formation or not. No accurate assay has been obtained, but it is agreed that it will run up into the thousands.

A shooting affray in which one man was killed and two others were badly wounded, took place near Vernal, Uintah county last Thursday. The parties to the scrape are nearly all known in this city, and the Vernal Express published on the date thereof gives the following account of it:

Monday morning early William Wall and Robert Swift, a prospector, rode in town after the sheriff and a doctor—three men had been shot up near Dry Fork. We immediately started out to learn the particulars, but found a mystery hanging over the occurrence as usual, and a disposition to keep it quiet.

The battle, for that was what it was from what we learn, took place on the hill to the right or north of Dry Fork

canyon, about twenty miles from Vernal, this morning about daylight, and was the outcome of a dispute over a mining claim, or rather a prospect.

Robert Swift and E. B. Coleman had a camp there, and Dave Milton and the two Stanton boys, former blacksmiths in Vernal, had a camp there also. Swift was at his camp and Milton and the Stanton boys at their's this morning when Matt Warner, William Wall and E. B. Coleman rode up and the shooting commenced but from which side first we could not learn, nor the nature of the dispute.

After the firing ceased, which was kept up on both sides for some time, it was found that one of the Stanton boys was shot in the neck, Milton had been shot through the breast two or three times, and the other Stanton was shot in the right leg. It was thought that Dave Milton's wounds would prove fatal, but the Stanton boys' injuries were not serious.

The friends of Henry Puzey of the Twentieth ward will be pained to learn that he met death at Fort Douglas Thursday afternoon, in a manner that was both shocking and sudden.

His lifeless body was found by a member of the Sixteenth Infantry band about 7 o'clock last evening in a ditch near the guard house. The indications were that the old gentleman had tripped and fallen into the water which was not more than a foot deep. In the fall his head had come in contact with a rock or other hard substance inflicting a deep wound above one of his eyes.

The fatality is directly traceable to attacks of paralysis, the first of which came about two years ago. Recently the venerable patient had gained in physical strength, but mentally he gradually became enfeebled. It had been his custom to while away his afternoons at a neighbor's and yesterday was no exception to the rule. He left home about 2 o'clock, but on arriving at his neighbor's house found it locked and the family absent. He was seen by a lady to hasten from the place, but no attention was paid to his hurried exit at the time. Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening his wife went to bring him home, and on learning of his departure was much exercised as to his safety. The news spread through the Twentieth ward and surroundings very rapidly and in a brief space of time a searching party was endeavoring to find him. One young man, Robert Pritchard, traced him to Fort Douglas where the news of his death was first made known.

The deceased was about sixty-eight years of age and was for a long time, a counselor to Bishop Sharp of the Twentieth ward. In speaking of him today C. K. Savage said that he had always been a most worthy citizen—a man absolutely without guile. He leaves a wife, three sons and one daughter to mourn his unfortunate death.

It is a rare thing for a baby of a year to make a journey over the many thousand miles between Utah and Samoa without its parents; yet that is what little Hazel Moody has done; and on Wednesday she will start again for Thatcher, Graham county, Arizona,

going by way of Colorado and New Mexico to her grandparents' home.

There is a pathetic story in connection with Baby Hazel Moody's life—a story of love and devotion to the cause of Christ. Very many interesting incidents might be recounted to the one year of her life, but in a newspaper the story must be brief.

In October, 1894, Elder William Moody and his young wife, Delia Williams Moody, left on a mission to the Samoan islands, there to teach the people the truths of the Gospel. Sister Moody was at that time in her 22nd year. She was the daughter of Brother and Sister David Williams, of Thatcher, Arizona, in which town she lived with her husband, to whom she was married in June, 1894.

Arriving at Samoa, Elder William Moody took up his missionary labors, and his devoted wife also faithfully performed her part. The next spring—on May 2, 1895—Sister Moody became a mother. She had her little one blessed and given the name of Hazel. But when the babe had reached the age of 22 days it was motherless. Sister Moody died on the 24th of May, 1895, and a month later the sad news was received and chronicled here.

The babe was carefully and tenderly nursed through that critical period of its existence when according to nature it should have had the closest care of a mother, only Providence had decreed otherwise; and Providence supplied the little one's needs, until it reached nearly a year's existence in the place of its birth. Last month came an opportunity for Elder Moody to send his darling child home, to be cared for by the parents of its departed mother; and at Apia it was given into the hands of a kind lady who had been engaged to care for it on the long voyage to San Francisco. There were besides, on the vessel which brought the child—the Monowai—Elder Barton of the Twelfth ward of this city, Elder Joseph A. Rashard of Heber City, and Elder J. W. Beck of Paris, Idaho, who had supervisory charge over the child.

The babe's birthday—the first anniversary of its advent into mortality—came during the ocean voyage between Honolulu and San Francisco. The Monowai reached the last named port in safety on Saturday last, May 9th. The party continued on its way, Elder Barton caring for the babe, which showed such attachment for him that it was loth to part from him for those who are to take charge of it hereafter. The party were met at Ogden at 6 o'clock this morning by Elder David Williams, Baby Hazel's grandfather, who will take it home, where it will receive the best of attention. At 9 o'clock this morning the party reached this city, and Brother Williams and his precious charge are staying at the residence of Brother T. H. Evans, No. 688 west, South Temple street.

On the voyage the little one enjoyed excellent health, and on its arrival in this city was in a better condition than when it left Samoa.

Elder Moody, the father, remained in the missionary field to continue the work in which he has been engaged for the past eighteen months.

The Mexican man-of-war Zaragosa is docked for repairs at the Union Iron works yard, San Francisco.