

CORRESPONDENCE

Our Old Friend Homespun heard from. She Gives a Glimpse of the Life of the Sisters on the Sandwich Islands.

LAIE, August 10, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Monday has acquired considerable reputation as the weekly washday. But here, as there are about seven families, nearly all the days of the week are crowned with the thorny wreath, and the general wash-house puffs out its gentle, smoky incense to the inexorable goddess who presides over the housewife's unfortunate life, at least four or five days in the week. However, Monday is a good day to begin with, so we'll wash to-day. Breakfast over, the plethoric bundles of clothes are taken up to the wash house, and then we stand on the hillside and watch impatiently for Ay Au. He lives away over the river and up the opposite western hill, in a cave constructed on his own peculiar plan.

As Ay Au is a character, and one with which you will have to become familiar if you see much of Laie, I shall devote a few lines of this crude picture to sketch his personae. He is a Chinaman, but no other Chinaman who lives about here will ever deign to take the least notice of him. This doesn't trouble Ay Au much, I don't believe. You know he is going to wash for us, so as he is nearly here, look at him. Short and thin, robed in blue denim, clinging with fond tenacity to the traditional shirt flap costume of his nation, but flinging aside other such notions, he wears his pants exceedingly tight, no shoes a straw hat, and has black, coarse hair. This same hair is cut short at times and again flaps on his shoulders. When short it stands up around his head like a halo, or "quills upon the fretful porcupine." His eyes are wide, open, staring, expressionless and uncanny. I don't believe Ay Au ever winked or shut an eyelid, except in sleep. His face is not particularly ugly, but very startling (as to width) when he smiles. But here he is, silent, blank, standing with his legs stretched apart, and looking thousands of miles away with a bland expression as of anticipated good dinners. And what does Ay Au do? Oh, he carries eight or ten buckets of spring water, makes and heaps up the fire, pounds the Dooley washing-machine and helps to hang out the clothes. He has the reputation of being dumb, but it is only stupidity or cupidity that has given it to him. He can speak. But of course in broken native. I must close this picture by mentioning that Ay Au devours a loaf of bread, a bowl of poi, three pounds of meat, a quart of rice, sweet potatoes and pudding ad lib. at every dinner. His stomach is bottomless. So our fire is started, water is boiling, smoke curling, and the washing is begun. It is more than amusing to watch Ay Au run that machine. When he thinks you are not noticing him that handle (on the opposite end of which is a heavy iron weight) goes up with powerful force, and descends with contrasting lightness of touch; and as, in order to do any good at all, the opposite must be the case, you turn suddenly to confront the miscreant, Ay Au is unmoved! Down, bangs the machine, with modest assurance of present cleanliness, and the same bland open expression reposes on those solemn features. Then Ay Au is given to sitting down by the spring, in fact in all sorts of places and at all times to draw a few whiffs of his dear, pipe. But he can work too. And for that reason, is in demand. I am inclined to think there is something of the miser and speculator too about him, for he carefully puts away in a seldom-seen belt his rarely-obtained nickels, while on the assumption of a two-bit order on the store, he will draw fifts. One more touch, and we will leave Ay Au to hang out his clothes in peace. He is given to stand for hours sometimes, in one spot gazing at the distance with placid guileless gaze, reminding you of some long-legged crane blinking in the sunlight. Always standing and gazing, who knows but there is also something of the weak philosopher about our handy washerman.

Washing out, dinner over, we do a bit of visiting and chatting perhaps, no gossiping (ahem!) somewhat that stuck a bit in my throat, and some of the favored ones find time for a nap. Of course I mean the women folks now.

Then about 4 or 5 o'clock, one or two energetic ones, drum up recruits to go to the sea. And as some of us are learning to swim I want you to come down with us, and watch the fun.

One, two, three. Ugh, but the water is a trifle cold. Never mind. There's the children rolling over in the breakers which always lap up the sandy beach. And here are the older ones. A couple of our expert swimmers plunge swiftly out and cleave the waves like an arrow. Oh, but it's fine! Here we women go, kicking, fighting, working with all our strength, and only keeping up on the water at that. These lovely, clear, restless waves! How can any one describe them!

Then we get on our backs, and float splashingly around, calling with delight to each other. Can you scull? Just lay flat on your back, and with your arms held down by your side, just use your hands like

fish tail. Hold them up and cut back and forth in the water, slanting-wise. Ain't that fun? Oh! Splash, struggle, flounder, suit. That was some horrid diver that come under me and upset me.

Then, you know, to swim you must shoot out your hands and then turn the hands backward and make puddles of them, making as large a sweep as you can. But the feet are simply unmanageable. They utterly refuse to be drawn up and go out simultaneously, with the motion of the festive frog. Oh dear, its hard work. But the best of all, or worst, is diving. Well to use an expression of one observer, it would make a cat laugh to see our fair sisters dive. The trouble is, in spite of repeated and lengthy efforts, their heads are the only portions of their bodies which modest old Neptune will consent to envelope. And swimming along with wild, and frantic struggles, their heads ducked under they look like some oblong, bright-colored balloon riding the waves. Of course our smart men folk laugh and laugh, and plunge and struggle and up-rear themselves in hateful imitation of our ridiculous selves. And do you know, I wish somebody would tell me why a woman can't dive.

But we must come out. And so we do, dripping and happy, leaving two or three daring ones behind to trip each other up, and play leap frog over each other in deep water.

The long walk home over the grassy meads and hill, is lovely just as the western sun is dipping behind the wooded mountain tips. And we stand a moment on the brow of the hill, drinking in with grateful ecstacy the soft loveliness of hill and vale, river and sea.

Then supper must be put on, and our baby nestlings folded away to sleep. A few moments of quiet chat, and then the general prayer bell rings, and we all gather around the common altar of gratitude to offer up the praises of the evening for the calm, peaceful lives which God has permitted us to lead.

We are all pretty well. Plenty of work, and willing hands to do it. We have been digging two more artesian wells down in the fields, and they have turned out remarkably well. There is some talk of leasing some more land to Chinamen, who are very anxious to get it for rice land. But this is still uncertain.

We are hoping to have a vegetable garden shortly. At present we have few or no vegetables or fruit. A few sweet potatoes, with an occasional bushel of Irish potatoes and onions from Honolulu.

We take great pleasure in the arrival of the mails, and especially does the News help us to forget that so many miles stretch between us and our dear absent homes.

The articles by Mac on Word of Wisdom and kindred topics are very interesting and useful. We offer the hand of fellowship to the writer, and beg him to continue.

Remember all Laie to our many friends Hauoli's and Kanakas at Utah. HOMESPUAN.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

A Graphic Description of the Bloody Business by a News Correspondent on the Spot.

286 CONWAY STREET, Belfast, Ireland, August 10th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Knowing that the reports of the riots in Belfast will reach your ears, and seeing that it is almost impossible for a party paper to judge fairly upon such matters as these, I, going under the title of neither liberal nor conservative, and prejudiced against neither, will endeavor to give you a brief synopsis of the late disturbances in this city, and, if you feel so disposed, you may insert the same in your valuable columns.

On hearing so many stories of Ireland from my youth, I was always desirous of seeing

A REAL IRISH FIGHT.

But if I can only get the scenes from the late riots from before my eyes, I will never again let such another idea enter my head. For the last eight days I have seen but precious little of anything else, and I can truly say I have seen enough. Being raised in the peaceful valleys of the mountains among that class of people called "Mormons," I never could before imagine that human beings could be so brutally wicked as are a portion of the inhabitants of this beautiful little isle. The thirst for blood among the cannibals; yea among our common prairie wolves, could hardly be compared to that existing in the breasts of a great many of the inhabitants of this so-called Christian city.

The bitter feeling and hatred existing between the Catholic and Protestant parties in this land could be understood better by personal experience than by written descriptions; and feeling satisfied that I could not begin to portray the same I will leave it to your imagination. Think your worst of what it really is.

About the 1st of June

TROUBLE FIRST BEGAN

between the two parties, by a body of Roman Catholics driving a small body of Protestants from a ship-building yard where the two parties were working. This of course, "aroused the

Irish" in the Protestant party, and for the sake of revenge, on the following day, some say three, and some say fifteen hundred; anyhow a large body of the Protestants proceeded to the spot where the trouble occurred on the day previous, and after a severe hand to hand conflict, succeeded in giving the Catholics a severe beating, and forced them off the dock into the tide. One man was drowned and many others narrowly escaped death by swimming to where some boats lay and paddling off from the scene.

This caused a spirit of revenge to burn in the hearts of both parties, and stone fights and hand to hand conflicts ensued between them up till the 9th of June, when matters had reached such a pitch that houses were being wrecked and plundered and some of them set on fire by the opposing mobs. Of course each party would have to do an act equal to the one committed by their opponents, in order to get even; and in many instances they could not feel satisfied unless they had worsted their enemy; and for this reason the riots kept getting worse and worse until the constabulary saw that their batons were no longer of avail, and in order to restore peace they were commanded to

WALK TO THE CENTER WITH THEIR MUSKETS.

In so doing it only tended to still more enrage the defiant mobs, and instead of hurling their missiles at each other, both parties began on the police. The officers, in order to save their own lives and protect the property of respectable citizens, read the riot act to the mob and warned them of the consequences if they did not stop such savage conduct. This made the crowd more furious and they hurled the pavers and brickbats with renewed vigor. The officers, owing to the position in which they were placed, gave command to fire. The order was obeyed and the result was that nine persons lost their lives and many more were wounded. This seemed to have the desired effect. The crowd were dispersed and quietness for the time prevailed. But as is generally the case, nearly all who were shot were not the parties who took part in the riots.

On the following day the pressmen and many of the leading merchants, partly for fear of having their own places wrecked, and partly for lack of understanding what they were doing, sided with the roughs against the police for killing innocent men and women. It must be remembered that these innocent persons who were shot were so called with curiosity that instead of being in their own homes where respectable persons should have been, they were mostly standing among, or close to the rioters, and when the command was given to fire, they felt that they had perpetrated no crime and instead of running from the buckshot many of them stood still and allowed themselves to be shot down while the roughs escaped. However, when the rough element found that the papers and many of the leading men sympathized with them in

THEIR DASTARDLY WORK,

they renewed their efforts in abusing the officers and in casting a stone wherever they could see a helmet. It of course provoked the police, to see that in the performance of their duties they received the whole blame of the riots; and in many instances when being pelted with stones and brickbats, they themselves acted both unseemly and unwise. The result was that much injury was done both to and by the officers and many lives were lost.

From the 13th of June until the 12th of July comparative quietness prevailed. Still at the least excitement large crowds would gather and stone throwing would be indulged in until stopped by the officers. The 12th, I might say, is celebrated by the Orangemen in remembrance of the Battle of the Boyne, where the Protestants became victorious over the Catholic party, and established Orangism. On this day a great demonstration is held and the Orangemen turn out in their colors, with their bands and banners, forming a beautiful procession. On this anniversary stone throwing and a few cracked heads are quite common occurrences; but owing to the confused state of the town great precautions were taken and a large body of the constabulary and militia, both foot and mounted, were stationed at the most critical points, to try and preserve order. But in spite of all their efforts, the two parties met,

RIOTING AND FIGHTING BEGAN,

which lasted for nearly a week, and in which quite a number were killed and wounded by the officers and a great many more were badly bruised and cut by sticks and stones from the opposing mobs. From that date until the 31st the officers were successful in keeping down disturbances of any moment, but feelings of revenge still existed in both parties, and only for the want of a favorable chance to get at their enemy were they in quietness.

On Saturday evening of the 31st a large mob gathered together in secret and made it their special object to wreck certain houses and drive the occupants out of the district. The plan was carried out, but not with the success that the cowardly ruffians wished. The officers again interposed and made it very uncomfortable for a great many of the roughs. As soon as the police appeared on the scene the wrecking was

no longer their object, but the main point was now to try and drive the officers from their midst. In some instances they succeeded, and in others they failed. However, great injuries were received both by the officers and the rioters. All the following week similar disturbances took place and every morning paper told a tale of the death of from two to ten and the wounding of many. But Saturday night (Aug. 7th) capped the climax. Never since Belfast had a name, has such

BLOODY WORK

been known in its limits. Notwithstanding that three thousand men were drafted in to the town to try and preserve order, their efforts were almost entirely in vain. The common weapons, sticks and stones, were, in many instances, done away, and revolvers and rifles were used in their stead. The two parties, in spite of the officers, succeeded in getting together and fought until I suppose, in many instances, both were satisfied. The papers recorded eleven deaths and hundreds wounded, but according to bystanders' stories, the figures given the papers will not more than cover one-fourth of either. In fact, little is known regarding the exact number, for the reporters were quite willing to take some one's word instead of becoming eyewitnesses to the scenes, and it is thought that many dead or wounded were taken to private places where the reporters learned nothing about them.

All day on Sunday the reports of revolvers could be heard in different localities, and quite a number of deaths ensued. On Monday, the 9th, more officers were drafted, and it is hoped that the result will be good. This morning's paper states: "There is a welcome lull in the fierce tempest of riot which has been raging for the past week in Belfast—a lull which it is the fervent prayer of all, may be the herald of a lasting calm." And from all appearances I think it is. But Belfast is left in

A DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Go into nearly any quarter and you will see windows smashed and the shops pillaged; the paving stones, instead of remaining on the sidewalks, are torn and scattered from one end of the street to the other. All in all, Belfast looks more like a battle ground than a Christian city. There are now in the city about 1,570 police, 2,000 infantry and 10 troops of cavalry. The citizens and the press of both parties are struggling hard to release the blame from their own shoulders and place it upon those of their opponents; but judging from a neutral standpoint and without prejudice, I can sympathize with neither. The actions of either would be condemned by an honest cannibal. In fact, the time is at their doors when the wicked shall slay the wicked, and when each man's neighbor shall be his foe. And except the whole will repent and give heed to the teachings of the servants of God, they will take part in the sufferings when the angel shall say, "Babylon is fallen! is fallen!" Yours, etc., E. D. CLYDE.

St. GEORGE, August 18, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

I was reading in the DESERET NEWS the remarks of "47er." I did not think it was right for him to dismiss his audience without giving the women a chance to speak; and as I came to Salt Lake the first year following the Pioneer, and driving my team, I thought I would add a few words. My mind went back to my leaving Nauvoo, being driven out by a mob. My husband, during the winter of '45-'46, built us a wagon. The timber was boiled in brine to season it. The wheels were tied with rawhide and hickory withes. I was very proud of our wagon; we did not own a team. The mob was coming into Nauvoo, and women and children were being taken over the river and set down on the bank without shelter. My family had a little shorts; no groceries of any kind, not even salt.

Brethren would come with their teams and help us on a few miles, till we reached Bonaparte, in Iowa, where we procured food by selling our clothing. When we stopped we were in a wagon and tolerably comfortable, while there were hundreds of sick without food or shelter on the bank of the river.

I thought, when reading the speech of the woman visitor to Salt Lake, offering the "Mormon" women a home in New York, to get away from polygamy: "A home indeed!" It made my blood boil; I thought: "before you preach to us change your practice." In New York City there are thirty thousand prostitutes, with their multitudinous pimps and paramours, "All, all honorable men."

I embraced the Gospel in the city of New York in 1833, and came to Nauvoo in '43. My forefathers came to America in 1620 and were in the war of the Revolution quite a number as commissioned officers; yet I, the descendant of valiant men, could not vote because my husband was keeping the laws of God. I visited my native state and city, New York, in 1871, and saw so much wickedness and evil that I felt to pray to my Heavenly Father to keep me till I got safely back to my Mountain home. The people of the United States do not care how many women the "Mormons" have if they will do as the former do, not marry but make mistresses of them.

We were driven from New York to Ohio for polygamy? or from

Jackson, Clay and Caldwell Counties and out of the State of Missouri for that alleged offense? No, we were not. It was because this people are united in trying to keep the principles laid down by all the holy Prophets and Apostles that they were driven.

If we are to be tried till we are made perfect through suffering let it come, I would stay in prison till I was carried out before I would answer some questions.

A WOMAN FORTY-SEVEN.

SEVIER STAKE CONFERENCE

Sevier Stake Conference convened on Saturday, August 21, at 10 a. m. It was conducted by Councillors A. K. Thurber and Wm. H. Seegmiller. Harmony and good will prevailed. Excellent music was furnished by the choir led by Elder Oke Salisbury. Aged brethren of over 30 or 40 years standing in the Church bore testimony with renewed energy and satisfaction. No compromise. That to them was impossible at any price. There were given exhortations to humility, charity, fidelity, and unsullied allegiance to the Government of God, as given and restored by the everlasting priesthood, the necessity for boldness in its proper quality and place, was advocated. Unity, religious and political, was urged.

Such was the nature of the instructions given by the presidents and speakers. An unusually powerful address was delivered on Sunday afternoon by Elder George Crane, of Millard Stake. The usual quarterly High Priests meeting was held on Saturday evening. Authorities general and local were unitedly sustained. Cash collected for Manti Temple \$194.25.

WM. MORRISON, Stake Clerk.

HEALTH HINTS, AND OTHER THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

COMPILED BY MAC.

WHOLESOME MEALS WITHOUT MEAT.

From S. W. Dodd's book, "Health in the household."

The following bills of fare are intended merely as hints to the intelligent housewife; it will often happen that one or more of the dishes named can not be secured, and that something else will have to take its place. Raw fruits, for example, are not always to be had; and stewed fruits, oftentimes, will have to give place to canned or dried. And so of the grains or vegetables, a particular one specified in the bill of fare may be the very thing you have not got. For this reason it has seemed necessary, not only to make the list of vegetables pretty full, but in some instances to give an alternative article, so that if one is not at hand the cook can take the other.

The objection will no doubt be raised by some that too great a variety of food has been introduced at a single meal; and that two or three kinds of vegetables at dinner ought to be enough. This is very true; it must be borne in mind, however, that it is much easier for the cook to leave off a dish or two from the bill of fare, than it would be to improvise new ones, to take the place of those that can not be obtained in the market.

The ripe fruits spoken of below, may be apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, cherries, currants or berries. Apples are best eaten at breakfast, and at the beginning of the meal; grapes and cherries also do their best service eaten in the same way. In warm weather, the acid fruits are usually preferred; but when the weather is cool or cold, and the appetite keen, sweet or dried fruits are in some respects more satisfactory; some of the latter, however (as peaches or prunes), are too hearty for supper.

Potatoes may or may not appear at the breakfast table; some persons are better without them at this meal. Mushes and grain are as a rule more easily digested at breakfast or dinner, than at supper; they may be served with or without a dressing of fruit.

BREAKFASTS.—(SPRING OR SUMMER.)

Sunday.—Ripe fruit, as apples, peaches or grapes. Hard Graham rolls; Graham loaf bread, or dry toast corn meal, or farina mush. Baked potatoes, peeled or unpeeled. Stewed sweet currants, or pears.

Monday.—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; cream biscuits. Oat meal mush. Boiled or mashed potatoes. Stewed apples, or stewed dried apples.

Tuesday.—Hard Graham rolls; mush biscuit, or mush rolls. Graham or oat meal mush. Browned potatoes. Strawberries or raspberries; these ripe, stewed or canned.

Wednesday.—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; leavened Graham bread. Oat meal or farina mush. Mashed or baked potatoes. Stewed dried peaches, baked apples, or plums.

Thursday.—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; currant gems, or dry toast. Oat meal mush or steamed rice. Boiled or baked potatoes. Stewed apples, peaches or cherries.

Friday.—Ripe fruit. Hard Graham rolls; leavened Graham bread, Graham or oat meal mush. Browned or mashed potatoes. Raspberries and currants (mixed); these stewed or canned—or blackberries or cherries, stewed or canned.