

## Correspondence.

LAIE, OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS,

March 15th, 1870.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Bro.—In my last letter, written in Honolulu immediately after landing there, I spoke of our awaiting the arrival of some overland conveyance from Bro. Nebeker. I now propose penning a few lines descriptive of our tour to Laie and of Laie itself. Before leaving home it appeared that many had formed a disgusting opinion of the Sandwich Islands, if not of the mission, but I shall write according to my experience. Every country has its own peculiarities as well as the people inhabiting it, its advantages and disadvantages, it is so here. So much for a preface.

In due time Bro. Nebeker and Benjamin Cluff, jr., arrived from Laie with eight horses and saddles, and a carriage, purchased by Bro. Nebeker in San Francisco, and by securing a set of harness we completed the rig.

An almost sleepless night spent in fighting mosquitoes finally disappeared and the dawn of another day was welcomed, although the morning discovered our faces red with blotches.

The carriage prepared for the ladies, horses saddled and a light repast taken, the word was given to mount. Bro. King and Sister Hawkins took possession of the carriage, the others preferring, for novelty's sake, the horseback ride in the outset. Bro. Nebeker remaining in Honolulu to attend to some business, expecting to overtake us before arriving at the "Pali." "Aloha, aloha," reiterated from natives and away we go. We immediately began the ascent up a tolerable graded road, passing some beautiful picturesque gardens surrounding residences belonging to foreigners. The road was bordered on each side with various native trees and ornamental shrubbery of a delightful nature. The valley narrows, the mountains closing in on either side until a complete cañon is formed. The whole face of the country has the appearance of volcanic agency, furnishing ample food for the geologist. A ride of six miles brought us on the Summit or to the "Pali," where the wind blew a fearful gale, compelling us to hold on to hats and bonnets. We halted and dismounted to prepare for the descent of the "Pali," obtaining from this eminence a bird's eye view of the sea, east and west, stretching far into the distance, while in the foreground and almost beneath us the rural town of Honolulu to the west, and villages and cane fields to the east present a sprinkling of civilization. The hills furnish pasturage for the ox, cow, sheep, pig and fowls, which roam together without any ire. Now came the tug of war—the descent of the "Pali." The horses were led down, down, a distance of half a mile over a worse road, I presume, than Bonaparte encountered while crossing the Alps, the women, pedestrian like, wending their way almost trembling with fear; while the men, with native help and ropes attached, cautiously and breathlessly descended with the carriage on a road cut out of the solid rock in the side of precipices which wind around, turning at places so sharp as almost to exclude the possibility of passing with a vehicle. We continued a gradual descent to the sea, bearing off to the left and thence along the sea shore to Laie, the country furnishing many objects of interest while passing, especially the natives, who created considerable mirth to our little party by rushing out of their huts while passing through villages, some half naked, followed by pigs, dogs, chickens and cats, to bid us, no doubt, a welcome. We reached Laie at six o'clock in the evening of the last day of 1869.

Our little colony now consists of seven families from Zion, one Scotchman and about 300 natives, who occupy the land known as Laie, which embraces 6,000 acres and the best part of the island—according to its size—of Oahu, and which is capable of sustaining quite a large colony of natives. Stock to the amount of 1,000 head could find good pasturage, while the mountains and gulches or cañons furnish an immense quantity of timber. Many kinds of fruit grow in the gulches, and the honey bees, when we are able to find them, furnish sweet. One hundred and fifty acres of three or four hundred acres of arable land, by the indefatigable zeal and exertion of Bro. Nebeker, assisted by the brethren who have labored with him, have been brought into a successful state of cultivation and produce remunerative crops of sugar cane. A good mill, by the same untiring exertion, has

been erected, besides considerable fencing, which has now raised the value of the place from fourteen thousand to about fifty thousand dollars.

The mission is in a very flourishing condition at the present time, and the manner in which Bro. Nebeker conducts the business of the plantation, as also the course he adopts with the natives, is upon a truly commendable principle, and quite an influence is used by some of the editors in Honolulu to get the other planters to adopt his plans, under which, instead of laborers being bound to serve a certain time, they are all free, more labor being performed by those who are free than by those who are bound.

The native elders, lately sent out to other islands, are reporting very favorably, and no doubt we shall continue to have a gradual increase to our colony.

From late files of the DESERET NEWS, which is always a welcome paper here, we learn some few things connected with Zion and hope that her people will triumph.

We all join in respects to you and Bro. J. F. Smith, and pray for your success in heralding Zion's cause to the inhabitants of the earth.

Respectfully,

H. H. CLUFF.

CHOCKTAW, COUNTY, MISS.

March, 1870.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Sir,—Having studied the principles and doctrines of the Latter-day Saints, until I am thoroughly satisfied, that they teach the same things that were taught by Christ and His Apostles, and being desirous that others might see and believe, I have not shunned on all proper occasions to speak my convictions, and read to them the works which I have read, (*Spencer's Letters, The Voice of Warning, and an occasional copy of the DESERET NEWS*) sent to me by my brother, now of Pine Creek, Beaver City; and later, Elder J. W. Crosby sent me a work entitled *The Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon*, which I consider the ablest document I ever read.

Reading these books to others, and letting them read for themselves, and, as I said above, expressing my conviction of the truth of the same, has gotten me a number of religious enemies, among my former brethren of the Baptists. Having been a Baptist for some twenty-five years, and filled a number of stations of trust in that denomination, I became extensively, and I believe, favorably known among them known. It is proper to state here that I began the investigation of the doctrine of the Latter-day Saints under as unfavorable circumstances as any perhaps in the United States, and nothing but respect to my brother induced me to undertake it. My first sensations on reading *Spencer's Letters* were those of surprise. I read it again and again, and every time with a firmer conviction of its truth. I should have stated above that the *Book of Mormon* was the first book my brother sent me, which I had read but little, having been strongly impressed with the idea that it was exclusively man's production. After reading *Spencer's Letters* I then read the *Book of Mormon* to see whether it conflicted with the Bible, and finding it did not, so far as I was able to judge, I began to thirst for other books from the same source. My brother kindly sent me others. I now have, in connection with those named, the *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, a pamphlet recently sent for entitled, *Answers to Questions, etc.*, with perhaps a dozen copies of the DESERET NEWS. I have been advised to stop reading these publications. One Rev. divine said I had better stop, if I didn't, the first thing I knew I would be a "Mormon." I replied to the good brother who told me that I was not obliged to imbibe error, and so far as my investigations had gone, I saw nothing to dread, and that my investigations thus far had had a tendency to exalt the character of God, and place man, where he ought to be, at the foot of the cross; and hence I could as soon lay aside the whole plan of redemption, as taught in the New Testament, as to quit the investigation of this subject, for it was, emphatically, the gospel of Jesus, as far as I was able to understand it. Another Rev. sir, who has been a preacher for about forty years, and who professes to have come in contact with the "Mormons," and utterly routed them, said the other day to a good Methodist brother, who is reading my books, "Ah! Brother—, it won't do; they only want to get rid of their old wives and marry others." He remarked that he hit it, "Mormonism," on all proper occasions; revelations had

ceased, the day of miracles had passed, etc. And he said he was sorry for me, that I should imbibe such error. Oh how I wish some able elder would come into this community, filled with the spirit of truth and confront him, and let the honest inquirers after truth judge for themselves of the doctrine. This Rev. divine wound up to our Methodist by retailing the following, as he did to me on a former occasion:

"A couple of 'Mormons' lived neighbors within this man's field of labor. One of them had no corn while the other had plenty. The former said to the latter one day, 'Well, brother, I have had a revelation that I must have some corn from you.' 'When did you have that revelation,' quoth the other? 'Yesterday,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the first, 'I have had a revelation to-day, and you are not to have the corn.'"

Such are the tales of slander and vituperation that are vended out to the credit of the "Mormons" here, tales, too, which I was disposed to believe true, till I made myself familiar with the tenets of your church. I am now so well satisfied that you possess the pure principles of the gospel that I am constrained to say that there is no truth believed by any of the sects but what is a part and parcel of "Mormonism," and that "Mormonism" embraces all the truth held by others and reaches far beyond even to all truth ever revealed to man.

You will see by this where I stand. It has been my misfortune hitherto, never to see a Latter-day Saint. I would be truly glad if someone or more elders would pay this country a visit, and set the truth in its purity before the people here. I have recently read the first three chapters in *The Voice of Warning* to the pastor of the Baptist church in which is my membership, who seemed to take a deep interest in the work, and expressed himself anxious to hear the whole of it, and also the *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon*, which I will read to him as soon as an opportunity offers. Oh how I should be delighted if he should embrace it and preach it, for he is a man of great influence here! Pray with me my brother (permit me to call you such) that his eyes may be opened to see and embrace the truth. One such here, would perhaps do more good than many elders from abroad. I think that all that is needed, is to get the people to investigate, but so long as they refuse to do this, they must remain in ignorance of the doctrines you preach. If this good brother could be induced to embrace the truth fully, numbers would wake up, and be anxious to see the steps by which he was led to change his religious views. But it is a hard struggle to renounce the religion of long training, in which our fathers lived and died, for one so odious in the eyes of nearly every one; but the sacrifice must be made. Some say here: "Let the *Mormons* come here and heal the sick, cast out devils and impart the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands that we may know for ourselves that they do possess these gifts, etc." I have been asked the question often, if I thought they really did possess these gifts? I could only answer that I did not know, never having seen them, but of one thing I was sure: they were promised by Christ to the believer, and testified by Paul they did follow such; and that it was more likely that the *Mormons* possessed them than any others, as no others pretended to any such thing—in fact, denied that they were any longer necessary. But the main thing that attaches so much odium to "Mormonism" is your polygamic system of marriage. Please excuse this liberty of an entire stranger.

Yours, etc.,

H. P. DOTSON.

WASHINGTON, March 28th, 1870.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Sir,—Our visit to the settlements of the Muddy, (as the valley is inaptly termed) viz., St. Thomas, St. Joseph, Overton and West Point, was a very satisfactory one. Instead of finding, as many expected to find from the misrepresentations of some who had returned from there, a barren and unproductive country, we found a rich and fertile valley, capable, in my opinion, of sustaining a population of many thousand souls. In fact it is the most inviting section of all our Dixie country. One of the greatest drawbacks to the speedy improvement of the country in building, etc., is the lack of timber, the nearest timber being found some sixty or seventy miles northwest of St. Thomas, and no water intermediate (except where the road for a short distance follows the Muddy) nor in the mountains sufficient to run a steam saw mill. The land on the Mud-

dy—which is a stream near the size of City Creek—is or can be made very productive. Bro. Andrew S. Gibbons, of St. Thomas, told me that he cut his lucerne seven times last year, and each time it was in blossom and some two feet high. St. Thomas has about forty-seven families. Overton about thirty, St. Joseph forty and West Point eighteen. Notwithstanding the restrictive measures of Congress, to which the entire people are taking decided exceptions, these one hundred and thirty-five families produced, in 1866, about one hundred children, as fine specimens of infantile humanity as can be anywhere found.

Much encouragement and good instruction were imparted to the Saints in that country by the Presidency and the brethren with them, whom the settlers were very much pleased to see, which was evidenced in their kind treatment of us, and their accompanying the party from place to place to obtain further instructions from our leaders. We returned from the Muddy by the desert route. Water for our animals for the first days' noon, was brought by citizens of West Point in barrels. The first night we camped in the Koquap Wash and were supplied with water from a "pocket" in which it lodged during the late rains. Next day we drove till late in the afternoon before we found another water "pocket," which was emptied long before the thirst of our animals was quenched. The place is called Cedar Ridge. We camped there the night and in the morning quitted the spot early and in a few hours reached another "pocket" the long and perpendicular rock-sided entrance to which was truly romantic. Thence to St. George was comparatively easy and the journey was soon ended.

On Saturday last we visited Santa Clara and held a religious and I might say political meeting. After the religious service, the citizens resolved themselves into a mass meeting to protest to the United States Senate against the passage of the Cullom bill. The people *en masse* are "up in arms" (in their intensest feelings), against this most unconstitutional and damnable measure. Similar meetings will no doubt be held all over the country. But for the very heavy dust storm yesterday at St. George, we would have had good meetings, as it was we were much edified and instructed by the short sermons given us by Presidents Young and Smith. To-day we had a splendid meeting at this place. The people everywhere feel remarkably well. Their confidence and faith in God are very strong. The unanimous feeling seems to be that the Lord is at the helm of the old ship Zion and that he will make the wrath of man to praise Him, over ruling every measure and movement for the good of His poor, humble, prayful, industrious, temperate and virtuous people, who have already suffered much and long at the hands of those who profess the religion of a meek and lowly Savior.

Respectfully etc.,

A. MILTON MUSSER.

Philadelphia has a novel will case. It appears that a man and his wife each made a will in favor of the other at the same time, but by some blunder the man signed his wife's will, and the wife signed her husband's. Not until after the death of the husband was the mistake discovered.

W. H. Hooper, H. S. Eldredge, L. S. Hims  
**HOOPER, ELDREDGE & Co.,**  
**BANKERS,**  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Gold Dust, Coin, Land Warrants and Exchange bought and sold. w13-tf

## NOTICE!

No. 187.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Cash entry No. 187, for the city of American Fork, embracing south half of section 14, south-west quarter of section 13, north-west quarter of section 24, north half of section 23, and the north-east quarter of section 22, township 5 south, range 1 east, has been suspended for further proof.

And this is to notify all claimants that on the 6th day of May, 1870, at 10 o'clock a.m., I will appear at the U. S. Land office, Salt Lake City, U. T., to make the proof required and show that I am entitled to have the entry of said land confirmed under the town site Act of March 2d, A.D. 1867, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants thereof, at which time and place any person or persons can appear and contest if they see proper.

L. E. HARRINGTON,

Mayor.

American Fork City, U. T., Mar. 30, 1870.

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