

CORRESPONDENCE.

Treasury Ladies, etc.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

We are now in the midst of a season of dinners, church festivals, matinees, private theatricals, and tableaux. In the Departments, the clerks work only in the forenoon, during the holidays, and in the afternoon the streets present a gay and animated appearance, for the young ladies of the Departments are out, arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon or the lilies, in bewitching pull-backs, rouge, pearl powder, dark eye-brows, and underscored eye-lashes, bent, like Tamara, on conquest. They move down Pennsylvania Avenue usually in pairs. From the Treasury Department to the Capitol, via the Avenue, is a measured mile, but only a portion of this distance is fashionable for promenading. Our Treasury beauty husbands her munitions until she reaches Thirteenth Street; here she is truly formidable, and members of Congress, or attaches of foreign legations, to say nothing of our famished army officers, from the western border, who are able to pass her without one long lingering look, deserve a certificate from a returning board composed of such anchorites as Plato and Stoicus. But let us now as is the fashion, lightly accuse her of levity, merely because, like all her sex, she is anxious to see and be seen. The average Treasury girl, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is no more brazen than the daughters of members, senators, generals, admirals, cabinet or foreign ministers, whom she meets on the avenue, and frequently eclipses in dress and beauty. She is, in short, no better nor worse than the sex which is a little lower, but much more interesting, than the angels. These are the virgin ladies that first touch the dainty notes, or the dainty ladies who first touch the virgin notes, when they are as fresh as unlicked postage stamps, and before they have become acquainted with the vicissitudes of life in exchange for gin, sardines, and chewing gum. Bear in mind that I am writing just now about fractional currency, not the ladies, whom we have left to their devices on the avenue. It is difficult to follow them. I know from experience. A man objected to a turkey because it was rather too large a meal for one person, but not enough for two; so with the gait of these ladies, it is rather too rapid for a fat man, but a little too slow for a lean one. This necessitates, in the interest of flirtation, frequent stoppages, and intense scrutiny of the shop windows as they pass and repass each other. But it is growing late and the Avenue is partially deserted, the fair denizens of the departments have retreated to their boarding houses; some of them will reappear soon at the theatre, others will go to the dancing club, literary society or church, according to their predilections; but the larger number of them will remain at home solitary, or to receive the visits of disreputable U. S. senators or honest livery stable clerks, as the case may be. "Such is life." It is a happy though precarious existence. Independence is no less sweet to women than to men. The sense of being able to pay for one's bread and busbies without the humiliation of asking husband or father for the money, is deliciously exhilarating. Nevertheless they will surrender their independence on provocation, at least they submit to the form and ceremony. They are not averse to marriage, and they make famous wives, but this is only a truism, applicable to the sex; "famous" is intentionally broad and non-specific. Some of them marry senators and members of Congress, and some of them do not. Occasionally one rakes in an attaché, who may be a count, or baron; a title which can usually be translated by the American synonym "dead-beat." Senator Christianity of Michigan, it will be remembered married a buxom young counter of fractional currency, and the old man's darling arose to take her stand among the highest of the land; the peer of cabinet ladies, with true feminine instinct, cutting her former associates. This winter Mrs. Christianity remains in Michigan, and the old senator paces the room of his boarding-house alone. C.

Travelling—Preaching—Meetings—Condition of Christendom—St. Louis—Pioneering—Men's Hearts Failing Them—Increase of Members—Conference and Organization, etc.

CANTON, Ill., Jan. 3, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

Since I left home with the missionaries on the 15th of November last to resume my labors in the western states, I have been very busily engaged in travelling, preaching, and arranging for the Elders called to labor with me in the St. Louis district. Thus far the Elders I have heard from report favorably, as having had openings to preach the gospel, and their meetings have been well attended. I feel sanguine that we shall do a good work in our field of labor. Elder C. F. Middleton is appointed to take charge of the Elders laboring in Illinois. Elder W. W. Jackson takes charge of Missouri, and Elder John Cook of the State of Ohio. Indiana I have not heard from as yet. The spirit of the Lord will point out the right man to take the lead in that State.

So far as I have got acquainted with the Elders appointed to labor with me, I find them to be men of God, with the armor of Christ upon them, and ready and willing to labor in the ministry where duty calls them.

"We have no cowards in our band," nor have we anything to fear. We have the truth to combat error, and to guide us in the path of duty in the midst of a dark, benighted land. We have the holy priesthood and the spirit and power of God to aid us in preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to a people who have only the form of godliness, denying the power of God. We have the holy order of matrimony, the celestial law, the everlasting covenant, which makes the family tie eternal and woman honorable and binds man to his God. While the so-called Christian world profess to be the children of Abraham by adoption, they repudiate the patriarchal order of marriage, and foster the soul-destroying evil of seduction, by admitting to the bosom of their church the seducer, while thousands of his victims, robbed of innocence and virtue, are cast away in their sins, unfit for the society of earth or heaven. Such is Christendom.

We have nothing to fear but the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who can not look upon sin with any degree of allowance.

There are two branches of the church in our district. Elder Andrew Burman presides over the branch in St. Louis, which numbers thirty-five members, including five elders, one teacher and a deacon.

The Saints of St. Louis are very much scattered in their places of abode, but the spirit of gathering to meeting is growing upon them of late. President Burman is leading out in this matter, and the Saints under his watch-care are enjoying the spirit of the gospel, which is the spirit of gathering, not only to meeting, but to the home of the saints, where we can be more fully taught of God's ways and learn to walk in his paths.

Elder Jackson will remain in St. Louis this winter, assist Brother Burman in my absence, and deliver a course of lectures to the people of this great city, that they may have another opportunity of hearing the gospel.

I am out pioneering the way for the elders laboring with me, and several new fields of labor have been opened by the blessing of God, who sends his angels before us to prepare the hearts of the honest to receive the message of salvation that we bear.

Everywhere we find men's hearts failing them for fear the dread storm-cloud that hangs over the nation should burst and break to pieces the United States beyond the hope of reconstruction. "The stone which the builders rejected shall become the head of the corner." When the wicked are cut off, all nations shall see it and the saints at home and abroad, who have their lamps trimmed and burning, are gathering to holy places, there to stand until the indignation of heaven is past.

Elder David Williams presides over the branch here in Canton, Fulton County, Illinois. He is alive in the work of the Lord, on the watch-tower, doing all he can to spread the gospel and save souls.

Last year at this time there was not a Latter-day Saint in this

place that we knew of. Now we have between thirty and forty members, including six Elders, two priests, two teachers and a deacon. All are alive to their duties.

Last Sunday we held a conference here to transact some church business. Elder C. F. Middleton was installed President of the Illinois Conference. We organized a Sunday School, with President Williams as superintendent, also a young people's mutual improvement society, with Brother Gomer Griffith as President, William F. Williams as Vice President, and David J. Williams as Secretary.

Last but not least we organized a Relief Society with Sister Sarah Williams as President, and Sister Elizabeth Emanuel and Emily S. Williams as her counsellors. Sister Emily S. Williams was appointed Secretary, and Ellen Vaughan Treasurer. The sisters of this branch had a temporary organization before our arrival and wanted to be properly organized, so that they could be one with their sisters in Zion, who are a power in the kingdom for good. They sanctify the young, solace the old and afflicted, administer to the widow and the fatherless, and thus prove mothers in Israel in deed and in truth.

By the help of the Lord and our brethren and sisters, the good work is started in our field of labor and we desire the help of all who can be called Saints to assist in the salvation of souls, that we may secure our own salvation and escape the judgments about to be poured out on this wicked nation.

We have the prayers of the Saints in Zion, and the help of Israel's God, and there is nothing to fear. Come, brethren, be faithful, the victory is ours.

Elders C. F. Middleton, N. V. Jones, and Samuel R. Bennion are with me and are well. We wish to be kindly remembered to the priesthood, yourself and all inquiring friends.

Believe me as ever truly your fellow laborer in the work of God.

DAVID M. STUART.

A Good Man Gone.

PARIS, January 4, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

On the first day of the new year, 1877, while joy and happiness are supposed to pervade the homes and domiciles of all, our little town was most unexpectedly called to lament the loss of one of its most useful members, Bro. William Broomhead, who, after an illness of but one short week, was changed from an apparent state of perfect health and strength to the lowly condition of death; which has had the effect of measurably turning our usual lively holiday frolics into a scene of lamentation and mourning.

Bro. Broomhead, though not the first, was an early settler in Bear Lake Valley, and has been identified with every church measure, having for its object the benefit of his brethren and his race, and was never known to be derelict or wanting in his labors or integrity for the truth. A carpenter by trade, the fine residences, store and other public and private enterprises in Paris will bear witness of his skill and industrious life. His energy seemed devoted not so much to the enriching of himself as the building up and adornment of his adopted Zion, and though a hard and incessant daily worker, commanding good wages, the poverty in which he left the world showed his labor was not one of those whose thoughts were on the mammon of unrighteousness.

His funeral was attended by almost the entire town, conspicuous amongst which were the Sunday school children, whose tears manifested their appreciation for their head and preceptor; nor was this feeling alone confined to the children, but all, both young and old, joined the bereaved family in their heartfelt sobs of grief at the loss of a good citizen, a true friend, affectionate husband and father, a useful and ornamental member of society, and a true Latter-day Saint.

His remains were accompanied to the grave by about thirty vehicles, and every respect that could be rendered to mortal was given to Elder William Broomhead. May his rest be in peace and his resurrection glorious with the saints and the faithful, whose cause he espoused and maintained while on earth.

Bro. Broomhead leaves a large family, but they are left among friends, and his soul rests in peace.

J. C. RICH.

The Spencer Family.

SALT LAKE CITY,
Jan. 8, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

Hon. Hyrum Spencer of Berkshire Co., Mass., embraced the gospel in his native town of West Stockbridge in 1839, and nobly faced social, political and religious ostracism in its fullest extent to honor the testimonies of the Spirit of God inspiring his conscience. He was a brother of Daniel and Orson Spencer, well known among this community, a man of great physical power, and as void of fear as men are made.

Many interesting incidents of his life might be named, that made him popular among the good and respected by all classes. The day that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were martyred he was on his farm, six miles east of Nauvoo, and was so influenced that he could not work, and he three times saddled his horse to go to Carthage, but rebuked himself for nervousness.

Before he embraced the gospel in 1838 he was shown, while cutting wood on his farm, the southern rebellion, and the other dismemberment, more terrible in its results, and was in vision over seven hours. From that time he testified to the truth of the Latter-day work, and finally embraced it and moved to Nauvoo. He was among the first in the memorable exodus of the winter of 1846 from that devoted city, sparing no labor for the comfort of his motherless children and the assistance of others. He had previously endured a severe affliction in the loss of the wife of his youth. His whole energies seemed concentrated for the benefit of the entire camp in which he traveled.

The writer well recalls the exposures and labor that he passed through in the snows, rains, and mud of that memorable journey, arriving at Garden Grove in the evening. The next morning he started back to Nauvoo (the journey to Garden Grove had worn nearly everybody out that would be worn), to try and get something for the valuable farms and city property from which his brothers and himself had been driven. He rode fourteen days on horseback, through that then wilderness country, inhabited only by Indians. Not one twenty-four hours of the journey but what it rained. Arriving in Nauvoo, he disposed of one farm for one hundred and ten head of cattle and some wagons to a citizen at Alton. A mob resident of Nauvoo, hearing this, procured writs of attachment to stop the stock, until the second mob could arrive in Nauvoo, and give him a confiscation benefit, although at the time this man Ted owed the Spencers seventeen hundred dollars. Here was an issue which with the large families of the three brothers in the wilderness, plundered and measurably destitute, required tact and nerve.

Through an honorable Gentle, Ted was made to believe that on a certain day the stock would cross the Mississippi at Hannibal, forty miles south of Nauvoo, and he was there with sheriff and posse. That same day the stock crossed sixty miles above Nauvoo, and it was a race (from that to the first "Mormon" camp) of what might be starvation and nakedness for the women and children in the wilderness, or comparative comfort. Six days and a half, and six nights, in the heat and flies of early August, were these cattle driven and guarded by him, and his nephew Claudius, with only six hours' sleep, except on horseback. The strain was too much; he rode his horse till 4 o'clock on the afternoon of his death, when his nephew, seeing him reel, rode to his side, asking him what was the matter? The reply was, "Not much, only I cannot last through; help me down and I will die here." That night, at 11 o'clock, his labors were ended, and he lay, with the peaceful smile of a child, a few feet from the trail, with only one relative to hear his last words, to witness the heroism of a voluntary martyr's death. There was not a groan or a murmur. "Say to my family, Live and die in this work. Take Daniel's [his brother's] counsel." He was buried at Pisgah. He left eight children by the wife of his youth, and two by his then living wife, formerly Miss Emily Thompson, whom he married in Nauvoo (Edwin E. and Francis Spencer). She was left a widow in Winter Quarters in 1846, and was married, according to the old Jewish custom,

to her husband's brother, Daniel Spencer.

The peculiar unity of the Spencer brothers and their proved faithfulness to the work have been clouded by a deep regret in the hearts of the family circle that this lady so married should in a suit at law have permitted the question of illegitimacy and disinheritance of some thirteen of her last husband's children to besprung, children of wives married to him for time and eternity, while her contract, performed by the same authority, was only for time. The writer of this is an old acquaintance and an equal friend of all the family, and is authorized to state that many of the relatives have no countenance or sympathy with the late action in court.

EQUITY.

Williamsburg—Preaching and Counseling—Nyack—Haverstraw—New Jersey—Passaic—New Village—Rockwell Centre—Brooklyn—Newark—Paterson—The Elders.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1876.

President John Taylor:

Dear Brother—I arrived in New York, accompanied by Elder John Midgley, on the 20th of November, after a pleasant trip of five days and nights, since which time we have been engaged in visiting Saints and friends.

I called to see Bro. Henry Bywater, of the Williamsburg branch, who received me kindly and entertained me as a servant of the Lord. I visited the branch and preached to them upon the principles of the kingdom of God. The branch is small, most of them having gathered up to Utah. They enjoy a good spirit and appear to live their religion. Bro. Bywater, their President, appears to be a wise man, and has the confidence of the people. I have met with them three times since my arrival and talked with them, and have met them in council twice. We are trying to adopt means to bring "Mormonism" before the public by signs and handbills, that we may bring our mission before the people and represent ourselves.

I took the cars to Nyack, N. Y., soon after our arrival at this place, and visited a brother by the name of Wadsworth, whom I baptised at Haverstraw some twenty years ago. He is full of integrity and intends gathering with the Saints as soon as he can sell his property.

From there we went to Haverstraw and visited many friends, who all received me kindly, and several wished me to go and spend more time with them. Some wished to know if I still preached "Mormonism," and would like to hear me again. Some want to have more talk with me, &c. I promised them all an opportunity, if they would furnish me a room, when I visited them again.

From there I made a tour through New Jersey, visited a sister and brothers of Mr. G. J. Taylor. I found them all well and enjoying the comforts of this life. On Thanksgiving Day I accompanied them to hear a historical lecture, suited to the centennial year, which was very good, take it as a whole. They could not leave "Mormonism" alone—it was brought in juxtaposition with Aristotle. They received me well and treated me kindly, took me around to see the country and its surroundings. I visited a rolling mill, where they cast, rolled and tempered brass, copper, and silver, rolling it for coins of various kinds, and for other mechanical purposes.

I left the following morning for Passaic, and from there to Patterson, where I found some saints who were in a disorganized condition. I visited and talked with them, after which they began to feel better, and I promised, if they could get a room at any place to meet in, that I would visit them again and organize them.

I returned to New York, met with the saints in council and went from there to meeting, where I spoke to them upon the principles of the kingdom.

On the following day we left for New Village on the Long Island Railway, visited some saints, and held converse with some enquirers who had become disgusted with the political and religious world. I conversed with them upon the rise and doctrines of the church. They listened attentively for some hours and expressed a desire to hear more concerning it. I promised them a visit again in a short time.

I visited some who had previously been in the church, talked with