

THE MANTI TEMPLE.

DEDICATORY CEREMONIES.

We have received by telegraph, further particulars of the ceremonies at the laying of the corner stones of the Manti Temple, as follows:

MANTI, April 14.

At about 11.30 a. m. to-day, a vast number of people assembled near the Temple site and formed into procession in the following order: Nephi Brass Band, Quorum of the Twelve, Patriarchs, Presidents of Stakes, High Council, Seventies, High Priests, Elders, Presiding Bishops and Counselors, Bishops and Counselors, Lesser Priesthood, Mayor of Manti City and Council, Judge and County Officers, Ladies of Relief Societies, Superintendent, Teachers and Sunday Schools, Manti Choir and Manti Martial Band.

Marshal of the day, General W. S. Snow.

They then marched up to the Temple site to the southeast corner. President Taylor called the congregation to order. Opening prayer offered by Apostle Rich. Oration by Apostle E. Snow.

Master Mason E. L. Parry and Architect W. H. Folsom laid the chief corner stone. President Taylor pronounced it properly laid, Apostle Lorenzo Snow offered the dedicatory prayer. Bishop Hunter laid the southwest corner stone and Bishop Hardy pronounced the dedicatory prayer. F. W. Cox, President of the High Priests' Quorum of the Sanpete Stake, laid the northwest corner and President Peterson offered the dedicatory prayer. H. S. Eldredge, of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies, laid the northeast corner, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by John Van Cott.

The ceremonies lasted about two hours, after which the congregation was addressed by Apostles F. D. Richards, B. Young, J. F. Smith, A. Carrington, Moses Thatcher and President Taylor.

Benediction by Bishop Hunter.

The Manti choir and the Nephi brass band rendered singing and music for the occasion. No accidents happened. Between three and four thousand people were present. Showers of rain fell before and after the exercises. Harmony and good will prevailed. The stars and stripes were unfurled to the breeze upon the site and elsewhere.

THE NEW TABERNAACLE.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, SUGGESTIONS, ETC.

SALT LAKE CITY,
April 15, 1879.

Editors Deseret News:

Knowing the interest you take in everything that tends to beautify and adorn our lovely city, we make free to ask permission for a brief space in your valuable paper for the insertion of a few remarks pertaining to the Tabernacle now in course of erection.

Such a building is necessarily costly, and although apportionments have been made for each ward in this Stake of Zion, to furnish us their quota of means, and a strenuous effort made by the various bishops to raise the same, it does not come in as fast as we need it for material and labor. It is true we have received during the past year between one and two thousand dollars, proceeds from the gratuitous performances of both vocal, instrumental and theatrical performers, including the labors of the Tabernacle Choir, led by Professor Geo. Careless; the Thespian Association, of the 21st Ward; the Union Glee Club, &c., &c., and yesterday we received \$59.05 from Bishop O. F. Whitney, as the net proceeds of the "Operetta" recently given in the Social Hall, by the 18th Ward Sunday School children.

To all and every one of the above, and others not herein enumerated, we return our grateful acknowledgments, not forgetting the prompt and cheerful response of President John Taylor in the gratuitous use of the Theatre.

The building, however, is not yet finished (although much needed), and all that now remains to be done is for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" by the members of this Stake of Zion, and we will soon have the pleasure of enjoying the most comfortable building in Utah Territory, and one

which every one will feel proud in having assisted in its erection.

A call is now made upon the Stake for \$3,000 in cash, for the liquidation of debts now due and pressing upon us for payment, besides \$3,000 more that is needed in material for the completion of the building, and any efforts that can be suggested by our musical or theatrical friends, with a view of meeting these requirements, and avoiding as much as possible the necessity for the Bishops to make direct appeals in their respective wards, (which is very averse to their feelings) will not only be appreciated by the general public, but particularly grateful to your humble servants,

THOMAS TAYLOR,
HENRY GROW,
EDWARD BRAIN,
WILLIAM ASPER,
GEORGE GODDARD,
Committee.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN A TELEPHONE OFFICE.

SERMON AND MUSIC DISTINCTLY HEARD—THE FIRST BATTERY INTRODUCED INTO A CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY.

[Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.]

There were 12 of us assembled in the Central Telephone Office yesterday morning, at the invitation of the genial manager, Mr. Glidden. We went there with the express purpose of hearing religious services—per telephone—and never did services pass off more quickly and pleasantly. The office was connected with the Freewill Baptist church, where one of Prof. Bell's transmitting batteries had been arranged out of sight behind the pulpit, and the minister and the choir and the congregation preached and sang and read the responses seemingly for our special benefit. The minister and the choir were aware of their unseen listeners, but the congregation was entirely oblivious of an outside congregation. The services commenced on time. We know that, for we were a trifle late. The organ voluntary of Mr. George E. Metcalf rang out clear and sweet, then the grand old Doxology, by choir and congregation, was sung with the zeal of an interested congregation. Every word of the invocation, even the lowest spoken words, came to us in the central office with great distinctness, and, in the anthem which followed, Mrs. Thompson's rich soprano and the mellow contralto of Mrs. Harriman, were of richest sweetness, though the choir were full seventy-five feet away from the battery! The softest notes of the organ were heard by all. Probably no preacher in the city had a more devout or more interested congregation than Rev. Mr. Porter's central office hearers, but we couldn't help smiling audibly more than once in the "long prayer" when some irreverent one broke the train of thought of the prayer, to us, by calling, "Mr. Glidden, look here! who's that talking?" and "Where is he any way?" "Now, John," shouts Manager Glidden, "if you don't stop talking I shall have to cut you off. Listen, but don't say a word." And just then a ringing laugh was heard over the wire, and in a second a rather meek voice called out for other information. Manager Glidden, a trifle provoked, said, in a sort of mental way, "That's a woman again!" when he knew all our other interruptions came from John and his kind. But the interruptions were very few. The scripture reading by minister and congregation was distinguished word for word, and then came the voice of the minister, "We will sing the 428th hymn, omitting the third verse," and after a brief interlude by the organist, the voices of the congregation came to us in pleasing melody. After reading a batch of notices, the text was announced as a portion of Matthew xvi, 3: "But can you not discern the signs of the times?" It was a discourse written evidently for the occasion, and went to establish the truth proclaimed by Sir Brewster that "science ever has been and ever must be the safeguard of religion." What science had already accomplished for the world and what religion owed to it were dwelt upon with peculiar force. Before concluding he spoke of some of the wonderful inventions of the day, and made special reference to the phonograph and telephone. During the discourse we had the

least possible difficulty in distinguishing the remarks of the preacher when his earnestness in his subject impelled him to emphatic sentences. The moderate tones were all plainly heard. We heard the concluding organ selection as the congregation passed out, and caught the muffled monotonous tones of the retiring worshippers. Mr. Cardell called the Sunday school to order, the children sang "Hold the Fort," and after a brief lull Deacon L. G. Howe was presented by Superintendent Cardell with a basket of finely arranged wax flowers, the gift of his Sunday school class. The response was not heard, if any was made. In the afternoon the church choir sang many of their best selections to Foxboro', by way of Boston (distance 60 miles), and the choir there responded. Altogether it was a wonderful performance.

When Professor Bell introduced his telephone it was laughingly said that people need not go to church; they could take in the services at their own homes. That is now an accomplished fact, for many heard the services yesterday by their own telephones at home quite as distinctly as though they were at church. What convenience the invention can be made to serve in the near future. Think of the enjoyment to be derived in this way by those fashionable Flora McFlimseys who "have nothing to wear," or those others whom the dilatory milliners have cheated out of new bonnets for Sunday, or those who are belated for church by refractory back hair or curls that absolutely refuse to stay where put! Think of the boon this invention may prove to the tired newspaper man who, assigned to take services at a certain church, simply turns on his wire connection with said church, and after taking the desired notes, falls off again to refreshing slumber! Truly, "wonders will never cease."

It is a matter of some local pride that the battery introduced into the Freewill Baptist church yesterday was the first put into a church in this country. The credit of this belongs to the enterprise of Manager Glidden, of this city, whose efforts were seconded by Mr. Cardell, of the Paige Street church.

UTAH AND THE TERRITORIES.

The semi-weekly *Idahoan*, of April 12th, has the following:

The republican press of the country are just now striving to create a sensation by discussing the proposition of dividing Utah up, and giving a portion of it to the surrounding territories. They speak of that Territory very much as they would of an apple; one is ready, with knife in hand, to divide it into quarters, while another objects, and says he don't like apples, while a third chips in and says, "you must swallow it as you would a dose of pills, as this is the only way to keep the apple from spoiling; while the fourth individual swells out with wisdom, and says, Woe to the party who ventures to say the apple shall not be cut up, fed to the hogs, squeezed into cider, allowed to sour and be used as vinegar or anything else we may choose to make of the thing to prevent it from rotting and filling the air with pestilential perfumes. Thus the discussion goes on, and the people of the country are treated week, after week, with learned comments on the probable course of the democratic party in this matter. Week after week we are warned that something terrible is just on the eve of being accomplished. Now, just to quiet the nerves of the dear people, we propose to examine the matter a little and see how it stands:

In the first place, we find a population of near 150,000 people living, who have peculiar religious views. Utah being the nucleus or head of the institution. They have been organized into a Territory, and have been moving along in this condition for years. During all this time the Government has been aware of their peculiar doctrines and practices. A portion of this time the administration has been Democratic, and quite a large portion, it has been almost entirely in the hands of the Republicans, and yet nothing has been done by either party that has very seriously interfered with the doctrines or the practices of this people. Why? Simply because the Constitution of the United States says "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or pro-

hibiting the free exercise thereof." In fact, "freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of conscience," has been the boast of the American people so long that the party who sees fit to attack either one of these bulwarks of American liberty, must have a great deal of evidence to prove the righteousness of its cause, or the people, (ever jealous of any encroachment upon their liberties) would soon give them to understand that such proceedings would not be tolerated. The Mormons claiming polygamy as a part of their religious creed, have stood behind this clause of the Constitution, and it has been very difficult for their bitter enemies to either drive them from their bulwark or to tear it away from before them. It is folly to say that one political party is more ready to attempt a reform on purely moral grounds than the other.

There are very few who would be shallow enough to believe any such assertion. The republican party has had sufficient numerical strength most of the time for the last sixteen years to have passed and executed any law they pleased on the subject, but they have been content with passing a law and leaving it a dead letter on the statute books for 16 years. If either party is to be blamed for the present state of affairs it is certainly the republican party. If congress has a constitutional right to interfere with the Mormon doctrine of polygamy, and suppress its practices, why have they trifled away their time in blowing over the affair for the last sixteen years; and why now try to make capital out of the supposed want of hostile action on the part of the democratic party? We are satisfied that nine-tenths of the American people look upon the doctrine and practice of polygamy with abhorrence, and would be willing to see anything done that was legal and constitutional to prevent it being practiced. With this state of affairs, it is impossible for either party to pass any measure that would tend to advance its interests. Hence, all that talk about admitting Utah as a State with a constitution favoring polygamy, is folly, and the fear of the Territory being divided and parceled out to the surrounding territories is bosh; it would be a thing unheard of in the past history of our government. In the first place it is contrary to the genius of our government to do so against the will of 150,000 people. The United States government does not dispose of such a mass of people as if they were mere cattle, and there is no doubt but that the Mormons would be almost a unit against such a move. Hence, it is folly for us to get into a quarrel about who will take a portion of the Territory and who will not. This whole matter will regulate itself as the "succeeding wave" moves on. It is folly for the Republicans to strive to make capital out of the Mormon question, as we have to much proof of their willingness to receive their political support and grant them in return anything they could ask as compensation.

ONE AGAINST THREE.

AN EPISODE IN THE BOSNIAN WAR.

It happened in the valley of the Sprecha, between Dolnja Tuzla and Hau-Pirkovac. On the road and on both sides, a furious conflict was going on, which spread itself by degrees into the neighboring forest, whither the retreating Turks were hotly pursued by our men.

After an hour's skirmish I suddenly remarked that I and a handful of brave fellows had separated ourselves from the rest, and although we heard the sound of distant firing, we had entirely lost sight of our company and of the Turks, with the exception of those directly ahead of us. Here we were, about 15 men against nearly 20 Turks! My friend P— called to me suddenly, in the thickest of the fight, to withdraw my men, as the Turks were in the majority, and we had gone too far from our center. "A little while longer," I shouted, "and perhaps we shall receive help." The firing continued with the greatest rapidity; the balls struck the trunks of the trees, or flew hissing through the branches, which fell to the ground. Suddenly, as if by agreement, the firing ceased; the ammunition on both sides was exhausted. We faced each other with unloaded fire arms.

No sooner did the Turks see that

we, too, were without ammunition, than they sprang from behind the trees and fell upon us like wild beasts, shouting "Allah!" The foremost of our men beat down the cimeters they brandished, with their bayonets; those in the rear began to run away. "Back, back!" I cried to my men. Those who remained surrounded me, and we retired as well as we could, facing the enemy when they approached too near. Soon one and then another of our company fell. But then came misfortune. The wood suddenly brought us to a steep precipice from which there was no escape. Here the Turks reached us. Their cimeters came down upon us like hail. Our square of glittering bayonets defended us well enough while the Turks, dispersing themselves like a swarm of wasps, attacked us one by one.

Fighting with the courage of despair, we mounted again slowly, but the Turks pressed on us with such fury that we felt it was all over about ten minutes only five of our men remained to face seven strong Turks! "Brothers, let us die gloriously; there is no help for us," I cried, and threw myself, sword in hand, against my nearest opponent. My companions followed my example. Then ensued a short, but terrible struggle. How it happened that I found myself, all of a sudden, fighting three Turks, I don't know; and I canna' remember where and how my friend was killed. I only know that I ran—as fast as I could—knowing that cold death, in the form of three sharp cimeters, was behind me. When the Turks reached me I knew they would cut me into a hundred pieces. I wondered that, running as furiously, I had time to repent having left our troops so far behind, that I had spent the last charge from my revolver. What was a sword against three cimeters? As razors? My head swam, my heart felt as if it would burst! Look! A help from God! Not far from me was an officer, with his head leaning against the trunk of a tree, mortally wounded, dying, but near him was my life, my only help—a revolver! In a moment it was in my hands, and I had taken up my position behind a tree. The revolver had six barrels, and was charged with four barrels.

Suddenly the three Turks faced me with their menacing blades between me and them and was on the small trunk of a beech-tree which was our mutual shield. Bang! went my revolver, and the nearest Turk rolled backward on the grass. Bang! again, and the second Turk, who was trying to get behind me, uttered a wild cry. At this moment the third Turk, seeing him under the arm with his left hand, drew him, with heroic strength, before him as a shield, and covered in this way approached me with uplifted cimeter. My strength was almost exhausted. For the third time I fired, but the contents instead of entering the body of my antagonist lodged themselves in that shield-Turk. "You are lost," I thought to myself; and springing from behind the tree, which had happily protected me until now, ran a few steps farther, hoping to induce the Turk to throw away his shield, as I dared not spend my charge on chance. So it happened. The Turk ran after me with the ferocity of a wolf. But I was already behind a tree and for the fourth time I fired. With eyes starting out of his head, my deadly enemy staggered, the cimeter fell from his hand; he sank with a slight groan to the earth.

I turned away with the reflection "Where am I now?" "In the east," was the answer. "Am I from my company?" "Heaven knows." How I got rid of my enemies I have related, but I was yet out of danger.

Standing in the fathomless fog I did not know if I were nearest my companions or those dread bloodhounds who, if they met, would hew me to pieces with their swooping blades.

Meanwhile the sun began to set and it became darker and darker the forest. An oppressive silence reigned on all sides; not a bird stirred—no sound of bird or animal. It was quite impossible to find a way in such a place. Vainly I took out my compass and tried to adjust it to our position; I put it back in my pocket no wiser than I was before. Nothing but some happy chance could bring me again to the right track.

Commending my soul to the Creator, I turned towards the