

Correspondence.

The International Regatta—The Exhibition—The Cattle Fair.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1876.

Editor Desert News:

The centre of interest this week has shifted from the Centennial grounds to the Schuylkill. The International Regatta has, for the moment, attracted greater attention than the International Exhibition. The river banks have for three days been covered with immense crowds of people, and great enthusiasm has been manifested. The grand stand has always been filled with its complement of occupants, the river stands have been densely crowded. While the banks and receding grassy hills have been frequently so covered that nothing but a sea of human heads could be seen. All this excitement about a mere boat race, can be likened to nothing but "Ocean into tempest tossed to waft a feather or to drown a fly."

The interest of the race on Tuesday was to a large extent monopolized by the London and Yale crews; the contest between them was very sharp, and the result, to the last moment, doubtful. The foreigners won by only a few feet, and less than a quarter of a second in time. The victory of the Albany crew over the winners of the before mentioned race seems to have surprised everybody as well as the winners themselves. It was the most exciting of the three days' races. In a mile and a half struggle, the Beaverwycks, as the Albany club is called, won by only a few inches, and the spectators, without the decision of the umpire, would not have known which was the victor. No more exciting races have ever occurred on American waters, and to be defeated after such a sharp contest, and by so few inches as were the Yale four on Tuesday, and the Londoners on Wednesday, is almost as glorious as to win.

In spite of rivalry on the Schuylkill, or, perhaps, because of the large number that have been attracted to the city by the races, the Exhibition has this week had an unusually large attendance, and reasonable hopes are entertained that from this time until the tenth of November the crowds will continue to increase. On last Saturday, under the 25 cents admission experiment, and favored by a remarkably fine day, the largest number that has ever at one time been upon the grounds was registered by the turnstiles. On the tenth of May, at the opening, there were between 70,000 and 80,000 persons present, but there had not been so large a number on any day since, until last Saturday 107,680 persons entered the gates, and of this number 97,127 paid the admission fee. The success of the reduced admission rate is fully established; not only does it bring more money to the treasury of the commission, but, what is of infinitely greater importance, it enables a much larger number to be brought under the educating influence of the great museum. The commission have designated Saturday, the 2d of September, and the following Saturday as half-price days, and there is reason to believe that the crowd then will be larger even than that of last Saturday. During this week the daily cash receipts have averaged over \$20,000, which is more than double the average of earlier days of the Exhibition. Not only is the financial outlook more encouraging for the commission, but the restaurants and booths inside the grounds are doing a much better business than they have done at any previous time. The class that is visiting the fair now has more money than the school teachers and students who come in June, July, and the earlier part of August. They are composed largely of those who were able to leave the cities during the heated term, and they will now see the show under more favorable conditions than if they had come earlier. For nearly three months after the 10th of May the work of construction and demolition was still going on, and the entire management was raw and undisciplined. The attendants, far from being able to direct and assist visitors, did not know their own places. Now the Exposition is mature, and almost perfect in all its departments.

The live stock show will be one of great interest and will attract a class who have been waiting to see

the animals. The admission fee to this exhibition will be twenty-five cents, United States note or silver piece, or, for two admissions, fifty cents. Each exhibitor in this department will be entitled to a free pass, which will also admit him to the main exhibition. All holders of press or complimentary tickets to the main exhibition will have free admission to the animal fair.

C.

Grasshoppers—The Heat—"Mormons"—Indians—Chinese—Popular Impulse—Premonition of Evil—General Instability, etc.

COUNCIL BLUFFS,

Iowa, Sept. 1st, 1876.

Editor Desert News:

The country is swarming with grasshoppers. While the present damage is considerable, the people manifest the most uneasiness over the prospects for the coming year.

The heat has been excessive for some time, and peculiarly so the past week. There is an oppressive closeness in the air which I do not recollect having experienced in Utah.

In a former letter I spoke of some of the legitimate results to this nation of the "Mormon" persecutions. They have left their impress and the results cannot be ignored. They have become historical facts and God and posterity will do the actors justice.

They are outcroppings of the barbarism of the middle ages under the refinements of modern civilization. They have no modern parallel, but the nearest approach to one is the hereditary hatred of the Crescent to the Cross, resulting in the massacre of Christians under the semi-barbarism of Turkish misrule.

It is significant that just now, as the fulness of the gospel is going to the Lamanites, there is a slight spasmodic feeling manifested in this nation that a policy should be inaugurated towards the red man having some of the ingredients of simple justice and honesty.

There is no probability however, that this feeble pulsation will develop anything to relieve the nation of any of the fearful responsibilities it is under to the Indian race. Too aggressive to protect where they have the power to oppress, too avaricious to be honest, they must have gold even at the price of blood.

It is remarkable what a deep interest the people of the Pacific coast have manifested in their own religious and moral condition since the agitation of the Chinese question. Under our free institutions, and the heretofore well known murkiness of the moral atmosphere of California cities there seems a bitter irony in making the paganism and immorality of the Chinese a plea for depriving them of the right of domicile and of the usual privileges granted to foreigners. They certainly have as much right to worship representatives of ideas in the form of images as the Roman Catholic has to reverence the Eucharist and bow down to the supposed relics of saints and martyrs.

It is evidently as much the privilege of either to worship any number of supposed embodiments of Deity as it is for others to have no God to worship. On the same principle it is as much the privilege of the "Mormon" to worship a God with all the attributes of perfected manhood, as it is for sectarian Christians to worship that omniscient, omnipresent, impersonal being which, under a variety of incarnations, has ever been a leading idea in most systems of heathen mythology.

In all Christian communities, at least, there should be laws providing for the punishment of licentiousness, and an honest judiciary, backed by public opinion, to enforce them. The cities of the Pacific coast lacking these, is strong evidence that the Chinese courtesan found there, from the first, a congenial element, and a profitable investment for her charms. The people of this great republic are becoming pretty well educated to the idea, that anything that results from popular impulses, no matter how inconsistent or unjust, is right.

I find a singular premonition among all classes of men in this country, of coming evil. I tell them privately and publicly that this is the surest possible indication of the coming strife in the political, social and religious elements of the country. As surely as the distant

thunder indicates the coming shower, so surely the irritating uneasiness of the elements, which impress the people with a fearful foreboding indicates the coming storm of calamity.

I believe that many thousands of people in the United States, outside of the Church, are impressed with the idea that Joseph Smith was a prophet, yet I have but little hope that many will accept the fact in the spirit and power of the gospel.

Change and instability are the great characteristics of the day. Outside of the few who have accepted the truth for the love of it, I think but few men can be found who will long think and act in concert, where there is no pecuniary interest concerned. Once a "Mormon," then an apostate, then a spiritualist, then — nothing, is the history of many. The inconsistencies of sectarian Christianity are in antagonism to the good sense of many reflecting persons, and millions forsake one system of errors to adopt another.

The political and religious ideas of a vast majority are capable of being greatly modified by pecuniary considerations. Money has more influence than consideration of equity and justice.

The people have no general, guiding, moral characteristics, and what they have are as fluctuating as a paper currency of doubtful value.

Money and the gratification of the passions are the main incentives to action. They mould the teachings of the sanctimonious divine, stimulate the efforts of the public speaker, legalize swindling in business transactions, and envelop the higher social and domestic relations of life in deception and fraud, corroding the issues of life and entailing physical weakness and intellectual imbecility on future generations.

While preaching the principles of truth among such elements is doubtless performing an important duty, even the diligent Elder can scarcely expect to do more than gather a few sheaves that will yield the full, plump grain of good works, when subjected to the tests of the threshing floor and the winnowing mill.

JAMES A. LITTLE.

Among the Boston Literati.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 5, 1876.

Editor Desert News:

I have been spending the last week in this city, the "hub of the universe," and Providence has opened up my way in a somewhat remarkable manner, so that I have enjoyed invaluable opportunities for observation and ascertaining what "high life" in the "modern Athens" really is.

On Tuesday last, August 31st, I received a very pressing invitation, through a physician whom I had previously met, to come to Boston and lecture before a kind of literary and debating society or club, of which he was a member. He represented the club to consist of well informed ladies and gentlemen, all freethinkers, and desirous of investigating every doctrine or system that claimed to be true. In fact, the purpose of such investigation was the principal motive of the organization of the club.

I accordingly met with the club in the evening. There were present from fifty to sixty ladies and gentlemen, to many of whom I was introduced. They were merchants, physicians, writers, literary men and women, several spiritual mediums, and ladies of good Boston society. During a conversation with several of the most prominent individuals present, previous to the opening of the meeting, I learned that the club, as a whole, had severed itself from all sects, creeds and parties, that its meetings were held for the purpose of discussing propositions of all kinds with a view to the discovery of truth, that as a whole the club was agreed in the opinion that modern so-called Christianity was a stupendous failure, that the monogamic system of marriage was perhaps equally as great a failure, that modern politics, political economy, systems of finance and social systems were all failures, wholly or in part, and that the want and absolute necessity of the age was a system of religion and government that would correct the great evils.

The meeting was held in a large elegant parlor, in an aristocratic mansion, and at eight o'clock the chairman called it to order and introduced me. I arose and delivered

an address of nearly two hours length, stopping occasionally to hear and answer questions, observations, and objections.

On closing my address they kept me standing before them, answering questions and meeting objections for an hour longer. I easily perceived myself to be among a congregation of trained debaters and discriminating critics.

Perfect harmony and a good spirit prevailed and I had the sympathy of the majority all the time, and by the power of the Holy Spirit I was enabled to meet every objection and answer every question successfully. At the close several physicians, ladies and gentlemen, left their cards with me, giving me cordial invitations to call upon them. Some of them were quite urgent. Among them was Mr. B., M. D., a metaphysical writer, and a contributor to a number of literary and scientific journals, an ex-editor, and a fine man, who pressed me to call upon him the following morning. I did so, and was by him introduced during the day to Mr. S., an editor, said to be one of the greatest living literary, dramatic and musical critics. With him I enjoyed a lengthy conversation, and as I unfolded to him one principle after another of our religion he was much interested, and several times exclaimed, "How beautiful!" "What a beautiful religion!" The principle that struck him most forcibly as being beautiful and grand was our philosophy regarding the origin and peopling of worlds.

On the same day Mr. B. introduced me to Rev. Mr. M., a minister who is rising rapidly to fame, and his Boston admirers claim that for eloquence he has no equal in the American pulpit. He preaches to an independent audience, and edits an independent, religious and family journal of great note in New England. He received me kindly, and I felt as though I was conversing with a whole audience while talking with him. He invited me to contribute a sketch of our history, etc., for his paper, but hinted that the article must not be in advocacy of our religion.

Leaving his office, Mr. B. led me to the offices of several noted individuals of upper "hub" society, and finally into the office of the leading organ of the Spiritualists in America. Mr. C., the editor-in-chief, was not in, but the sub-editor received me kindly, and after a long conversation, during which I presented some portions of our philosophy and theology, he invited me to set forth our views on certain points relative to our materialism, belief regarding the Holy Ghost, etc., for publication, which I have since done.

To-day I met Mr. C., one of the most prominent advocates of Spiritualism living. He received me very kindly, and cordially invited me to call again, and to contribute to his paper occasionally, upon topics concerning our people.

I am as much surprised as pleased at the various opportunities I have met for getting access to the higher circles of Boston society, for they are proverbially exclusive, but I have invariably found much less prejudice or more liberality upon subjects connected with our religion among such men as those I have named, than I had expected, but a false school of philosophy upon the marriage relation, the resurrection, and the condition of the human spirit in the next world, is spreading so rapidly among that class who are disposed to pay any attention to such things, that there is little prospect of the gospel spreading among them. I am much astonished to see how far the pernicious doctrines of the free-lovers have spread among the most intelligent ranks of Boston society, while some form or shade of belief in spiritualism is almost universal among all ranks that are not most strictly orthodox, and those ranks are very slim, and growing slimmer rapidly.

Your brother,
B. F. CUMMINGS, JR.

The Journey There—The Various Camps—Labor Done—Crops—Rainy Season—Climate—The Land—Good Ploughs—Mechanics Wanted.

SUNSET CAMP,
Little Colorado River,
Yavapai Co., Arizona,
Aug. 31, 1876.

Mr. Robert Mawson:

Dear Brother—It affords me pleasure to embrace the present op-

portunity of writing to you, a duty I have intended to perform long before this, but I, like the rest of us here, have been very busy. I felt anxious to learn all I could of the country and our surroundings, the nature of the soil, extent of the water, length of the seasons, etc. I will give you a few items of the journey, and dwell more particularly on matters here.

We left Salt Lake City February 5th, 1876, for Arizona. It being winter, as a matter of course the roads were covered to the depth of several inches with mud and slush, which made our start very unpleasant, being obliged to wade through it, owing to our having an ox team and a heavy load for the limited force of the same. My son and I could not, and did not, ride over an average of five miles out of each hundred the entire journey, and less at the beginning. My little girls and my wife also had to walk from the same reason, sometimes through mud and slush ankle deep, and often through deep snow for miles, and were thereby much exposed and suffered from frost and cold. While passing through the settlements I procured house-room for them at night, and we found the people very kind and seemed to want to help the mission along.

We made pretty good progress, and reached the Sevier River Feb. 15th, a distance of about twenty miles from Lavan. Here we had our first camp out, an event by us long to be remembered, owing to the extreme severity of the night. The river frozen over to the depth of twenty inches. The day previous had been very warm and had thawed the mud and snow on the bank; it was therefore very deep and of a sticky kind, and loaded on our feet as it froze so bad that it seemed to us as though our boots would pull in pieces as we walked around to chain our cattle to the wagon to feed them. The wind blew most piercingly and increased during the night, and it froze so bad that it injured the feet of some of our oxen. Our family, five in number, had to crowd into the wagon to keep them from freezing. You may guess our position was a very uncomfortable one, for a long night, and we could get no water for our stock until the next day about noon, when we arrived at Warm Creek, a distance of about eight miles. We then proceeded to Fort Gunnison, which we found to be a very pleasant place, and the snow was all gone (Feb. 18th). It certainly seemed as though Spring had arrived in that section of country. We had to stay there two days and a half on account of one of our oxen getting a foot frozen at the Sevier river, and when we did start it was certainly very painful to see the poor fellow limp.

We at length reached Pangwitch, where we obtained another yoke of oxen, which were a great help to us, and we considered ourselves in a good shape to cross the big divide (or the rim of the basin) that you have heard so much about. At Pangwitch we found the snow about a foot deep. It increased to two feet at Hatch's ranche (sixteen miles), and from there on it increased much faster.

On the evening of March 5th we reached Asa's ranche about 11 p.m. after a very laborious day's travel of only four miles, but the snow was so deep we could hardly dig our way through at all. Even then my wife and I had some toes frozen, and our son got his feet so badly frozen that it was a question for some days whether he would lose his feet or not, but thanks to our Heavenly Father and Bro. Asa's family for their kindness and diligence in applying what remedies they had at hand, which was scraped potatoes, changed every half hour whilst we remained there, his feet were saved, by the blessing of the Lord. In a few days, by hard labor and much perseverance on our part, accompanied by hard toils and suffering by our cattle, we reached the great divide with one wagon of the four which composed our little company. A heavy snow storm raging for over a week day and night rendered it necessary to take that wagon with all the passengers and cattle of the four to the nearest settlement (Glendale) to save life. In the course of a week, by the kind aid of Bishop Howard Spencer, of Orderville, I returned with a man, team, feed, &c., from there to Little's ranche for our wagon and one of the other two which we left there, belonging to F. Gray, of the 9th Ward, Salt Lake City. We