

Correspondence.

Some Washington Notorieties who are not in Congress.—Professional Women, Mrs. Lawyer Lockwood, and Dr. Mary Walker. A Persistent Parade of Semi-Male Attire.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 9th, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Much has been written about congressional stars, as well as about society queens, and lobby queens in Washington. Such are the wonderful facilities for the transmission of news and gossip, from the capital to the remotest town, that, for anyone to become famous or infamous in Washington, is to gain national distinction or notoriety. Who has not heard of Boss Shepard, Belva A. Lockwood and Dr. Mary Walker? If any one protests against the tripling of these names, I will say that it is only for the sake of argument. The great street grader, the fantastic female in pantaloons, and the woman lawyer, have nothing in common, except in the fact that they are conspicuous characters. The sketching of congressional stars, and telling the most trivial things about them has been a little overdone, and I propose to write about a few famous female personages, who are as consistent in their inconsistencies as Blaine, Bayard, Cox, or Butler.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, by her persistent knocking at the doors of Congress for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States, has become somewhat famous throughout the country. There is some difference of opinion as to her ability as a lawyer, but she is certainly a ready and effective speaker, excelling, perhaps like many lawyers, in what may be called sentimental law. She is shrewd and successful in the management of her cases, and whatever advantage she may take of the opposition, she is a little unique in that she has not been known to take advantage of her clients. The late bill which passed the House of Representatives, to permit female practitioners to appear at the bar of the Supreme Court, was for her benefit. She has at present two important cases pending before that court, which she is debarred from pleading on account of her sex. One of the cases is a Cherokee Indian claim involving \$3,000,000. The bill which passed the House in her favor has failed to pass the Senate, but not, it would seem, from opposition of that body, the learned judiciary committee of the Senate assumed that an enabling act was not necessary, since the court itself had exclusive jurisdiction in the matter. This view of the Senate would seem to involve a dead-lock, on a nice question, between the highest judicial and highest legislative body in the land; for, when Mrs. Lockwood applied for admission at the bar of the Supreme Court, two years ago, one of the reasons for refusal, as given in the opinion of Chief Justice Waite, was that there had been no legislation for the admission of women. Mrs. Lockwood is now in the fifth year of her practice and has all the business she can attend to. She is distinguished for great perseverance, patience and tact. Her specialty is government claims. When she began practice, her property consisted in a few feet of real estate in a cemetery, now she is worth \$20,000, and her practice brings her a yearly income about five times as large as the salary of a clerk in the Treasury Department. Mrs. L. is a widow, nearly fifty years of age; she is quite able to support a husband, but evinces no inclination to marry again. She has dark eyes, white hair, kindly intelligent features; her dress is quiet, elegant, and black; her jewelry a gold thimble, which she sarcastically wears as a breast pin.

Dr. Mary Walker, distinguished for her persistent parade of semi-male attire, is a native of Oswego, New York; and her family is one of standing and respectability. Long years ago she was married to a Mr. Miller, but whatever distinction he may have gained from that union, he has now no right to claim, for he was divorced about twenty years ago, and Dr. Mary has resumed her maiden name. Congress voted her a gold medal for services during the war, and the Secretary of the Treasury had her ejected from his Department, not long since, because she

was annoying! Dr. Walker has a big boot, but wears a little foot. She has suffered for years chronic martyrdom of ridicule, in the cause of comfort, health, and principle; at least that is her view of it; and the air of mingled resignation and resistance, which forty-nine years of perverse heroism have stamped upon the face, form and gait of the grotesque little woman is pathetic rather than funny.

C. A. S.

Land for Farmers, &c.

KANAB, April 4, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

During the past winter our five miles of fence has been put up, securing several hundred acres of good land principally adapted for hay, especially for lucerne, which, after seven years experience we find the most profitable crop we can raise. Favorable opportunities are now offered for the industrious Latter-day Saints to make comfortable homes either for the farmer, mechanic or stock raiser.

Rain has been much more abundant this season than any previous year, and consequently less wind, which is quite an agreeable change to our experience a few years ago. We have a fine show for fruit of almost every variety from the raisin grape to the apple, of which we hope in a few years to have a surplus and be able to export. Our fall grain is looking well, and extensive preparations are being made for summer crops.

The health of the people in this stake of Zion is generally good, and a manifest disposition on the increase to co-operate and unite in consolidating our interests to sustain one another and live within ourselves. Respectfully,

J. L. BUNTING.

The Adventuress in Washington—How the Duality of the Devil and the Graces Might Have Met his Equal—Her Religion, Her Love, her Motto and her Alps—A Spiritualistic Entertainment—An Ohlone Pays \$1,400 for a Clairvoyant Painting of the Woman he is to Wed in the Spirit Land, but is Afraid to Show it to his Wife.

WASHINGTON,
April 15, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

When Chesterfield said that women were only children of a larger growth, with an interesting tattle, and sometimes wit, but that he had never known one to possess solid reason and good sense, or to act consequentially for four and twenty hours together—it is quite evident that he had never come in contact with the Washington species, maid, wife or widow. Had he met a Washington adventuress, and if he had gone into good society he would have met his equal, and more too. If he had begun to flatter her, as he advised his son to do, on any subject, from her understanding down to the requisite taste of her fan, under the impression that she would gratefully accept the smallest compliment, and greedily swallow the grossest—what would have become of that duality of the devil and the graces, Lord Chesterfield! He would have been "taken in" and destroyed. He might practice his graces, his flattery, his diabolical *je ne sai quoi*, upon a United States Senator, on Ben Butler, or Sam. Cox; but with all his knowledge of the *beau monde*, as it was, the Becky Sharp of Washington might teach him a thing or two that would cause him to admire. The century and a quarter that has elapsed, since Chesterfield wrote, has not left women becalmed in the wake of its mighty evolutions and resolutions. The Queen of the Cannibal Islands is more tastefully tattooed than was her grandmother, and the belle of this habitat has more in her head, if not in her heart, than had her progenitress of the days of Chesterfield. The Washington society woman has one grand absorbing passion—an enthusiastic devotion to herself that has made her stoical on every other subject; she may have her smiles and her tears, her joys and her sorrows, but they are not for others. She adores dress, kneels at the shrine of Mammon, burns incense to dear mealy-mouthed society, fawns upon the powerful and elevates her exquisite nose at the knock-kneed, corpulent, and weak,

She is an audacious, persevering, pioneering, little body; her motto is excelsior, and her Alpha is the social ladder. Sooner or later, probably later, she will get married to a sentimental youth, with well-balanced hair, and money; or to what she would prefer, money, with only septaugenerian encumbrance. Money, subsidiary to self, is the supreme object of her life, and she will secure it, through marriage if she can, but, at any rate, she will secure it. Since the days of Babylon there have been other careers for women at capitals than matrimony.

Yesterday evening, in passing Talmadge's Hall, which adjoins the old theatre where Lincoln was murdered, I observed that it was illuminated, and asking the long-haired man at the door what he was to have, he replied, "A lecture by the great high priest of Spiritualism, Mr. Davis." I remembered that when quite a boy I had read a book on spiritualism, by Davis, full of transcendental jargon, the flyleaf of which was adorned with a portrait of the writer, trying to look like a man of genius and sensibility; so I paid 10 cents and strolled in to hear him. One sees some queer-looking people in a large hall full of spiritualists. It is said that every man has his insanity, but a spectacle of a room full of middle-aged men and women, elated with a homogeneous insanity, is a spectacle. From Mr. Davis' lecture I would infer that his insanity is of the milder, more refined and ethereal type. His rhapsody was as convincing as chaste rhetoric, poetical hypotheses and unimpassioned diction could make it. The philosophy, or rather "misophy," which he taught was to distrust the senses, with their lore of science, and listen only to instinct and longing, which was real wisdom, and the hereditary experience of infinite generations of the human soul. He denounced spectacular spiritualism and so-called materializations, and reproached spiritualists for wasting money on them. The best part of his lecture was that in which he ridiculed a wealthy Ohioan, whose business detained him in New York, while his wife took care of his family in the Buckeye State, for paying \$1,400 for an oil painting of his spirit bride, the woman he was to wed in the spirit world. He said this man would spend hours in enamored contemplation of the painting, while his good, homely wife in Ohio, was engaged in the care of their numerous progeny. When he asked him why he did not take the picture home, he replied that he was afraid it might make trouble! C. A. S.

Dixie Items.

ST. GEORGE,
April 18, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

The Indians who murdered the Moquis, and who were immediately arrested by Sheriff A. P. Hardy, have had an examination before the Justice; Charley Sutzegabit, the son of the old time Piede Chief, is held in custody, to await the action of the grand jury. It is supposed the murder was committed for the sake of plunder.

Alma B. Dunford has returned here, and was well received by his many friends. President McAllister has been sick for several days, but I am informed is improving at present date.

A fine improvement is in course of construction, east of our city, namely a flume to carry the waters of the eastern spring in a direct course, thus saving much water from wasting as well as making it more healthy for culinary purposes. The material and labor will cost about \$2,000, when completed, and our City Fathers will receive the heartfelt thanks of all the inhabitants of the eastern part of the city. On Monday last we had another beautiful, gentle rain, which will prove invaluable to this country, making the prospects for a rich and bountiful harvest encouraging.

I have had the pleasure of visiting the Brigham City cotton farm, about ten miles east of here, one of the most beautiful farms on the Rio Virgin River, and the manner in which it is cultivated speaks well for the enterprise of our northern brethren. They are now busy erecting a fine, large two-story house, which will be a first class building when completed. It is built out of a white hard sandstone, and laid in good lime mortar. The lower story is 11 feet in the clear,

and the upper one 10 feet, it will be finished with a fine bracket cornice, and for durability will equal any building in this country, showing that the people of Brigham City design having a permanent cotton farm, thus exhibiting the blessings of being united in their labor. The St. George Builder's Union are doing the mason and carpenter work. AMRAM.

The Mormon Battalion.

BEAVER, U. T.,
April 18th, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Please accept my best thanks for publishing Battalion card, and favorable notice of same.

With regard to Gen. Cook's book entitled "Conquest of New Mexico and California," I beg to say that through the suggestion of Brother George Reynolds, I had that work prior to your first notice of it.

With regard to that work, while it is perhaps as good as could reasonably be expected from the General's standpoint, there are some errors which need correcting and some facts which require an explanation. Again he only pretends to give a narrative of a little over one half of the outward part of the round trip, and omits a great many points of greater interest to the Saints than many of those given, and only professes to give a journal of the travels of the main body, while all he says of the detachment is simply that they were made. I have received some, and shall doubtless receive considerable more valuable information from the Historian's Office and other known sources, but while I do not expect to enter into minute and lengthy details, I feel assured that there are many incidents of intrinsic value to the Saints and general public outside that have never reached those sources of easy access.

My desire and intention is to get up a work, not only reliable and interesting, which, when done, I shall not be under the necessity of receiving a thousand and one incidents, with complaints that no opportunity of communicating them had been offered. They are not only invited but sincerely desired, that such as are worthy of being preserved may not be lost to posterity or hid under a bushel in a single family.

Your brother in the gospel,
DANIEL TYLER.

Nature's Theatre in one of Colorado's Cañons.

Just at the entrance to Temple Cañon is a little grove of cottonwoods. Their pendent swinging boughs met in perfect arches overhead, and the profusion of their polished, brilliant leaves renders complete the most charming of bowers in which to take the noonday lunch and prepare for the climb into Temple Cañon, which must be done on foot. Temple is a side cañon, with entrance from Grape Creek Cañon, some four and a half miles from Canon City, and was discovered but a year or two ago. The climb is not steep, though rather rough, especially to effect an entrance into the Temple proper, which is to the right of the little cañon, and can only be accomplished by clambering over several huge boulders, which if removed would render the illusion of a temple and stairway all the more striking.

Once passing in through the great rifts of rock, for all the world like the stairway to some grand place of amusement, the body of the Temple is reached, and to the tourist's astonishment, before him is a stage with overhanging arch, with "flats" and "flies" with dressing-rooms on either side, and a scene already set as if for some grand tableau. If so intensely realistic from the parquet, as the broad circling floor might aptly be termed, or from the parquet or dress-circles as the higher ledges would suggest, the clamber up to the stage itself renders it all the more so, for there is found ample room for a full dramatic or operatic company to disport upon, while in the perpendicular ledges and caves on either side twenty-five or thirty people might retire and not be observed from the body of the hall. The stage is at the least thirty feet deep, and some sixty to seventy broad; the arch above fully one hundred feet from the floor of the cañon, the

stage itself being about forty feet above the floor. The arch is almost as smooth and perfectly proportioned as if fashioned by the hand of man, and during the wet season the water from a stream above falls in a great broad sheet over its face to the floor of the cañon below.

At such times the effect from the stage of the Temple is, as can be imagined, exceedingly fascinating, for there, entirely protected from the water, one looks through the silvery sheen out upon the scene below. Upon the rear wall of the stage quite an aperture has been hewn out by some action, and the shape it is left in is peculiarly suggestive of tableaux preparation. Away up in the very highest crevice under the arch, a pair of eagles have mated for years, and though the most daring efforts have been made to reach the nest, none have succeeded. The coming of visitors is almost invariably the occasion of a flight from the nest, and breaking in so suddenly upon the supernatural stillness of the place is apt to cause a shock to the timid not readily forgotten. There is absolutely not a sign of vegetation about the Temple; all is bleak, bare and towering walls, and a more wierd spot to visit cannot possibly be imagined. Coming out from the Temple itself, the tourist should, by all means, clamber up to one of the lofty pinnacles in the adjoining cañon, for the sight from them down upon the mighty masses of rock below, the cottonwoods, the stream in Grape Creek Cañon, and the lofty walls beyond is one to be treasured up among the brightest and pleasantest recollections of the tour.—*The Rocky Mountain Tourist.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—There was once found, says the *Inyo Independent*, a pair of field glasses in the desert near what is known as Death Valley. The glasses are supposed to have belonged to Hahn, a lost guide of Wheeler's expedition. They were brought into one of the interior towns by an Indian, and purchased from him. The most singular fact connected with them is that every object within range of where the glasses had been lying for a year or more is distinctly photographed upon them. We have heard of such phenomena before, but this is one of the most remarkable instances we remember. Both object glasses are covered with perfect and beautiful photographs or etchings of desert shrubs, stems, branches, leaf-stalks. Leaves and leaflets are distinctly marked, as if laid on by a master hand. There is no mixture or confusion of one plant with another, each having a clear border of unmarked glass, rendering it probable that the sun or lightning photograph, or whatever it may be, was received through the eye-glass. These pictures seem to occupy a position about the centre of each of the object-glasses, but a little nearer the plane than the convex side.

AT WHICH END?—A few evenings since, a father and daughter at Wellesley, Massachusetts, were having a pleasant chat, mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood.

"I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sabbath, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the tingling of that peach-tree switch to this day."

"Very strange, very strange," said the father; "I don't recollect the circumstance at all."

"Ah, well, papa, you were at the other end of the switch."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

A Newport, R. I., Methodist, thoroughly warmed up in meeting the other day, exclaimed: "And I tell you what it is, there is no use for any one trying to keep me from God, for if I was shut up in a barrel I would shout through the bung-hole, 'Praise the Lord.'"

"Madam, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a saucy fellow to a woman. "Indeed! do you think so?" she replied, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "I do, most certainly," continued the rascal; "for if you hadn't it would have been worn out long ago." For the first time in her life the woman had not a word to say.