

NEW JERSEY IN A FLUTTER.

NEW JERSEY has been excited over the pulpit utterances of Rev. M. V. McDuffie at the Baptist church in New Brunswick. It appears that a scandal had been created in that town by the ruin of a young musical amateur, in which several "respectable" men were concerned, and which had been covered up to some extent by the efforts of lawyers. The minister made it hot for these attorneys and took occasion to descant upon the general morals of the city. Said he:

"Judging from statements I have heard, there are 500 infantile murders committed in this city by physicians every year. The people need to be taught, not only that this destruction of life is ruinous to health, and the cause of disease, but that it is murder and a sin against God. There are physicians, who knowing the penalty of the law upon those who thus destroy life, use their knowledge to make whatever demand they choose upon the guilty parties. The married women are said to be as bad in this respect as the unmarried."

The bold preacher then read a letter he had received from the superintendent of a New York institution for the reclamation of fallen women, which showed that the majority of the inmates, by a written confession, were "first corrupted and influenced to lead a life of shame by their family physicians."

"This was a bombshell in the camp and has stirred society to its inner depths. It is well known that the vile practices denounced by the Baptist preacher are common in society, particularly in its upper circles. We refer to the prevention and destruction of pre-natal life which is so fashionable in practice but so unfashionable to denounce. It is one of the crying sins of this licentious age, and one which will surely bring down the wrath of an offended God and the inevitable penalties of violated nature."

Considering the condition of affairs disclosed by the preacher, it is not to be wondered at that the pious people of his city are pronounced in their opposition to the "Mormons," and ready to do their part to bring Utah into the ways of the world, even if it has to be done by force.

That Baptist minister will have to be careful if he values his position. Too much truth-telling has cost more famous pulpit orators than he their living. But perhaps he is one of the few who think more of duty than of pelf, and is ready to suffer if necessary in the cause of righteousness. Unless the trustees of his church are profiting by a big draw from the sensation he has created, we may expect to hear before long that he has been ignominiously pounced for his offense condemning society, in speaking out loud in meeting against one of its most demoralizing offenses against God and morality.

"MAIL AND EXPRESS" MALICIOUSITY.

THE New York Mail and Express continues to publish scripture texts at the head of its editorial columns, and pour fourth venom and misrepresentation helow. In its issue of Sept. 19th this is its quotation in capital letters for the day:

"Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children; and walk in love, even as Christ also loved you, and gave himself up for us."

One editorial contains an attack on the Chief Justice of this Territory for not wreaking vengeance on a gentleman whom it denounces as "one of the most offensive of all Mormons," and concludes with this shameful untruth:

"It is openly charged that this leniency is due to a bargain by which the Saints are to contribute \$100,000 to the national democratic campaign fund in consideration of being let off easy when convicted of crimes incident to the practice of their religion."

In another editorial paragraph the pious paper says:

"When such a notoriously old sinner as Cannon is let off with a total fine of \$450 and 175 days' imprisonment on two counts, it looks as if there were an understanding of some sort between the parties most interested."

Of course it is a rank and radical Republican organ, and is full of bitterness towards President Cleveland whom it personally assails. In the same issue it remarks:

"We cannot agree with Mr. Cleveland's estimate of himself. We think that he is the kind of reformer that 'Joe' Blackburn, David B. Hill, the Sun and other leading democrats are—the kind of reformer who thinks that a blasphemous and rum-selling democrat is better than an honest, efficient and patriotic Republican."

This professed "imitator of Deity" says further:

"These are not all the President's sins, but they are enough. The man who is guilty of them is no more a reformer than the impenitent thief was a Christian. He is guilty of crimes against good government that mark him as the victim of political depravity."

Concerning the Democratic party in New York this religious journal, "walking in love," declares:

"Its purpose is insolent, corrupt and revolutionary. The revelation of it ought to result in the destruction of every vestige of its political power."

And here is a choice morsel on the same day relating to an independent in politics:

"The redoubtable Mugwump colonel of Amazons shakes his petticoats against the Republican host with this strikingly ingenious and original deliverance: 'Personally the contest is, as before, between Blaine and Cleveland, with the difference that the latter has been tested and has proved upright and independent, it sometimes slow.' The only questions which have emerged to the view of our doughty doer of woman's work in letters and politics are the tariff, fisheries and pension vetoes questions, and on these Cleveland is warmly embraced by Higginson."

But as reports have gone out of administration expectations that democratic officeholders must submit to assessments to help the re-election of their boss, the Higginson bosom is thrilled through all its padding with the alarm of financial virtue at the worst form of gross defiance of the civil service principles on which Mugwump hypocrisy was originally based."

For clear wormwood and gall commend us to the scuffling disciples of cant, who quote scripture with a nasal twang, turn up the whites of their eyes at the mention of anything that does not comport with their pretended piety, and then malign and berate their opponents in language that is little less than blackguardism. It is pleasant to know that such creatures are thoroughly anti-"Mormon."

CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

How It Appears to a Visitor.—The Advantages of the Golden State Set Forth.

Editor Deseret News:

California society seems to partake of the spirit of that gale which pervades all nature in this prolific region. As the country favors the acquisition of every earthly comfort, so it seems to inspire its inhabitants with a desire to enjoy the pleasures of life. The visitor cannot but be impressed with the idea that (Mormons believe in having a good time, and are faithful to their creed. The country supplies the very best of wine, and they drink it, and don't forget to treat their friends. Much is exported. The Parisians purchase it and when properly doctored and labelled it makes good French wine for invalids in London and New York. California also abounds in lovely women and pretty flowers, and with splendid horses and luscious fruits, and everything to please the eye and the taste. Almost any community can enjoy life, it seems to me—that is as life goes in its usual acceptation.

The climate is graded and genial, and the soil very superior, so that anything planted in the right locality will grow, and would thrive, they say, without care or cultivation. But all vegetation can of course be improved by skillful husbandry, and this is applied in California, especially in some parts, to a marked degree. And when we add to these the advantages of a splendid seaboard for important export and an immense inland region to be supplied, what can hinder the temporal prosperity of such a place? Is it any wonder that population increases, that wealth abounds, and that to be considered rich a man must own from ten to twenty-five millions?

The ease with which paying crops can be raised, and money made in the various lines of trade and business, tends to render Californians more liberal and open hearted than people less favored. But easy circumstances with all their apparent advantages have some drawbacks. They tend to produce a laxity in matters of religion, and may even affect morality itself. So churches are apt to be thinly attended, while theatres, bathing resorts and other attractions of that character draw crowds of Sabbath spectators. Small churches and large school houses and public gardens seem to be the sentiment of this age, and it is no less so in the west than in other parts of the country. Still there is a nice sprinkling of buildings for religious worship, and some fine halls for lectures on secular subjects. The religious and the worldly elements are sometimes pretty well mixed up. I have in the same building seen on one side of the hallway a meeting of religious worshippers in their sabbath devotions, while on the other side several young bloods were wielding the cue in a game of billiards. And below the fascinating mixer of mediocrity could be induced to provide a specific suited to the wants of either cloth, at "two for a quarter." Bars are run at the various resorts on Sundays, so that no "lot or little" of enjoyment may be withheld from the lover of pleasure, whose appetite may suggest the "juice of the vine," or whose bronchial apparatus calls for a "whisky and gum." If the scriptures had been made to read that the Sabbath should be a day of recreation instead of "rest," there would be no lack of evidence that the commandment was well kept.

Of course these comments do not

apply universally to all residents of the Golden State. I am well acquainted with some whom I visited in their homes. Many of them are sincere spiritual-minded people. And all I have become intimate with are temperate, thoughtful and prudent, and possess more than ordinary good sense and judgment in the affairs of life, both public and private. In fact, whether we travel east or west, we find good people, and all writers are perhaps too critical of what appears to come in contact with their notions of a well ordered civilization. The people of Salt Lake have suffered so much from unfair criticism, that no resident of Utah should ever indulge in it at the expense of others. So this description is given of society as it appeared to me, and us. The visitor of a few weeks only is likely to apprehend it in his rambles around the most beautiful and attractive part of our land.

GALLIC.

SALT LAKE TO BALTIMORE.

A Racy and Graphic Description of Scenery, Cities and Incidents on the Line of the Journey.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, BALTIMORE, Maryland, September 14, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

In the language of the people here, "I reckon there is a powerful difference" between Maryland and Utah. Settled in 1634 by English Catholics, this is one of the oldest states in the Union, and some of the customs and ways of the olden time obtain here today in a slightly modified form perhaps.

On the 5th inst. with four of our missionaries I boarded the D. & R. G. eastward express at Salt Lake and we soon were winding through the Wasatch Mountains via Spanish Fork Cañon. The train carried a large number of tourists, some of whom were people of intelligence and learning. These people and many of the thinking people here in the east, look on the present crusade in Utah as a gigantic piece of national hypocrisy, born of that accursed monster, religious persecution.

The Government has failed to convince thousands of its best and most conscientious citizens of the morality or the justice of the present raid on the Mormons. We will now look out of the car window as the train is approaching Castle Gate, through which we pass into Castle Valley. The gate is made of columns of stratified sandstone, standing up on each side of the track between 200 and 300 feet, and on the north tower some person of ambition has placed the stars and stripes. The walls of the cañon here are weathered into very odd shapes. The goblins of the air have here commanded the winds to carve them out gods and images, which they worship on dark nights, when their altars are lighted by the lurid flashes of lightning. The settlers, cabins dot the barren lands along Price River, and show the traveler the Utah of twenty years ago. People cradled in the lap of ease, trained in the etiquette of the drawing room, schooled in the best colleges, sometimes are so ignorant as to laugh or sneer at these humble homes and their frugal inhabitants. Yet these are the pioneers of mankind who prepare the way for the fertile fields, the fruitful orchards and the beautiful cities which in a short time will appear on the land now being consecrated by the sweat and tears of the settler and by the ashes of his camp fire.

The pioneers of colonization in America are fast being "gathered to their fathers," but the thoughtful of the present and coming generation will say of the mighty cities, the bending fruit trees, and the smiling fields: "These are monuments of the pioneers." On the morning of the 6th we looked out to find the train rushing up the Black Cañon of the Gunnison on a snake-like track which must have been very difficult for even skillful engineers to locate. From the clear sparkling waters of the Gunnison, the black metamorphic walls of the cañon rise perpendicularly into the air two or three thousand feet, and how the locating surveyors ever got along to mark out the roadway we are puzzled to determine. Ascending higher into the mountains the country becomes quite level and on the meadows bordering the river stands Gunnison City, which during the gold boom of '80 and '81 contained 8,000 people; but today it is only a common town of only 1000 people; many of whom are raising stock for which the country is well adapted. There are three schools, seventeen saloons and five churches, of the last only two pay well enough to run. The city is lighted with gas, has an immense railroad hotel and fine public buildings, but the death of the place is attested by the many empty houses.

Leaving Sargent behind two great puffing, glowing engines, on a steep grade, we begin to zigzag in majestic curves around hills, over ravines, through deep cuts, gloomy snow sheds and groves of trees, reaching at last Marshall Pass—the summit of the Rockies, 10,856 feet above the sea. The train stops a short time and the passengers get off and go out of the snow shed which here covers the track. The air is light, cold and so clear that the grand scenery—banks of snow sending silvery rivulets over emerald carpets to be lost in gloomy groves of pine; oceans of mountain peaks, some

smooth and grassy, others composed of rugged, jutting boulders and looking down from the home of the storm king far above timber line with stony contempt at their less elevated companions—can be seen with remarkable distinctness.

Like those who have written descriptions of this road for R. R. guides, I will say nothing of the many long, gloomy, dismal snow sheds through which the train passes in coming up to Marshall Pass. The run down to Salida is very pleasant in good weather and occupies only a short time. Salida is a good sized town and is well built. It is on the muddy Arkansas River, down which the train winds into the Royal Gorge—a mighty chasm in the rocks, a gigantic fissure in the mountains. The track is serpentine, winding in and out around sharp corners, under huge masses of overhanging rock, and at one place shoots across the chasm on an iron bridge which hangs between the cliffs over the rushing river by means of iron brackets fastened in the rocks above. As we look at the streak of blue sky through the opening in the rocks far above us, we are lost in thought and have no language in which to express our admiration of the grand piece of engineering which made the D. & R. G. Railway a reality. Cañon City is a busy place, some distance below the Royal Gorge. In this town is the Colorado State prison, containing about 500 convicts who quarry rock, burn lime and raise garden vegetables.

The busy, bustling and prosperous city of Pueblo is reached about 5 p. m., and taking the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe train we start for Kansas City, still following the Arkansas River. On the morning of the 7th our train is speeding over the vast plains of Kansas, and the sun, like a great ball of fire, appears to come up out of the ground. All of the trains were crowded with D. & R. people going to the annual encampment at Columbus, Ohio. We do not like to be personal, but your readers will perhaps be glad to hear that Mr. Lazzarus got on the train at a station in Kansas. Who is Lazzarus? Why, Lazzarus the great, Lazzarus the important, the mighty mogul of the plains, who talked much of himself, took passengers' seats, ostensibly for ladies, occupied one himself and, though some were standing, would not allow a lady to share his seat. But this was Mr. Lazzarus, a G. A. R. man, and no person must be disgusted with such fellows.

Kansas is the corn and sunflower state, has quite a number of towns with a population of 10,000. Houses, brick and lumber. Corn crop was light this year owing to drouth, hundreds of acres being too poor to pay for harvesting.

Several hundred men trying to settle in Southwestern Kansas had to leave there this year on account of the dry season. Rolled into Kansas City in good time in the afternoon. This place has 200,000 inhabitants and has perhaps had the most rapid growth of any city in America, being in 1875 a very unimportant place. It is a great railroad, stock and farming center and is the metropolis of the unbounded plains. Here our party was augmented by six other Unionists going east to college. After a ride on the cable cars, a visit to the large market, the museum and a walk through some of the principal streets, we took train on Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Gulf Railway through Missouri and Arkansas to Memphis. The timber region begins in southern Missouri, and extends south to the Gulf and east to the Atlantic. The people, southern in speech and customs, farm a little on clearings in the primeval forest and make "a right smart" of hardwood lumber.

On entering Arkansas we came to Mammoth Spring and for many miles the track follows the course of the large river of blue water which comes from this spring. In its waters are many black hogs wallowing about, while on the fallen timber in the stream are thousands of terrapins warming their shells in the sun. This is also the cotton and tobacco region, the former being almost ready to pick. About 4 p. m. on the 8th our whole train ran onto the great ferryboat Charles Merriam and we sailed one mile and a half across the Mississippi River to the busy little city of Memphis, with its 80,000 inhabitants, near one-half of whom are colored. The yellow fever in Florida is the greatest topic in Memphis, as this city was almost depopulated some years ago by that dreadful scourge.

At 10 p. m. the train was moving, and all night while going through northern Mississippi and Alabama, the train went 50 miles an hour. Sunday morning we crossed the Tennessee River twice on iron bridges, each three-fourths of a mile long, and ran through the eastern part of the State of Tennessee. The train was crowded with negroes going to a camp meeting at Whiteside, a cosy little village near Chattanooga. These are a happy people, and delight in twitting each other. "Hello Brudder Demas, wher' be you gwine?" "Gwine ter camp meetin'." "Same heah, but, say, I shant go on dis train 'ceptin' you git dem brogans blacked." Arriving at Chattanooga Elders Henning, Haymore, and Millard bid us adieu, having reached their field of labor. All the way from Memphis we had been afflicted with a cross, crabbed and surly conductor, who was annoying to every passenger, and just before reaching Chattanooga we had to pass the quarantine inspector who, on

learning we were "Mormons," turned us over to the tender mercy of a newspaper reporter. We are now on historic ground, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge and Look Out Mountains are in sight, and we cross the line of Sherman's famous march to the sea.

East Tennessee is a beautiful rural country, neat houses, good farms, grassy, rolling hills, fine cattle, and now and then a log house without chinking apparently filled with negro heads which appeared at every aperture.

At Christiansburg, Va., we were detained about ten hours by a landslide which wrecked an engine and two cars just ahead of us. The Allegheny and Blue Ridge mountains are passed through on the Norfolk & Western road and furnish as beautiful scenery as can be desired. Here we meet many Virginians who are as proud of being born in this state as Londoners are who are born within a certain distance of Bow Bells Church.

At Lynchburg the writer hereof parts with all his Utah friends, and alone goes on to Washington, arriving at 9:40 p. m. Hon. John T. Calne was very kind in showing me the fine government buildings of this elegant city, also took me to Congress. Heard the House discuss the irrigation of the arid lands in the west, and the Senate the Chinese question. Saw several faces in both houses, which I readily recognized having often seen them in the illustrated papers. In several respects the outward appearance of Washington is finer than that of London or Paris. I do not attempt to describe our nation's capital, which is worthy and typical of the great people whose laws are made here. After two days in this city I went to Baltimore and made arrangements to enter the college named at the head of my letter.

S. H. A.

ANOTHER VIEW.

Brother Crosby Corrects a Misstatement.

SPRINGVILLE, A. T., Sept. 17, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

We noticed in your semi-weekly of Sept. 11th, under the head of "From Arizona," a statement of Jos. Thayne to the effect that crops were poor here on account of the drouth. This is incorrect, as our people have a better prospect than ever before since they first located here. Some few of our crops were affected with the chinch bug, having been numerous on fifty or sixty acres of grain, but with that exception the crops are better than usual. We have a good system for water storage and with a little labor put in the right direction, we can save plenty of water as for three or four months in the spring an abundance of it flows down the Little Colorado River. Mr. Thayne only resided in Bush Valley about four months. Springville lies in Round Valley and is a growing little village. This country has received a black eye by incorrect reports, which it is unfair to make.

Yours truly,
GEO. H. CROSBY, JR.

Kanab Stake Conference.

The Quarterly Conference of Kanab Stake opened at 10 a. m. on Saturday, Sept. 8th, 1888, President E. D. Woolley presiding. Counselor Daniel Seegmiller and nine High Councilors were present. The general authorities of the Church were presented and unanimously sustained, as were also the Stake authorities.

With the exception of Mount Carmel the wards were represented; all of which were in a flourishing condition excepting one, and that one seemed to be suffering from the evils consequent upon disunion among its presiding officers.

The presidency of the Young Men's Association was reorganized, thereby leaving all the associations and quorums in a sound condition.

An excellent spirit prevailed throughout the conference, and when the people dispersed they did so with feelings of fellowship and brotherly love.

J. F. WOOLLEY, Clerk.

Autobiography of P. P. Pratt.

The first edition of this work has long been exhausted, and it has been a matter of regret that a work so valuable and interesting could not be produced. Few works ever issued in behalf of the work of the Gospel in the latter days have a deeper interest to the general reader than has the history of the life, travels, trials and labors of Apostle Parley P. Pratt; hence the announcement that a new edition is about to be issued will be received by thousands of the Saints with pleasure. Pratt Brothers of this city are now taking orders for copies. The new edition will contain new portraits of Apostles Parley P. and Orson Pratt, and the time when it will issue from the press will be duly announced.

Concerning High Priests.

The Bishops who have not as yet sent their lists of High Priests, will please have them ready by Saturday next, Sept. 29th, and bring or send them to the Social Hall, where the regularly monthly meeting of the Quorum will be held, commencing at 11 a. m.

High Priests remember the meeting and govern yourselves accordingly.

ELIAS MORRIS,
President of Quorum.