

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A MAORI "PROPHET."

TE ORE ORE, NEAR MASTERTON,  
New Zealand, March 20th, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

About one year ago I left my home in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of this remote and detached portion of the world. I was assigned to labor among the aborigines of the

## NORTH ISLAND.

My mission to this peculiar, though interesting race of people, I hope has not been fruitless. In my humble way I have endeavored to teach the principles of the Gospel, as taught by Christ and His apostles while they sojourned upon the earth; also to warn them of the impending judgments about to be poured out upon the inhabitants of the earth, unless they speedily repent of their wickedness and the sinful abominations in which they are groveling at the present time.

My object in writing now is to give the readers of your most valuable paper a brief synopsis of a recent interview with the noted

## MAORI PROPHET, TE WHITI.

On the 2d of February my companion, Elder E. L. Davies, and I took a trip to the West Coast to ascertain the feelings of the followers of this noted man in regard to receiving the Gospel. On our way we made it a point to visit every "pah" and "sow the seed," even though the inhabitants did not feel inclined to receive the Gospel. Generally we were given food and shelter, and listened to with much attention. Invariably we found them professing three creeds: English, Catholic and Hauhaui. The latter class are seceders, and by far in the majority. It is an amusing scene to observe them go through this invented system of religion, which one would have to study before giving a description of it in full.

After passing a place called Wau-mau we found it but little use to preach to them, as they were firm believers in their prophet, and said they would believe none of the "pakeha's" or white men. We were told by them to go to the

## "HOME OF THE LORD."

and if Te Whiti would believe us, they would, as he was having revelations from time to time for their benefit.

It is a curious fact, yet nevertheless true, that where a people place so much confidence in one man as in this case, a person might talk for a week, bringing any amount of truth to substantiate his argument, yet in nine cases out of ten, they would never heed it if their "Rangatira" (chief) did not take the lead.

We concluded to make for the headquarters of this extraordinary man, of whom we had heard so much, and obtain an interview with him by which means, if he was favorable, a large field could be opened, as he has hundreds of followers. Accordingly on the 25th of the month we arrived at Parihaka the

## HOME OF THE PROPHET.

This is the largest "pah" I have seen in New Zealand, and while we were hunting for his residence in wandering around among the large number of low, bark-roofed whares we lost our way.

Having obtained a guide we were led to his house, after much crossing of ditches, getting through fences and climbing of hills. Unfortunately he was absent (digging potatoes), and we were informed would not be home till 4 p. m.

Believing ourselves of our luggage, our next object was to

## INSPECT THE TOWN,

If we may so call it, and have a talk with his followers. While thus engaged we were invited to partake of dinner with twenty or more of the more intelligent of his men.

Being seated upon the mat, which served for table, chairs, etc., we dipped our fingers into the "fish and potatoes," thus conveying it to our mouths. Having become acquainted with their mode of eating, in which all dip into the same dish, we were quite expert hands at it. We availed ourselves of the privilege of speaking to them as much as we could, also learning some of their ideas.

About 5 p. m. it was announced to us that the prophet had arrived. During our talk with his followers we learned that he placed himself on a par with Moses, hence we sat with breathless attention to catch a glimpse of his divine countenance.

Presently he made his appearance in the room, which was pretty well filled, and after extending the hand of friendship, I introduced ourselves to him in the Maori language, making known to him the object of our visit, and asking the privilege of holding meeting there to explain to them the Gospel of Christ.

It was plainly perceptible, after a few minutes' talk, that he would not consent; yet, little did we think we would be

## ORDERED OUT

of his "whare" (house), but such was our fate. I endeavored to tell him we had come to give them a blessing, but was only interrupted, and called all kind of names.

As we left the house and were passing

through the "pah," we had an idea some of his men would invite us to remain over night, as the sun had sunk to rest behind the distant horizon. In this we were disappointed. Not one of them had courage to give us a place to sleep. We left the "pah" with sorrowful hearts, not because he had refused us a place to sleep, but in consequence of not having the opportunity to explain the principles of eternal truth to that people. We felt sorry for their condition, for their ignorance of God and His laws regarding the plan of salvation. We took shelter about a mile from the "pah," under the roof of an old deserted hut, where we enjoyed a peaceful night's rest, mingled with deep reflections.

Te Whiti has now sent invitations to numerous tribes, stating that he is about to announce

## THE END OF THE WORLD,

and has requested them to gather at a specified place on this occasion. He also proclaims himself to be one of the prophets spoken of in the 11th chapter of Revelations, while his followers declare that he is equal to two men, not physically but intellectually; hence they say the Lord has no need of raising up the other.

He also anticipates building up the New Jerusalem in this land, and proclaims that he is the one to preach the Gospel to the different nations of the earth. It is a deplorable sight to see the condition of many of the natives.

## THAT MONSTER, DRINK,

has the upper hand of them, especially on this coast. It is no uncommon thing to see male and female inebriated day after day.

Before the advent of the European, the dusky Maori knew little of the many evils with which he is now surrounded. Through the evils of smoking and drinking, which male and female indulge in, offspring is now almost unknown.

Of the 160,000 of this race who once occupied this land, and among whom sickness was hardly known, about 40,000 now remain to tell of the heroic deeds of their gallant ancestors. At the present time they are

## FAST FADING AWAY,

and I apprehend that the time is not far distant when the representatives of this race will be few, unless they cease some of their present evils.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain, your brother in the Gospel,  
AMASA ALDRICH.

## ON THE WAY TO SAN JUAN.

THURBER, PIUTE Co., Utah,  
April 14th 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

My last note to the News left me at Nephi, Juab Co., on the 6th inst. On the 7th about 9 a. m. I left Nephi, my teams having preceded me on the 5th inst. From Nephi to Levan I traveled over one of the

## FINEST STOCK RANGES

I ever saw in Utah, but it is overstocked and is fast being destroyed by immense sheep herds. In a short time, with the present herds to run there, it will become useless. The neat stock men are being run out by the owners of sheep.

Why cannot our stock men come to some mutual understanding whereby our stock ranges can be preserved for the best interest of the people of the Territory? I wish the church or State, or some other power would act in this matter and set off these local ranges for stock-raising, and so preserve that business as a leading industry of our Territory.

I was told by a sheep man that upwards of 200,000 head of sheep wintered on the desert west of the sink of the Sevier River.

I nooned at

## LITTLE SALT CREEK,

a small deserted village of some fifteen empty houses. Two houses only had families living in them. I could not learn the cause of the desertion. The soil looked to be good, and I saw one or two neglected orchards, that looked as though with care they might produce well.

I drove from here to Gunnison, over a heavy road, made so by the late rains.

## GUNNISON

is a neat town, of some one thousand inhabitants. This is the place where the lamented Captain Gunnison, of the U. S. army, was massacred by the Indians many years ago. The town presents a very good condition, considering the ups and downs it has passed through since its settlement. During the Indian war of 1865-66 it was deserted, and it had a very hard struggle for a number of years, but now signs of activity and energy are displayed on every hand, under the able and scientific management of Bishop Madsen, a professor of great attainments. When he found out who I was, a traveling pilgrim bound for San Juan, he opened wide the door of hospitality, and he and his good wife entertained me in right royal style. He informed me that the people of his ward have 800 acres of lucern in cultivation. The stock are all kept up and fed, looking sleek and fine. Here is the finest rock for building material I have ever seen in Utah. There are three different kinds and colors, all very easily quarried.

From Gunnison southward, there are some finely cultivated fields, and irrigation seemed to be worked up to a science—no doubt the work of the Bishop.

Still further south down the valley for some five or six miles there is a

## LARGE TRACT OF LAND

awaiting cultivation, which, no doubt, will be all made to produce something in time, lucern for instance, or possibly wheat by the dry farming process. As it is it would be an excellent stock range if the grass was only on it.

The mountain scenery surrounding this region would be very fine if the elevations were covered over just a little with something to hide their nakedness, for they are so nude that I believe it would make some of the anti-polygamy ladies of your city blush to look at them—poor dear souls.

I saw along here one jack rabbit, and he was so poor and lean that he made a sorry out of it in running to hide.

We camped at night on the

## SEVIER RIVER.

This is one of the most dirty, lazy, sluggish, of rolling rivers that I know of in this part of Utah, and the good people down here seem just as proud of it as do the people of the north of their beautiful Ogden, Weber and Provo Rivers. They are also proud of their homes, too, as I am pleased to notice. On the 8th inst. we arrived at Salina. This place we found well supplied with fine table salt and taverns, or places of rest for travelers, for a sign of one or the other seemed to be on or near every other house in the town.

Here we got some blacksmithing done and purchased a few supplies for our journey, and about 2 p. m. on the 9th inst. pulled out for Grass Valley, where we arrived on the morning of the 10th. Here we found a dense covering of sage all over the valley, except along the sides of a small stream flowing down the valley called the East Fork of the Sevier, where are some nice meadows. The sage benches have a rich deep soil, and no doubt crops can be raised there without irrigation, as the land is too high to get the water upon. Here we find the mountains covered with

## GRASS CLEAR TO THE SUMMIT,

the only case of the kind I have seen in Utah.

From here we pass over quite a divide into Rabbit Valley, where we arrived about noon of the 12th, and camped and nooned at Bishop E. H. Blackburn's, of Loa, a Ward of some 40 or 50 families, extending some ten miles up and down the valley. Brother Blackburn is doing a good work here, is a progressive go-ahead man, and I wish he had more settlers to help him build up this country.

The people of this valley and Grass Valley have done a noble work in the matter of road-making—the heaviest job I have ever known so few settlers to do, with only the paltry sum of \$100 appropriation.

## THURBER

is a small ward of some 25 families. Bishop Geo. Brinkerhoff, a good enterprising man, is now working a road down to the Colorado River and establishing a ferry there.

Your rambling friend on his way to San Juan,  
F. A. HAMMOND.

## A PECULIAR QUARTETTE.

## FOUR DESPERATE CHARACTERS IN ONE FAMILY.

Fred and Mark Moss, lately brought in from Iowa by Sheriff Cazier, of Juab County, and who are to have an examination on a charge of burglary, before Commissioner McKay, next Saturday, are two of four brothers who have a remarkable reputation. They are all quite young, Fred being 21 and Mark (half-brother to the three) 22, James 19 and Stephen 23. James is also in custody. Stephen, on account of turning States' evidence, retains his liberty.

This enterprising quartette formerly resided at Richfield, Sevier County, and at an early age developed a marked proclivity for appropriating other people's property to their own use. About three years ago, Stephen, the only one of the four married, removed to Levan, Juab Co., and the others lived most of the time with him, his house being their headquarters—a species of robbers' roost.

One of their exploits is alleged to have been the robbery of Mr. Wm. McAllister, from whose wagon they purloined goods to the value of \$150.

They are also accused of robbing the Levan Co-operative store, from which they carried away \$200 cash, a watch, and pocket-book containing some valuable papers. They subsequently returned the pocket-book, however, placing it on the steps of the store, where it was found a few days after the burglary. In the same town they are said to have also burglarized two blacksmith shops and a private house.

On their way southward, probably with the intention of getting out of the country, a number of men watched their movements. Stephen and Mark came suddenly upon this party, levelled their pistols on them, made them throw up their hands, and as soon as they got a sufficient distance away the two desperadoes stole a couple of horses. They rode these furiously for 16 miles, when one of them gave out from exhaustion. Both then rode the other

animal for five miles further, when that also succumbed to fatigue, and they continued their flight afoot, and escaped.

In the meantime Stephen and Mark were taken into custody, and the former gave many details of the operations of his confederates in crime. Mr. Hudson, prosecuting attorney for Juab County, happened to be at Juab Station when an express package addressed to Stephen reached there. He got the latter to sign an order for it, when it was obtained and found to be a pistol shipped from Price by Fred. The telegraph was freely used to track the fugitives, and they were finally traced to Iowa, where they have an uncle. A letter from Fred to Stephen, written at Council Bluffs, made their location a certainty, as in that he directed that something should be shipped to him for Jewell Junction, Iowa. Word was sent to Iowa to arrest the two men, which was done. By the aid of Marshal Ireland, a requisition from the Governor was obtained, and the two prisoners were by that authority, brought here by Sheriff Cazier, of Juab County, who went east for the purpose.

Since the first developments in the cases, a large amount of stolen property, which was cached underground, on shed roofs, in cellars and other out of the way places, has been recovered at Levan by the officers. It is said to amount to over a wagon-load.

## ON CARP CULTURE.

The following correspondence speaks for itself:

GRANTSVILLE, April 20th, 1885.

Brother A. M. Musser, Salt Lake:

Dear Sir—I have noticed your name mentioned often in papers in connection with German Carp distribution, and not being apprised of the existence of any Territorial Commissioner of Fish, I thought you could give me the desired information in regard to carp. I received some, one year ago last fall, put them in a pond by themselves, and they have been growing, winter and summer, ever since, without feeding, except on the natural food that grows in the pond, and now they average one foot long, or more, with circumference in proportion. They may be seen any quiet, clear day.

I have facilities here in the shape of natural ponds, etc., for the raising of millions, and I desire much to know if there is any way to obtain a few hundred. This locality seems to be especially adapted for carp culture, and I would like to go into the business ex-

tensively. I have no guide nor information to tell me how old or how large they must be to begin reproducing. If you can throw any light upon the matter, I would feel much obliged to you.

I am, yours truly,

P. A. DONBAY.

SALT LAKE CITY,

April 25, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

Referring to the foregoing letter from Mr. P. A. Droubay, if those desiring information on carp culture, will send me name, address and stamp, I will forward them a work on carp farming.

During the years 1883 and 1884, the general government gratuitously distributed a great many carp to parties in every part of Utah, free of charge. I will be glad to obtain from any or all of these parties just such information and whatever else of interest respecting the carp they have received, as that contained in Mr. Droubay's letter, respecting the growth, etc., of their fish.

It is interesting to learn that from the natural food found so abundant in the pond his carp are growing so nicely. Carp can be raised incomparably easier and cheaper than swine or poultry, and with the excellent facilities for constructing ponds in connection with our irrigating system, fish farming can be made an easy success by almost every farmer in Utah.

A. MILTON MUSSER.

## "DUCHE-PAIRA"

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the bladder. \$1. Druggists. 1

## Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

## A MARVEL OF PURITY.

## Royal a Perfect Baking Powder---Absolutely Free from Lime.

The Royal Baking Powder is considered by all chemists and food analysts to be a marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. Furthermore, it is now the only baking powder before the public free from lime and absolutely pure.

This is due largely to the improved method by the use of which it has been made possible to produce a perfectly pure cream of tartar, from which all the lime has been eliminated.

This chemically pure cream of tartar is exclusively employed in the manufacture of the Royal Baking Powder, so that its absolute freedom from lime and all other extraneous substances is guaranteed.

Professor McMurtrie, late chemist in chief to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, after analyzing many samples of cream of tartar of the market, testified to the absolute purity of that used in the Royal Baking Powder as follows:

"I have examined the cream of tartar manufactured by the New York Tartar Company and used by the Royal Baking Powder Company in the manufacture of their baking powder, and find it to be perfectly pure, and free from lime in any form.

"All chemical tests to which I have submitted it have proved the Royal Baking Powder perfectly healthful, of uniform, excellent quality, and free from any deleterious substance.

WM. McMURTRIE, E.M., Ph.D.,

"Chemist in Chief U. S. Dep't of Agriculture."