

## Correspondence.

SPRINGVILLE, Tazewell Co.,  
Virginia, April 6th, 1869.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Bro.—I left Philadelphia with Elder W. N. Dusenberry en route for Dixie via Washington, D. C., on the 2d of February. After a very pleasant and profitable visit in the "Quaker City," we arrived in Washington after a few hours' ride in the cars. We visited the Honorable W. H. Hooper, and, though he was up to his eyes in business, he was, as usual, hospitable and kind. He hailed us welcome, with a "Mormon" greeting, which we can heartily reciprocate down here.

We were introduced to members of the law-making and other departments of the State, to President Johnson in the White House, and to some of the leading statesmen in both houses of Congress, all of whom expressed themselves favorably of Utah, and the "Mormons" being admitted into the family of States. Our Delegate is much respected in the Capitol as a "Mormon" Elder. His speech on the "Extension of Boundaries," in defense of our Constitutional rights, lifts him high in the estimation of all honorable, high-minded, law-abiding citizens; it is sought for and read with interest by all classes. We found one family in the Metropolis, by the name of Davis, who desire to be associated with the Saints as soon as the way opens for their deliverance.

On the morning of February 9th, we bade adieu to friend Hooper and the city of Washington; took passage on the steamer *Key West* for Aqua Creek, where we took the cars for Richmond, the Capital of Virginia, and the Confederate headquarters during the rebellion. Richmond is built on a beautiful site near the James River, about a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. I observed, while passing through the city, a great number of houses in ruins, having been destroyed by fire at its fall. The city, and, in fact, the whole country, where the contending armies marched, looks dilapidated and forlorn. The people seem unsettled, and have fearful forebodings of the future. The negro, though free to serve whom he will, is in a pitiable condition, and in many instances he gladly returns to his former master and works for his board. Some, who have been free for a time and have learned how to live, do very well, and can provide for themselves. They come to our meetings, and a few have embraced the gospel, and wish to go to the home of the Saints.

On the 19th of February, we met with Elders H. G. Boyle and H. K. Corey, in Surrey County, North Carolina, where they have been doing a good work: the foundation of which was laid by Jedediah M. Grant, in 1840. Today, his name and works are household words, in North Carolina and Virginia, where he labored and organized branches of the Church; the old members of which, here, as elsewhere, attest the truth of "Mormonism;" but those alive to their own interest, proclaim their faith by their works, and are preparing to emigrate. The Saints in North Carolina are poor, but they open their houses to the Elders, and administer to their wants. While in North Carolina we had calls to preach, almost every day, to the people, who everywhere manifest a desire to hear us. Many are convinced of the truth, and a few of the honest in heart, who, dare do right, yield obedience to the gospel, and are identified with the Saints.

The first expedition from England to the New World, landed on Roanoke Island, now in the State of North Carolina, in 1584, where the first American of Anglo-Saxon descent, was born; and although settled at that early date, the country and people are far behind Utah and the "Mormons" for improvement. So far as I have seen, the land is poor, and in many places does not produce over five bushels of wheat to the acre, and not more than ten anywhere. The women, as a general thing, assist the men in outdoor work; they also spin and weave all their own clothing, and their bedding and home comforts are the workmanship of their own hands, and for industry and economy they cannot be surpassed anywhere in the United States, except in Utah. The people of the South are warm-hearted, hospitable and kind, especially in the rural districts, where we find access to their homes, and the truth finds a place in their hearts. During the war, their teams were mostly used up with the home service, and we frequently find men and boys plowing with an ox, it being all the team they have got.

On the 18th of March I left Mount

Airey, North Carolina, with Elders Boyle, Dusenberry, Corey, and Squire Jessup, a prominent citizen of Stokes Co., N. C., who kindly furnished us with a buggy, for the trip, and accompanied us, as far as Burkes Garden, Virginia. On arriving there we met for the first time, Elder T. B. Lewis, who has been laboring in Virginia and Kentucky with success. He carries with him the spirit of his calling, fearlessly defending the cause of truth. J. W. Bell is expected here soon to join Bro. Lewis in the work of the ministry. Harried by the way to see his children All the Saints in Virginia were glad to see us and we were equally rejoiced to see them rejoicing in the truth. While in Burkes Garden, we made our headquarters at Mr. T. Heninger's, one of the best men, and one of the most extensive farmers of the neighborhood. His kind hearted family did all in their power to make us comfortable. We held a number of meetings in the Garden, and through Tazewell and Smith Counties. The people came out en masse to hear the "Mormon" Elders preach; but they are slow to believe and be baptized. In my opinion, many will have to learn, by the things they suffer, that our testimony is true, and that the gospel we preach, is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are now on our way to New Garden, Russell Co., where a number have applied for baptism, and where Elder Wm. L. Gillespie, an ex-Baptist preacher, has been doing a good work since he embraced the gospel. Our vehicle having broken down, while traveling over the Virginia mountains, I concluded of necessity remain here at Springville and write you while it is being fixed. Springville, is the old parental homestead of Bro. Boyle who is with me here. It was here he embraced the gospel. His sister Mrs. Elizabeth McMullen, still lives in the "old house at home." Her husband is an honorable farmer, who minds the "Mormon" creed, although he has not embraced the gospel. They have raised a large family of children, all believing in the truth, and ready to be baptized. The family is preparing to emigrate, when "Uncle Henry" returns to the home of the Saints.

While I write you, the Saints are convened, in Conference, "in the mountain of the Lord's house," Salt Lake City, transacting business, for the welfare and advancement of the kingdom of God, in all the world, while we, with our puny efforts, are counseling together for the best good of the work, away down here in "Dixie." Though far apart in person, we are one with you in spirit and feel assured that God is with us and that we are remembered in your prayers while convening in the house of the Lord.

Bro. Dusenberry and myself shall remain in the South, until the 31st inst., when we shall return to Pennsylvania via Washington, D. C., and New York, where we shall labor, until President Brown directs our labors otherwise. The brethren, and myself are all well, and feeling well, and wish to be kindly remembered to you and all inquiring friends. Believe me as ever, faithfully,

DAVID M. STUART.

SMITHFIELD, CACHE CO.,  
April 18th 1869.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear sir Knowing the interest you take in public matters &c., I make bold to write to you on a subject in which I have been interested for the past seven years, and that is our common schools.

Our common schools of to-day and those of seven years ago are widely different, and I hope seven years hence will see a still greater advance, for our people are opening their eyes to the importance of the education of their children. We have greater facilities for obtaining proper text books, thanks to the exertions and advice of R. L. Campbell of your city. A few years ago I was seated in a log school-house, 14 by 26, poorly seated, worse lighted, no writing desk, 30 children, 11 books of every description, size and color; to-day in a beautiful room, well seated, well lighted, two large blackboards, Willson's School and family charts, and a map of the United States hanging on the wall, 90 children attending regularly, each scholar supplied with speller, reader, geography, arithmetic, slate and copy book; besides three other schools in the same settlement. No Sunday school then, to-day 200 scholars assemble to hear the principles of the gospel, in our Sunday school. Our small school-houses then too large, our large school-houses now too small. Oh, what a happy change! and when I ponder, I sing "Hard times come again no more,"

The American Farmer and School Visitor is discussing "the best method of spelling" to be used in schools, and it invites correspondence; I would like to hear from some of our teachers the methods they have adopted. My method is as follows: I have one class numbering 25 children between the age of 8 and 14 years, they spell once a day, about 60 words or 30 sentences, from Willson's higher speller, being a lesson. With slate in hand they write the words pronounced by the teacher; if sentences, they place the synonymous words in brackets; viz—boundless ocean, unlimited power, infinitespace. "Boundless," "unlimited," "infinite," being synonyms, are bracketed. After they have written the lesson they pass their slates to their neighbor for correction if necessary, after which the teacher examines every slate. This exercise admits of many variations. I find this an improvement on the old method of standing to the line, and a scholar spelling but three or four words in each lesson. Fellow laborers if you have any better method let us know it, let your light shine on this and other subjects pertaining to the interest of our common schools. C. W.

"CAPE COD, NANTUCKET,"  
AND ALL ALONG THE  
R. R. LINE, April 27, 1869.

*Editor Deseret News:*—To-day, I am informed, there are heavy stakes on the laying of ten miles of track within the present 24 hours, on the C. P. near Cedar. From \$10,000 to \$50,000 will probably change hands on the issue. This distance brings the Central to the Summit.

Though the curves of the Central Pacific are frequent, giving a very serpentine appearance to the line, with great diversity in grades, to avoid deep cutting, the track is remarkably smooth; and even now, while it is yet new, the engineers do not hesitate to run from 30 to 35 miles per hour. The fixed speed, when the road shall have been completed, and the trains put upon regular time, is to be 40 miles per hour.

At Elko, a C. P. town, a little over 200 miles west of Ogden, the little grasshoppers are swarming and voracious, devouring everything tender. In behalf of the Deseretans who were "bitten" by them or their last year's ancestry, I cordially tendered them the freedom of that region, so fertile in sage-brush, for the entire season; which I sincerely hope they may have the concession to accept. Elko is on the Humboldt river; and, as a most singular phenomenon, I here make noteworthy the fact, that, just above the town, on one side, the river runs east, the other west,—another instance in this great interior world, of the wondrous freaks of Nature.

Corinne is "on the fence." Gen. Stanford could give the consulting committee no assurance of Central Pacific patronage, in founding upon Bear River the "hope and sheet anchor of Christian civilization for Utah." I could not but respond a solemn concurrence with the impromptu (perhaps the first) prayer of an Eastern gentleman, during a conversation upon junction and other matters, yesterday, "God Almighty have mercy on the people of Ogden, if the carcass of Corinne is to be disemboweled in their streets!" The mention of the euphonious word "Corinne" reminds me of an occurrence but a few days since, forcibly illustrative of the manners and customs that prevail in that mushroom burg. A countryman with potatoes, having sold a part of his load, was met by a species of biped known in the Corinne tongue as a "Capper," (a numerous race indigenous to that locality, distinguished from the forked-tongue and cloven-footed tribes by their light-fingered proclivities) who, in somewhat broken English, took so strong a fancy to the rough, but honest countryman as to inform him where he could sell the remainder of his load. All told, the potatoe man had then \$90 in his pocket. "Capper," semi-aquatic, asked the man to "drop in and drink." A quarter of an hour after, countryman was minus his money. Feeling acutely that he had been "taken in and done for," he posted himself for Gen. Williamson. As he passed out of the Capper den, he was met by another of the tribe, who had hastily slipped around by a back way, who asked, "Who are you looking for?" "Gen. Williamson," replied the potatoe man. "That is my name, sir," returned Capper, "What is up?" "Why, General, I have just been robbed of \$90 here." "Where, and by whom, sir," authoritatively demanded the spew-rious General. "In here," belched out the complainant, at the same moment preceding the "General" into the den. A mock court was opened; the implicated Cappers arraigned, tried, and judgment rendered, fining both Capper and countryman \$10 and costs, for gambling. Countryman humbly plead that he had not a dollar to his name; but he had a pair of horses. It was finally agreed that the unsuspecting victim of basest robbery should leave one of his horses as security and upon the other go home to Box Elder, and get the penal money. And the poor fellow did go to get the horse, but first put on his harness, hitched up in a twinkling, and the last seen of him, was in a dusty wake toward the eastern horizon—unquestionably, his admiration of "civilization" horribly intensified, and a wiser, if not a better man. The "Dew Drop Inn,"

however, where all who DEW drop in, generally take a drop too much, still yawns for its victims.

The track from Bear river to Hot Spring Siding is mostly in fine condition. On a late run with the new and beautiful U.P.R. R. locomotive 142, Frank Mooney, conductor, Wm. Murphy, engineer, we made the distance between these two points, some eighteen miles, in twenty-five minutes; about forty miles per hour. This was at least some near approach to "running like the lightning." Capt. Proctor, U. S. A., Camp Douglas, has erected a dwelling, preparatory to further and permanent appropriation of the Hot Springs.

Ogden is evidently passing through an intermittent fever of exuberance over her juncture triumph. With all her petulance over her present prestige, she may ere long become, in the estimation of many, far less desirable than now. It is a fact as singularly ominous as amusing, that the other day a very genteel young gent, in quest of a residence, unwittingly selected the county jail!

The Hon. Sidney Dillon supersedes Dr. Durant in the general management of the U. P. R. R. This gentleman, together with Supt. S. B. Reed, Col. Seymour, Mark Seymour, H. M. Haxie and two engineers passed down to the end of track on Friday evening last to institute a final survey and measurement of the road, from Ogden to the Promontory summit, prior to sale and transfer to the Central.

Through Weber Canon the track is yet very wavy. The masonry for the permanent bridge over the Weber at Devil's Gate is under construction. The immense bridge—a Howe Truss of 220 feet span, is lying upon the cars at Echo. Among the most brilliant institutions along the Weber line is the restaurant of your inestimable bachelor patron, Mr. John Lamb, who skips about as blithely as when the inimitable young caterer and toll-gate keeper two miles below the mouth of Echo. He hangs out only the characteristically modest sign, "MEALS." His version of the story about the New York lady who lost her waterfall at Morgan must be reserved for a future digestion.

Tunnel No. 3 fired its last glycerine blast yesterday. After a strike of two weeks for their wages, the workmen finally resumed three or four days ago. To-morrow evening the first car will probably pass through this 508 feet of tunnel work. Four of the eight Howe Truss bridges to be put in below Lost Creek are already up—one below the small tunnel; one between the tunnels; two above the large tunnel. The longest bridges in the canon are 300 feet span. One is to be erected over Strawberry ford; the other just above the small tunnel. Another has just been completed at the head of the "Narrows." The bridges are made in Chicago. Every piece of timber, every bolt, rod, plate and fastener of the bridge, exactly fitted, is laid down at the point desired, from the cars. They are put together without any interruption of the trains.

The construction department at Echo will soon have accomplished the end of its creation. Inventories of stock are now being taken. Mr. Gosseline, the Company's agent, leaves for his home in the East in a few days, after an absorbing business connection with sub-contractors, and having control of the supply department for nearly a year. Trade at Echo is represented by its recipients as "very lively." A. P. Wood, superintending engineer of permanent bridge construction, from Green river to end of track, was last evening presented with a magnificent gold watch costing \$800. Messrs Kennedy, Bancroft, Patterson, Miller, and a number of others, contractors and engineers, who have been operating under him, were the donors. The construction of the permanent bridge abutments in Echo Canon is under the immediate direction of Engineer J. Fewson Smith. Some thirty-four bridges are to be put up from the first crossing to the mouth of the canon; all the masonry to be of first-class work. The quarry and masonry is under contract and prosecution by Messrs. Warner & Whitman. A handsome station-house has been erected at the head of Echo, or Castle Rock. The heavy fill at this point is to be completed by Messrs. Carmichael & Co. and Hill & Green, having been relinquished by Warner & Whitman. A line of severe snow-squal was crossed while running up Echo last night.

Of Lord Bacon, on his first Parliamentary career, Ben Johnson says, "the fear of every man who heard him was that he should make an end." Of more modern orators and essayists it is oftener feared they will never end. More, ANON.

## Special Notices.

Having lately received extensive additions to our already large and varied stock, in the shape of type, presses, &c., &c., our facilities for executing all kinds of Job Work in the best and most improved styles have been greatly increased. Co-operative and other establishments can be supplied with plain or tinted Order and Receipt Books, Certificates of Stock, and every kind of work. Orders from the city and the country settlements are respectfully solicited.

We have received one of the latest improved ruling machines, and are, therefore, prepared to do all kinds of ruling according to order, on the shortest notice.

s&w 1f