

got a roof for the Elders. You must be pretty tired. Bring your cheer up to the fire. Brother K—and E—are up stairs living on the bed 'most worn out. They walked clean from Roanoke to-day. They sort a' expected you."

It was well the old lady kept on talking for our Elder had all he could do to prevent his gratitude from manifesting itself in unmanly tears. As it was, his thoughts forced upon him this conclusion, that she was the genial possessor of a warm heart and a versatile tongue, in which respects she is a perfect type of the majority of his hostesses since that time.

It is not the intention nor within the power of the writer to describe the meeting of "Mountain Boys" in the world, this may safely be left to the reader's imagination. But it may not be uninteresting to take a look inside this

#### VIRGINIA DOMICILE.

The first thing that attracts the eye is the broad, generous fire-place, spacious enough to hold almost a quarter of a cord. A short chain with a pot-hook hanging from a cross-bar up the chimney. Upon the broad flagstones in front were many cooking utensils, prominent among which was that relic surrounded by volumes of frontier recollections—the baking skillet, the coals glowing above and beneath. The wall surrounding the fireplace was adorned with taware, and in one corner was a well-worn safe or larder, on top of which an irregular row of unpretentious tin pots, with a wad of paper squeezed into each, was very suggestive of hoarded knick-knacks—hair pins, needles, strings, buttons, etc., garden seeds, roots and herbs, sticks or lumps of candy and sugar well wrapped up—such as every boy is acquainted with who has access to his grandma's store-house. A stoutly built home-made bedstead stood in another corner. The wall opposite the hearth was more or less completely lined with clothes suspended from nails. A pine-board table, a few home-made chairs, a book-case, a water-stand, and a bench comprised the remainder of the furniture. If we add to this description a few out buildings, such as a barn—usually very small—a spring house, where milk is kept, a smoke house for storing meat, etc., corn-cobs, workshops, and a house for storing and drying tobacco, all built of logs and thatched with hand made shingles or clap boards—we have a fair outline of the majority of rural homes. It becomes evident to the visitor that

#### MOTHER GRUNDY

rarely raises her head in such districts, though at the railroad cities, possibly within half a day's drive, she bears supreme sway; and should an extra flourish or "fol de rol" bloom on the person of a vain country lass as the result of having her fancy tickled by that irate despot it becomes at once the theme of many a quill circle or apple paring bee, where it is discussed pro and con, accompanied by many a solemn ejaculation as to what this world is coming to. Such is the constitution of human nature, however, that Irishmen never lose an inch of ground once gained.

This rural state of things is by no means to be deplored, for the absence of straight-laced formality is fully made up by

#### GENUINE CORDIALITY.

When a visitor sits up to the table, he is invariably told: "Make yourself at home, and help yourself; we're all Dutch here." The writer was not a little amused to hear on one occasion instead of the latter expression: "We hain't no 'quilty cuts' here."

The host sits at one end of the table superintending the meat plate, etc., while at the other end sits the hostess dispensing coffee, a platter before her containing the complete paraphernalia. "Will you take cream and sugar in coffee?" asks our hostess.

"Thank you, madam," we reply, "we prefer a glass of water or milk."

If it happens to be the evening meal, it is passed over as a matter of fact, but when the same reply is made the next morning, her eyes open with considerable amazement.

"Do you never drink coffee, then?" "No, ma'am, we stick to Adam's ale, believing it to be the most wholesome of all drinks."

"Well, but," asks our host, "is this a principle of your religion?"

"Yes, sir, it may be so called. Our people believe in being temperate in all things. Tobacco and whisky are very little needed; tea and coffee we regard as unnecessary, not to say injurious stimulants; therefore our people, as a rule, abstain from them. Of course there are exceptions, but these do not live according to the letter and spirit of our religion."

Our host then usually concludes: "Oh, it's only a habit. A person might as well do without it, if he hadn't got used to it."

"That's so," adds our hostess, "but I don't see what we'd do without it. I don't believe I could eat a bit of breakfast without my coffee."

Such a conversation our Elders have a chance to engage in at every new house they enter, for coffee drinking is so general, that nothing but the sheerest poverty can prevent its being on the table. Indeed, the writer has stopped with families where the children were obliged to go barefooted all the year round, but still

#### THE FAVORITE BEVERAGE

could be seen steaming from the cups at the breakfast table.

When Elders enter a new neighborhood, being unknown, they must of course apply to some house for lodgings. Among those who have no excuses to make, they are usually received with a whole-souled welcome, some few indicating their reluctance by saying: "Well we never turn any one out," and fewer still by a cool "I guess so."

It gives me pleasure to say, that so far as the writer's experience goes, the Elders are better liked personally the longer they stay, though the line between the friends and foes of the gospel they bear, becomes sharper every day. At the end of their first meeting, the characteristic prejudice will usually have so far abated, that they receive an invitation home. At the end of a month, if they have succeeded in opening a field, they will have several standing invitations. So the good work begins to roll.

It sometimes happens, however, that whole neighborhoods are stony-hearted. Indeed, where the general rule does not obtain, this is usually the case, manifestly working according to the old saw, "The birds of one feather," etc. In such places, where, by the way, many church steeples usually proclaim much Christianity (?), it is not an infrequent thing for the Elders to be

#### REFUSED LODGINGS

a dozen times in succession.

To illustrate how these refusals are given, it may not be out of place to give the writer's first experience, which therefore sank most deeply upon his memory. It occurred at the close of his first day's experience in traveling among total strangers, which also happened to be his birthday. His mind had been engaged in making certain painful contrasts between his present lot and certain merry birthday scenes of one year previous. Turning to his companion he remarked: "Well, Brother E., night is coming on, and we shall be obliged to seek lodgings somewhere. See, here is a house, suppose we make a beginning. But you'll have to do the talking. I don't believe I can pluck up courage enough until we have been out a few days."

"I tell you, Brother N.," returned Elder E., "there are some houses which seem to have NO painted right across their face, and this appears to me to be one of them, but we can try."

As we approached, we observed a man chopping wood. He was a lean, hungry Cassius, with a wild, unsteady gleam in his eye, which made one think of daggers. He held his axe suspended, looking over his shoulder at Brother E. began: "We are 'Mormon' El—" The ax dropped, the hand holding it trembled nervously, and a chill seemed to drive the color from his lips and face. By the time Elder E. finished explaining our circumstances, he was more calm and replied: "Well, gentlemen, I'd like to keep you, but I've bin fighting fire all day, and my wife don't feel well no-how, or else I'd keep ye."

"When you make a note of this," remarked Elder E. as they were leaving, "just say, 'Wife troubled with

#### THE USUAL COMPLAINT."

It is rarely the case that Elders are grossly insulted upon such occasions, but it is not an uncommon thing to meet with this expression: "We hain't got no use for 'Mormons' here." Naturally one would suppose that such trying ordeals would discourage the Elders. This, however, is not the case, but quite the contrary. Under no circumstances do they feel the spirit of their noble calling cooling through their veins with such genial warmth as when they are persecuted and reviled for bringing to their fallen brethren and sisters the principles of eternal life.

What kind of a comforter indeed would that be which would desert the servants of God when they most stood in need of it!

When it is considered that such books as "Hell on Earth or Mormonism Exposed," by the Rev. Wm. Jarman, "are scattered by the car loads over the country by Satan's emissaries—when poor human nature is enticed to drink such copious draughts of the devil's ale—it is not to be wondered at that it sometimes becomes intoxicated with evil spirits.

Every Elder has reason to be thankful, however, that at present such inebriation is the exception rather than the rule, though the careful observer cannot fail to see that it is constantly gaining ground. The cup of iniquity is rapidly filling. Woe be unto Babylon when it shall overflow.

N. L. N.

#### OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Carpet-bag Republicanism and autocratic despotism—Carpet-bag Rule in Ireland—Joseph Smith the bravest man New England ever produced—Chaos in Iowa—Autocracy in Utah—Sam Jones on bogus Christianity.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27th, 1886.

#### Editor Deseret News:

Your Salt Lake dispatch fiend has been keeping himself tolerably quiet since he made a fool of himself, and a circus of the country, by that army scare. He must have profited a little also by the President's letter on newspaper falsehood. He is coming to the front again. His latest fabrications

bear the old stamp, and the ingenuousness and simplicity of the faded court-tear who tries to assume the childish purity of school-girl days. He says of some person charged with something, "It will be remembered this is the man who half-masted the flag." This is unnecessary, for we know all about this flag, and the persons connected with it. We also know all about Fanny Davenport and Mrs. Field, and it is quite redundant to say of a deputy, "It must be remembered this is not the deputy who was seduced by Mrs. Field."

Your dispatch demon has got back to the Mexico business again, and we are told that certainly the "Mormon" begins is about to commence. Well, if this is so, then there is no further cause of alarm. We will be saved the disagreeable task of paralleling the works of European and Asiatic despots. Anyhow, if we compare carpet-bag republicanism with autocratic despotism, there is

#### NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Here is what an American paper says of Europe:

What an ugly thing despotism is! The despot of Germany is sending thousands of Poles over the frontier. The despot of Russia is ejecting thousands of Germans. Herr Liebknecht, Social-Democrat, denounces the policy of expulsion by brute force, and declares that it proves that Germany is still under the influence of barbarism.

"The Czar's ukase ordering the expulsion from Russia of all Prussians not naturalized will affect 100,000 persons, employers and workmen. The employers are allowed eight months in which to quit Russia, the workmen, six months, and the peasants, six weeks."

"The expelled people will have to leave their homes behind them. They cannot sell out to advantage. Their worldly goods will be lost. The Huguenot migration is repeated under the despotisms of the nineteenth century."

Is this any different from what the despot of Utah is attempting to do. Governor Murray is but a miniature Czar or Kaiser, and his carpet-bag benchmen are but "hired assassins" the same as the uniformed soldiers of Russia and Germany. It is rather

#### A CURIOUS COMMENTARY

on Christianity that a Socialist is now in Europe the representative of charity, tolerance and universal brotherhood.

In England Charles Bradlaugh, an atheist, says, in reply to his constituents of Northampton that he is not fit to be a legislator unless he can do justice to his political and religious opponents. He was asked to define himself on the Irish question, and that is what he said. Christians ought to reflect on these godless men, and ask why it is that outside of alleged religion honesty is often found. Mr. Bradlaugh condemns the carpet-bag system which made Ireland what it is, a part of Britain, but a diseased and putrid part, bringing weakness and decay to the body politic. There may be some carpet-baggers to-day in Utah, who claim descent from Irish Celt or French Huguenot, from Yankee Puritan or Stuart Cavalier; if so, let them ponder on the lessons of history. If they are now wielding the rod which was once wielded over themselves, let them hide their heads in shame. Here is an answer given to a correspondent by an American editor in regard to Ireland:

[J. B.]—In 1618 the Corporation of Galway enacted that "if any man should bring an Irishman in cage or boste upon the town, to forfeit 12 pence. That no man shall take or receive into their houses any of the Burkes, McWilliams, the Kellies nor no cepte (cept) elles on pain of 5 pounds. That neither O nor Mac shall strutte no swaggere thro' the streets of Galway."

There may be some Galway men in Utah, and to them this will form an instructive lesson. In their own town they could not, literally, speaking, "blow their noses" in 1618. This was two years after the great Shakespeare died. A Stuart was on the English throne. It was two years before the Plymouth Rock disembarkation, and the Puritan was an exile himself, making wooden shoes for the Hollanders. The Corporation of Galway was composed of a few dozen carpet-baggers, the pimps and procuresses of the first James, and they made a law that an O nor a Mac should not show himself in his native town. To kill a Mac was but

#### A PIECE OF BRAVERY

which evoked praises from carpet-bag throats.

How nicely the McMurrin case fits here. This man is shot down in his native city, and the carpet-bag assassin goes free. The Lonsans and other Galway tribes applaud, when they ought to condemn, if the ordinary attributes of manhood were in their bosoms. What a treat it would be for some mocking demon from the lower regions, to visit Salt Lake to-day, and see these men who were once the persecuted, now become the persecutors. There is the miserable creature from Galway, who was hunted, and hacked, and spat upon a few short years ago, now become the carpet-bag tyrant. There is the Puritan from Boston who was run out of England, whipped and jerked at, until there was nothing left but his nose and his hymn book. This more than miserable wretch, hunted like a wild cat from shore to shore, 38 years after he lands on New England begins to burn Quakers and witches, and kept up the fun with Catholics, until now he feeds on "Mormons." These Puritans boast of their "village Hampdens" and his dauntless breast, and of Cromwell and his valor. Why, even these would have run away, if they were left. Love of country was taught to them. They

ought not to be called Englishmen, because they would have left their country to the Scotch Stuarts and their harlots. And as to that

#### OLLA PODRIDA

of New England which called themselves descendants of Englishmen, they have no claim to the title. New England never produced a man brave enough to die for his principles and his belief, except it was Joseph Smith, the founder of "Mormonism." The average New Englander is a carpet-bagger by instinct. Wherever he is located he is ready to sell out to the next corner, and try to beat somebody. Edmunds, Hoar, Arthur, Blaine, the whole crowd are the sons of refugees and wanderers, and now they are in turn become the tyrants and despots. What was Grant? A creature who denied his mother's country, and tried to palm off a fictitious genealogy on the world. What is Cullom? What is Zane? What is Murray? What is Paddy Powers? The State Government of Iowa is in

#### A VERY CHAOTIC CONDITION

at present. The prohibitionists are said to have been the cause, and they are also charged with conspiring to effect the destruction of the Republican party. Here is what one of our Chicago papers says of the situation: "When it comes to depriving municipalities of local self-government in order to rule them with a State constabulary on the Irish plan, and the impeachment of judges because they do not decide according to the dictation of prohibition societies, there can be no question that the Republican party must disavow these proceedings or go under." If nothing more were to result from the abolition of local self-government than the annihilation of the Republican party things would not be so bad. However, bad that party is, we might have worse, if the Anarchists and Socialists succeed in their schemes. Disregard of local laws by State or federal or mob minions does not lead to good results either in Iowa or in Utah. If the Irish constabulary plan of government is to be introduced on an extensive plan we ought to borrow one of the younger sons of the Prince of Wales, and start the machinery in proper motion. In Utah

#### THE MACHINE IS COMPLETE.

it only requires to proclaim somebody King. Orlando the First, King of Utah, would sound well, or Ed the Great, Emperor of the Rockies, would sound better. In Illinois we could have Cullom the Grand, Mamaluke of the Suckers, with a cabinet of anti-"Mormons," and the Carthage Greys as guards of honor.

Governor Murray told the Utah Legislature to be guided in its action by the demands of Vermont. No matter about local wants, local interests, and local enterprises, please and conform to Vermont and it will do right. This is strange political doctrine for America, but for an Irish carpet-bag Judge, or military ruler it is just right and proper. If a Utah Legislature is to meet for no other purpose than to pronounce Messrs. Edmunds and Hoar keepers of the great seal of this republic and custodians of the political and religious conscience of America, then this Legislature makes an ass of itself.

It does not matter in what name popular rights are set aside, equity and justice disregarded, common sense and clear reason subverted the result to honest government will be the same. Prohibition or Polygamy, "Mormonism" or Methodism, it matters not which word is used, reason, justice, and honesty should be always held in view. Prohibition, anarchy or absolutism is no better, no worse than those of polygamy alarmists. Judge Hayes of Iowa is now

#### IMPEACHED

for misinterpreting State laws, and because "he is a bigoted Statesovereignty democrat. Bourbon in all that the name implies, naturally in favor of free liquor and plenty of it, an opponent of license as well as of prohibition." The Idaho namesake of this judge ought to take a lesson from this. One has pronounced some local prohibition enactments unconstitutional, the other has pronounced local religious enactments or rather disabilities constitutional. Here we have polygamy and prohibition treated on the same plan, merely to further party interests and personal advancements.

In the religious world a new light has appeared in the person of Sam Jones. Out of respect to the cloth he ought to be called the Rev. Samuel Jones, and, though he was at first ridiculed, he is beginning to command attention. Speaking of the commercial instinct in religion at Cincinnati, he says:

My God how my heart dropped when I heard this church rented its pews. If you can't live without renting them, why close up, and the sooner you do the better. As if 500 men cannot raise money enough to pay one poor preacher without renting pews! Methodism in rented pews is as much out of place as a South Carolina corn field darkey in the White House.

This is plain talk, but it is true. Places which are denominated churches are in reality but theatres, with the preacher as principal baboon—a kind of star actor among gorillas. If a poor, honest man, with threadbare coat, visits one of these churches to attend a service, he will not be allowed to stand under a stairway even, but he will be told there is a mission chapel down in Mulligan's alley, where all are admitted, a kind of democratic gospel

shop, carried out on the same plan as a five cent whisky house.

Sam is correct; the sooner the Methodist closes his hogs Christianity altogether the better for religion.

JUNIUS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PROVO VALLEY ITEMS.

MIDWAY, Feb. 15, 1886.

#### Editor Deseret News:

Reading with interest, the many articles from parties in different parts of the Territory, I take the privilege of giving you a short description of our surroundings in general.

Situated as we are in a nook of the Wasatch Range, we have little intercourse with the outside world, except through the papers, of which the News is an important factor, giving all news in general and handling impartially and truthfully the present unjust onslaught upon the Latter-day Saints.

The winter thus far has been very mild for this region, there being at present writing about one foot of snow with a fair show of a moderately early spring.

All seem to be fairly supplied with the comforts of life. Stock look well, and there is an abundance of feed in sight. Religiously the people generally are alive to their duties, in the position we occupy and the necessity of drawing nearer to our Heavenly Father; but some look on with indifference, thinking all will be well with them.

The health of the people is good, but we were called upon to pay the last sad rites in behalf of Sister Mary Bronson who departed this life on the 9th inst. She sleeps the sleep of the righteous, having died as she had lived a faithful Latter-day Saint respected and honored by all, as was evinced by the large cortege that followed her to her resting place and tenderly laid her to rest, there to rest in peace till the morning of the first resurrection.

May we all seek to emulate her good works, fitting ourselves to bear with fortitude all the indignities heaped upon us as a people, of which I am pleased to subscribe myself a member.

JAS. B. WILSON.

### Terrible Slaughter of the Family Leporidae.

HOLBROOK, Millard County, February 1st, 1886.

#### Editor Deseret News:

Please admit space in your columns for the boys of Holdeen to be represented, as they think themselves some on a rabbit hunt.

We gave a challenge to Fillmore, the capital of the county, who sent two men of their number to make arrangements. Both parties consented to a written agreement, the purse being \$54.

Joseph Ray was elected captain of the Fillmore boys and A. S. Harmon captain of those of Holdeen, all of whom were to start from home on Saturday morning, February 13, at 8 o'clock, and meet half way between Fillmore and Holdeen (five miles for each side). They commenced hunting about 10 o'clock, each side consisting of eighteen runners, 6 teams and teamsters, 9 pacers mounted on horseback, provided with sacks, hooks, etc., for packing the rabbits, making the whole force number 66 men. At the hour of counting—5 o'clock in the evening—loud cheers. Holdeen tallied 195 more rabbits than Fillmore; making nearly 11 to the man, the best. The total number of rabbits killed was 2,101—I think, the largest amount ever killed at one hunt in Utah.

Everything went off quietly and satisfactorily.

We do not believe in blowing, but we are willing to do the best we can.

Yours respectfully,

LITTLE APPY.

**WILLIAM'S PLEASANT PILLS**  
Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and other Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of 20 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment, as it absorbs tumors, dries itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Price only for Piles, itching of the private parts, nothing else. Sold by druggists and mailed on receipt of 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.  
For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.—FRANKLIN MEDICINE CO., Prop's.—Cleveland, Ohio.

### FORFEITURE NOTICE.

TO J. K. PARDEE.

**YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT** you are indebted in the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, for money expended and labor performed upon the Vulcan Mine, situated in Utah Valley District, Tooele County, Utah, said indebtedness being your just and proper proportion of an assessment duly incurred by reason of expenditures and outlay necessary to the proper working and development of said Vulcan Mine, in which you are part owner. This is therefore to notify you, that unless you shall make payment of One hundred and Fifty Dollars, to be paid on or before the 15th day of March, 1886, to the undersigned, your interest in said Mine will be forfeited and become my property as provided by law.

CHAS. AUER.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 2, 1885.  
448 900