

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## HEBER HINTS.

## HEBER CITY.

March 25th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

Our grangers are taking advantage of the fine weather we are having, and rushing in the grail with a good will. Our stake house is progressing steadily, some eight to ten carpenters have been working for the last two months. Our energetic Superintendent, President Hatch is rushing the work along, with the expectation of having it so near completed that we can hold the annual conference next October in it; of course President Hatch intends to invite the authorities of the Church to come and hold conference here if they feel so disposed, and all are agreeable.

On Thursday, 24th inst., your humble servant was invited to participate, in a gathering of the old folks and widows of Heber West Ward, at the residence of Sister Sarah Cummings, under the supervision of our worthy Bishop and counsel, with the assistance of a committee chosen from the Relief Society. By ten o'clock vehicles were running around gathering the folks together, and while dinner was being prepared, and to pass the time pleasantly, there were songs and recitations. About two o'clock dinner was announced, and some ninety-six persons sat down to partake of the rich viands placed before them, and I assure you they did ample justice to the same. Christiana Carlisle and John Cummings, Sr., were the two oldest persons that were present, the former turned 90 years and the latter 84. While the old folks were enjoying dinner the Heber brass band, under the leadership of Alex. Fortie, discoursed sweet strains of music.

Our County Court being in session this week, it was deemed advisable that the county officers should all take the new test oath.

The base ball clubs of Heber are reviving as spring advances. On Saturday, the 26th, the first game of the season comes off between the married men and the single men.

Beautiful weather, very little sickness, everything going along in the usual jog-trot style.

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN CHOOK.

## A BOOM FOR UTAH.

OGDEN, March 16.

Editor Deseret News:

I wonder at the simplicity of some would-be smart people; for instance, some claim to believe that when a person takes an oath that he will support the Constitution of the United States and the laws thereof, that it covers the entire ground; that such an oath faithfully kept by the affiant would restrain him from larceny, burglary, highway robbery, arson, piracy on the high seas, fornication, adultery, infanticide, and manslaughter in all of its degrees; in fact, compel him by the force and sacred nature of his oath to be a good, law-abiding citizen; therefore, they maintain, that the appendix to the oath by the E. T. bill, and the extra long tail by the Utah commissioners, does not make it any more binding, and is surplusage. It might have done to argue in that way a half century or so ago, but you see our nation is progressive, and to try to hamper us by the views of those times is simply absurd. Has it not been fully demonstrated in the city of Washington that even some members of Congress and plenty of other officials there ought to be required to take just such an oath as the one framed for Utah, as a sort of moral restraint on them? Why criticize Judges Zane and Henderson because they subscribed to the oath, and requested the other court officials to do so also? Have they not had ample proof that some of the deputies and others did not consider the old oath of sufficient force to restrain them from overt acts that compromised their moral honor? And did not Judge Zane come to their rescue, and by a mandate of his court, stop proceedings against them, to keep them from being publicly exposed and imprisoned? And then say those specifications are useless? Nonsense; they are the very meat of the kernel.

But really, Mr. Editor, the people of Utah ought to be grateful to our nation's sons. Their great interest for us has at last found expression in this latest enactment, in our especial favor. Why, sir, it will be a big boom for Utah. Don't you see, after the next registration, we will all become suddenly moral? Our oath will go bind us that neither in the highways nor byways, in the secret chamber or the secluded nook, will Utah's citizens do aught immoral. Then will the day star of our destiny arise. What a glorious deliverance from the evils that have long perplexed the good and the pure! An evil, whose presence has cursed every city and village of our fair land, an evil that has cast its dark shadows across the doorway of many a proud father and confiding mother, a curse that has blasted forever the fond hopes of millions of young and trusting wives, and one that has sent many a husband to the grog shop to drown his sorrow, and make him forget the viper that stung him, a curse that has taught young men that virtue is a sham, and that moral purity exists only in the imagination, an evil that teaches boys that women are only created to minister to the baser passions of men; a boom for Utah; indeed, if all these good results shall be realized. And why not, if

those who are keeping alive the social sins among us take the oath without the "mental reservation" we hear so much about. Make haste and get ready for our guests. "The Queen of Sheba" will be here; Utah will be a moral oasis in the midst of a great desert; and she will want to see with her own eyes the purity of her people. Kings, princes and potentates, rulers, governors and judges, will leave the haunts so familiar to them, and brave the dangers of the deep, and the worse dangers of our railways, that they, too may behold this prodigy of the nineteenth century; yea, verily our American Congressmen will want to spend their vacation in the pure moral air of Utah, that they may gather renewed strength, and fortify themselves against the wiles of the unconverted in Washington. More than that, having once tasted of the fruit of the vine they planted in Utah, they will speedily put the surrounding Territories and the District of Columbia in line, and will use their influence in their own States to have a similar oath formulated; and thus will the whole lump be leavened, and despoiled Utah will be in the van.

The class of visitors we will have spend money freely; they want the best the earth affords; more and better hotels will be needed, turnouts will be in demand, such as may be seen in Central Park, New York, in the month of roses. Timid mothers will bring their daughters here for safety, and the fast young man will be advised to seek a rest from the cares and toils of life in Utah's vales.

Mr. Editor, this is what the great moral oath is going to do for Utah, or else it is not worth much to us; and if it does not do it, then there is going to be "moral perjury" and "mental reservation" by somebody besides the "Mormons," or else our registration list will be very short. If it does this, then we can all thank the L. L's, or somebody else, and if it don't, what will it do?

Yours, "twixt doubt and fear,"

1854.

## THE PEOPLE WHO GATHER TO UTAH.

Judging the Latter-day Saints—An Emigrant Company—Missionaries—The Lamanites—Singing the Songs of Zion—Gathering Home.

SALT LAKE CITY,

March 28, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

It is not altogether strange that erroneous views are generally entertained regarding the true character of Latter-day Saint emigrants. The superficial view usually obtained of "Mormon" proselytes could not well result in different conclusions under these given characteristics of the observers, viz:

## PREJUDICE, BIGOTRY,

and a thirst for knowledge so shallow and perverted that rather relishes the scum and debris floating on the current of humanity, than the purer draught obtained by dipping deeper in the stream.

But aside from these conditions, it is a fact often exemplified that even two honest observers will come to widely different conclusions if one looks from an objective and the other from a subjective standpoint. The world at large see the Latter-day Saints only from the former, when, as a matter of fact, the only accurate point of view is the latter. If one would learn the

## TRUE INWARDNESS

of a man, a nation or a people, he must look, as it were, through their eyes.

During the progress of a company of Latter-day Saints from Babylon to Zion, every newspaper along the route has an account of how they appeared from the outside; and as the writer lately had the pleasure of traveling with such a company, we beg leave to offer a humble description of a "Mormon" emigrant train, from the inside.

The company leaving Chattanooga March 1st, 1887, was probably a fair sample of the people uniting their destinies with the Latter-day Saints. Now,

## HOW BAD WERE THEY?

Let us take the first glimpse of them at Kansas City, where the writer joined them. The union depot is thronged by elite of the traveling public. Here and there we catch stray sunbeams from the glass eye of a dude; yonder we notice a sturdy group of half a dozen men under stovepipe hats, and restlessly sporting gold-headed canes; while hither and thither, turn which ever way we may, our eyes catch the inevitable bustles and bangs of fashionable city life. To the left a mob of trunk-smashers make the air hideous by the grating, crashing sound of unoffending baggage, and the medley is completed by the boot-black, the news boy, the ringing of bells, and the hiss of escaping steam. But here comes another train containing four yellow cars. No sooner does it stop than we observe through the windows a conglomeration of baskets, babies, bundles, shawls, bonnets, faces—wrinkled, bearded, smooth; happy, bewildered, "blue." Out they pour, old and young, dressed in rural make-up, astonishment and curiosity.

It is soon learned

## THEY ARE "MORMONS,"

and many a glass is focused in that direction, many a nose twisted heavenward. And then some gouty individual may be heard grumbling ex-

citedly: "This will never do, this will never do; they ought to be shot, every last one of 'em."

And then President Morgan comes along and shouts authoritatively: "Go back into the car, go back into the car, and stay there, or you'll be sure to be lost;" and then sotto voce to the Elders assisting him, "Just imagine what a lovely scene I have sometimes when alone with such a company." By this time the glasses are turned on him, and the spectators look at each other significantly, as much as to say: "See what slaves they are! See how he herds them together!"

While in such a scene there is

## NO TRUE JUSTIFICATION

for the slanders of "ignorance," "depravity," etc., there is to be seen a plausible origin for such slanders. These people are from the rural districts. Their self-appointed censors put them down as ignorant and depraved—results from the slums of society—and for what? Here are their crimes: They dress according to a cloth and cut off their own; they are travel-stained, their hair sometimes disheveled, their beards untrimmed, and boots unpolished; they are poor; they stare with open-eyed wonder. These are the worst things that can be said about them. But they are ignorant of society, of current events. To a certain extent this is true, and therein lies their safety; for much of this so-called superior education is of such a nature that the possession of it tends to damnation, and the want of it to salvation. Many of them may know nothing of Julius Caesar, but they all know

## SOMETHING ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

Whatever may be said of their mental attainments on other points, this is certain, that their knowledge of the plan of salvation is invulnerable.

It is not ignorance, but knowledge that causes men to accept "Mormonism," and they must drink deeply, too, or they will be found in the ranks of mobbers. Truth courts investigation, error shuns it. An honest heart will love the truth, no matter how unpopular. The motor in "Mormon" emigration is to be found in an honest, deep-seated, conviction and true moral courage. In every field are to be found many who in their heart of hearts are converted to "Mormonism," but who lack one of the essential characteristics of a true Latter-day Saint—backbone.

It has often occurred to the writer that the fittest type of true Latter-day Saint converts is Burns' "Cotter"—men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; men of a single book—the Bible.

But as the train is now fairly in motion, it may be well to stop philosophizing, and take a walk through the cars. Here first is

## A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES

lounging in graceful and ungraceful positions on either side of the aisle. They are earnestly recounting to each other precious scraps of missionary experience, and their beaming countenances and cheering laughter makes one feel like shaking hands every few minutes. Two years ago they were mostly beardless boys; to-day they stroke handsome facial appendages, and inwardly chuckle at anticipated exclamations of surprise, and how they shall be able to demonstrate that the "down" so often ridiculed is now made of sterner stuff.

We look farther up the aisle and of course the first persons we see are those two bright-eyed girls with rosy cheeks. But we're not going to look at them; it's dangerous, besides— But it is safe to

## CHEER UP THE OLD FOLKS.

How their old faces light up and something like a mist bedims their eyes, as pressing their hardened hands, we whisper a word of encouragement and a warm God bless you!

But here we are right in the midst of the family of urchins and babies. As long as a baby has a red face and squawks, we steer clear of it, but here is a delightful little cherub, just old enough to toddle about and be mischievous. It is plain to see what he helped himself to at the last meal, a sample of each particular ingredient is plastered on his chubby little face, and alas! once clean dress. His fond mother apologizes for her youngster and complains that it is impossible to keep him clean, while on the cars, nor can she get at her trunks, etc.

But here is a little group of

## LAMANITE BRETHREN

and sisters. How intelligent they look! The very spirit of the Gospel seems to beam out of their eyes. And they are not dark. Their complexion is that of a sun-burnt boy of our high mountain region. Verily, the Gospel is fast making them both a white and a delightful people. Ah, what pictures fancy conjures up, what scenes form the dark middle ground arise in the imagination as contrasts, when we stop a moment to contemplate the fact of these disenthralled descendants of Laman and Lemuel going to Zion on a railway train. But we have no time to indulge them. What engages that group of young men so earnestly? Although rustics, they evidently have ideas, and are prepared to give a reason for the hope that is within them. Let us listen: "Oh yes, as Isaiah prophesies in the twenty-ninth chapter of the Book of Mormon should come forth. He tells us it should be hid in the

ground, and then come forth out of the ground; and the words of the book should be given to one that is learned, and it should be a sealed book to him. Then it was to be given to one that is unlearned, and right after this, Isaiah prophesies that the Lord shall proceed to do a

## MARVELOUS WORK AND A WONDER.

Now all that was fulfilled before Joseph Smith was well enough acquainted with scripture to know it was there. It would be decidedly unhealthy for men to come here, who vainly prate about the ignorance and delusion of "Mormon" converts, and try to disprove the doctrines of their religion by the Bible.

And now comes one of the Elders with a commission from Pres. Morgan to gather up all the singers and go from car to car to cheer up the emigrants by the stirring songs of Zion. "Especially be careful to sing often:

Think not when you gather to Zion  
Your troubles and trials are o'er.

We must preach it unto them, and sing it unto them, that Zion is a place to be built up, and that they are to help build it, and not a paradise where work ends and rest begins. And after doing our best, there will still be some with such rose-tinted imaginations as to believe that they are coming right into the millennial kingdom."

A choir is soon improvised, and the noise of the train is drowned in the chorus of voices. But here we are at a prominent depot. How

## CURIOSITY WITH AN EYE-GLASS

stalks back and forth wearing a critical air and looking up into the cars as upon caged animals. The choir proceeds at once to preach a sermon in one of those grand Gospel hymns: "O, say what is truth," "What was witnessed in the heavens?" "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," "Truth reflects upon our senses," "Come all ye sons of God," etc.; and as the train is ready to start, the singers answer other mute questions by giving voice and spirit to those inspiring songs: "O ye mountains high," and "O Babylon! O Babylon! we bid thee farewell."

The singers now fall into groups and a scene of merriment ensues, in which many a happy joke, pun, or witticism is exchanged, all hinging on the

## RIDICULOUS STARE

of the "Gentiles" on the outside.

All at once the scene is changed by the announcement that a child is taken very sick. The Elders go and administer to it, and all fears are dismissed, the child goes to sleep. But dinner time has come, lunch baskets are opened, and the Elders have about forty invitations to dine. Oh, it is impossible to understand what genuine hearts these southern people have, nor what warm love they feel for the Elders, without mingling in their society and becoming one of them, as it were.

At length the great plains are reached. It is the first time that the majority of the emigrants have emerged from the dense woods of their native homes, and the world seems all at once too big and lonely. But see, why are those Elders so eagerly gazing out of the windows and exchanging congratulations? It is because they have observed the first traces of the white sage and greasewood and begin to feel themselves

## ON THE THRESHOLD OF HOME.

At Pueblo the company divided, part going to Utah, but the majority to the San Luis Valley, Colorado. Elders Harper and Nelson determined to embrace the opportunity of visiting this new Stake of Zion, now so rapidly building up.

From a region of uncomfortable heat, the train gradually ascends to the altitude of drifting snow, and crossing the Rockies at Veta Pass, descended gradually into the famous San Luis Valley. The moon is shining brightly, and many are the exclamations of surprise and delight at the bewitching scenery, which we cannot describe in this letter. At length the time to disembark arrives. It is a beautiful, clear morning. To accommodate the company, the train goes five miles beyond the regular station, and is unloaded on the open prairie within three miles of the flourishing town of Manassa. A long line of teams is seen approaching, some running races. In half an hour, perched on boxes and trunks, the new-comers are driving in line toward their new homes. At the meetinghouse they again disembark, and in a very short time Bishop Dalton and a very efficient corps of teachers locate families here and there among the Saints, until old settlers and new are pretty thoroughly mixed up.

In our next letter we shall give a description of the country, and also take a peep into the new quarters of the emigrants.

N. L. N.

## BACK FROM DETROIT.

MINNIE CREEK, Idaho,

March 25th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

We were released from the Detroit House of Correction March 19th, and feel desirous of thanking our friends for their kindness and labors in our behalf, as well as for money received for our transportation and for our necessary wants coming home. At our departure from the House of Correction we received a suit of clothes

(such as they were), \$5 cash and two baskets of sandwiches, and from our friends in Salt Lake City \$80 cash. After bidding farewell to all the officers of the institution, with promises to correspond with some of them, Captain Joseph Nicholson, superintendent of the place, followed us to the depot, taking us by the street cars, and the sick brother, Rasmus Nielsen and our luggage in a buggy. Leaving Detroit at 9 p. m., March 19th, we arrived in Chicago at 7 a. m., March 20th, expecting to meet Mr. Paul Marton, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. After some waiting we took transportation to the Burlington Railroad Station and went in search of said agent, and after much search and about two hours waiting for their offices, we were informed by Mr. Marton's clerk that he would or could do nothing for us. Happening to find that an agent for the D. & R. G. Railroad had an office at 235 St. Clark Street, (Mr. Matt. Johnson) we went our way there and found Mr. Johnson, who received us very courteously and immediately set to work arranging for our transportation to Hannibal, the Missouri Pacific, the Kansas City and Burlington and Missouri to Denver, Colorado, and the D. & R. G. to Ogden, where we arrived March 25th. We were very kindly treated by all the officials of said lines and on our part feel to recommend our people to patronize said D. & R. G. Company.

Reaching Franklin, Idaho, we were met at the station by Brother George C. Parkinson, of the Onida Stake Presidency, Brother Cowley, of the Presidency of the Young Men's Mutual Association, Brother T. Nash, and a number of brethren and sisters, and a band to welcome us home to our families and friends—a token of love which brought to our eyes a moisture which we could not conceal, and an emotion swelling our throats making it impossible to utter our heartfelt thanks to friends.

Feeling in our hearts to ask the blessings of Almighty God upon all mankind, and especially upon the chosen ones of God, and being happy again among family and friends, I am, as ever, your humble servant,

NELS GRAHAM.

## AN ELDER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

PLEASANT HILL, JASPER CO.,

Miss., March 19th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

Since my arrival as a missionary in this section of country, a number of incidents have transpired, a few which I thought would not be uninteresting to your readers. While seems that all the powers of the era, from the heads of our nation to the meanest subject in the land, are arrayed against our people, and howling all over the country "Away with the down-trodden Mormons, drive them from our midst," etc., the Elders quietly attending to their business traveling around among their friends preaching the Gospel wherever they can get a chance and doing their best to slay prejudice.

That prejudice is gradually giving way to reason, and better judgment, noticeable from the fact that several in this and adjoining counties, have formerly been bitterly opposed to anything Mormon, have lately turned decidedly in our favor, and are now anxious that we should remain explain the principles of the Gospel, them as they were that we should stay.

I have also noticed that those who have most bitterly opposed the truth have turned the Elders from their doors and have endeavored to mob them to drive us from among them have generally come to grief, while those who have befriended us have invariably prospered. A few instances I will relate. Some time ago I am informed by our friends, a man by the name of Rowel tried to raise a mob to drive the Elders as well as those who befriended them from the county. He was urged on by his father-in-law who was at that time in good financial circumstances, and proposed to spend his last dollar, if necessary, in defending the mobbers. They failed in their design however, and Rowel has since died with consumption while his father-in-law lost nearly all his property, his wife became sadly demented and he is very distressed circumstances. Another man in Scott County who refused to entertain myself and companion had his house burned and corals demolished by a cyclone. Another in Newton County who refused as a night's lodging on the usual plea that his wife was sick, died in less than a month with some kind of a fever and at last accounts his wife was dangerously ill with the same complaint.

A friend of ours by the name of Warr, gives an account of the ill luck (if such it may be termed) of some of the mobbers that took an Elder out at the dead hour of night and made him promise, on pain of death, to remain away from their neighborhood, an account of which is given in your issue of March 1st. Our friend states that some of the mobbers have had sickness and death in their families, while others are at the point of death while others are losing their stock. While relating the distress that has come upon our enemies, he is emphatic when he asserts that everything he has put his hands to within the last twelve months has prospered.