

Correspondence.

Moan Coppy and other Camps—Good Crops—Stock and Feed—Lumber, etc.

SUNSET CROSSING, L. C.,
Yavapai Co., Arizona,
November 28th, 1876.

Pres. Taylor.

Dear Brother—We, H. Pratt, M. I. Trigo, I. J. Stewart, L. Graff, and Geo. Terry and I left Draper on the 18th of Oct., and Bros. Burnham and Teitjen, missionaries to the Navajoes, traveled with us to this place. We visited the settlement at Moan Coppy, and were kindly received by Bro. Andrew Gibbons (now in charge). There are but three brethren now at the fort, the others being at present in Utah. We were truly thankful to see the success which has attended the labors of the brethren at that place. They have raised an excellent crop of corn and the wheat yielded excellently.

The roots and vegetables grew luxuriantly. The brethren feel very much cramped for help and are unable to do near the amount of work that should be done. There is an abundance of the best of land, and water enough to sustain at least twenty-five families.

On reaching the Colorado Settlements, we found eight or ten families at Bro. Ballinger's Camp, about eighteen or twenty at Bro. Smith's, and sixteen in each of the other two. We arrived at Bro. Ballinger's on Sunday, the 26th, and attended meeting there in the afternoon and at Bro. Smith's at night. We had very good meetings at both places, in fact the brethren and sisters that have staid here enjoy a very good spirit. They seem to feel thankful that the dissatisfied portion are gone, and they now enjoy peace and unity. The land here has proved to be excellent, and with a little experience in this climate the brethren feel confident that they will raise excellent crops.

At Bro. Ballinger's Camp the corn crop was late and was killed by frost, not however until it had commenced ripening, but at Bro. Smith's and Bro. Allen's considerable corn and some wheat were raised. At Bro. Lake's Camp the stock destroyed the crops. In all these camps much improvement has been made in the way of house building and fort building, and a number of very good houses have been erected, a proof that the brethren and sisters left here intend to stay, in fact those who have expressed themselves in my hearing say they see nothing to discourage them, but everything to encourage.

They have been favored with a visit from the Governor (Safford,) and he met them kindly and bid them welcome, and expressed surprise that they had accomplished so much in so short a time. He said that he would use his influence for their benefit, and promised to make them another visit in the spring.

We have decided to go from here to the Gila and Salt Rivers and commence laboring among the Pimas, Maricopas, and Papigos until a way is opened to pass into Sonora.

We are blessed with peace and unity in our camp, and are applying ourselves diligence to the study of the language. Bros. Burnham and Teitjen intend to leave their wagon and effects here for the present and they propose to start immediately to the Navajoes. I firmly believe them to be men of integrity, and that they will do a good work among that people.

I will say concerning the brethren and sisters at these camps, that they are working successfully in the Order, and it is truly a mystery to see what they have accomplished. They say they are satisfied that before many years there will be a string of settlements over 100 miles long, up and down this river, and I feel sure they are right.

There have been several very large flocks of sheep brought on the river this season from California and other places, but there is room and feed for many times as many. There is now abundance of feed, and plenty of water in the river.

Their saw-mill is turning out plenty of lumber and a good quality. Your brother in the gospel,
J. Z. STEWART.

A Visit to the Kirtland Temple.

December, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

It was a lovely morning in the

latter part of May that I started from the little town of Chardon, Ohio, to visit the much talked of "Mormon" Temple, distance some nine miles.

The road which I traveled led over a rolling country, not very thickly settled, nor yet very well cultivated. I do not know whether or not it was owing to the land being poor, or that the people had fallen into a state of negligence, that flowers did not bloom around the walks, that the orchards were not well trimmed nor fences kept up, showing to the passer those things so essential for making home pleasant and agreeable.

Traveling along slowly, for the day was warm, my thoughts went back to the time when our martyred Prophets were upon earth, and I wondered as I drank from some bubbling spring if they too had not knelt there and quenched their thirst. Thinking of this and other things, I paid but little attention to fleeting time or the number of miles left behind, when from an eminence just ascended, the town of Kirtland could plainly be seen, and conspicuous among its buildings was the "Mormon" Temple, with its single spire.

Arriving in the town, I asked who took charge of the Temple, and learned that an old gentleman named McDowell had possession of the key, and for a small sum he showed people through the building. Paying the sum required, we went inside the Temple. The first thing to attract my attention was a code of religion, as practised by the present worshippers in this structure. I learned, upon examining it, that they believed in faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, in the operations of which they believe, etc.

In the course of our conversation we happened upon the much talked of subject of polygamy. He made a misstatement with regard to a passage, on that subject, found in the Book of Mormon. I took from my satchel which I carried this book and corrected him. He was greatly surprised at this, but he was worse plagued when, on misquoting a passage of Scripture, I handed him the Bible, remarking to him to show me the passage. The old man did not feel very good.

It was getting late; I left the old gentleman and went upon the roof of the Temple, where I had a splendid view of the surrounding country, likewise the village beneath. While gazing thus, my thoughts again took flight, carrying me back in the history of the church, to the time when its members visited here, worshipping their maker as they saw fit, and erecting a Temple to his most holy name, which, when completed, was accepted of him.

The Temple is in a good state of preservation, and I felt as I made my way to the nearest station that my time had been well spent.

"MAX."

The Centennial—Girard College—Independence Hall—Other Places—Rich and Poor—Police—Street Cars—Railroads and Telegraph Lines—Academic School—Many Musers, Etc.

STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa.,
Dec. 14th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

I wrote you a short time ago from Wilkesbarre. Since then I have visited Philadelphia and remained there three days with Elder Henry Grow, putting up at the hospitable house of his nieces, the Mrs. Rapp and Kuiper, whose husbands and selves were very kind.

The Centennial buildings and grounds are being rapidly denuded, yet a great many very interesting objects remained to be seen, and were well worth the trouble and the quarter it cost for admission.

Girard College should never be passed by the sight-seeker in Philadelphia. It is a fine and imposing marble pile, representing a Grecian temple. From its grand marble roof the "City of Brotherly Love" can be seen to very good advantage. A peculiarity singularly significant is that part of Mr. Girard's will which reads as follows:

"No ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever be admitted, for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college."

At the College gate we learned

that no one could enter except by special permit of some director. Just then Judge Campbell, a director, came up, and on learning our wish admitted us without asking anything about our calling. In the first inner court there is a marble statue of Stephen Girard, back of which rest his remains in a marble sarcophagus. The forty acres of ground on which the college and numerous other adjuncts stand is surrounded by a high capped stone wall. Orphan boys only from Pennsylvania are admitted and can remain from eight to eighteen years. The present buildings will accommodate nearly 600. No girls are admitted. Mr. Girard died in 1831.

Independence Hall and its quaint old furniture, cracked bell, portraits of illustrious personages, and numerous other centennial relics, were rare objects of great interest.

The Academy of natural sciences, established in 1812, the U. S. Mint, the markets, the public libraries, Continental Hotel, Wanamaker's Emporium with its 700 operatives, 400 of which are females, the promenade all day, gay and festive, of high and lofty ladies and gentlemen, Chestnut Market, Eighth and other streets, must be seen to be understood or appreciated. The giddy heights of fashion and luxury flaunted on the one hand, and the terrible suffering and squalid poverty on the other, stand out in forcible and sad contrast. One who has been raised in Philadelphia told me that when the weather is at all seasonable men, women, boys and girls sleep in promiscuous huddles, on the side walks, cellar doors and passage ways, from one month to another, on Bainbridge and Seventh streets.

The policemen of Philadelphia are always in livery, when on duty, and those of Chestnut and Market streets are large and muscular men. Some of the street cars run all night. The usual fare is seven cents, night fare is ten cents. It is a significant commentary to notice the numerous chinks, registers, and other devices to prevent the conductors of street cars from defrauding their employers. Some of the cars have a toll box in which the passengers are by notice instructed to deposit their exact fares. In these boxes were found about the opening of the centennial "bushels" of spurious nickels. In Pennsylvania it costs three to three and a half cents per mile to ride on railroads. Further south the cost on some roads is five cents per mile.

The W. U. Telegraph lines and offices are met with in every city, town and R. R. station. In Philadelphia I counted eighty odd wires on the same poles. Nowhere have I seen better lines than those belonging to the Deseret Co. and in no city, including Chicago, can be found such fine poles or a better constructed line than those in Salt Lake City.

Yesterday, by invitation of Prof. Charles B. Keller, of the Academic School of this place, we paid a second visit to his school, and by earnest entreaty I addressed the students of the four departments separately. The four lady preceptresses presiding over the several divisions expressed pleasure and thanks at what they had been listening to. My remarks were historical, geographical and incidental. Mr. Keller expressed himself entirely pleased and gratified with my remarks. The school numbers some 250 students. The building is large and well adapted for the purpose, and was built at a cost of \$15,000.

I have been invited to preach in the Town Hall next Saturday evening. I expect a large attendance, as the invitation has come from the most influential townspeople.

Last Saturday and Sunday the mercury went down to zero.

I have found a great many Musers in this county, and so far as we can trace out the race we conclude that all are from one and the same German stock. Nearly 33 per cent. of the adult men are practising physicians.

Elder Neff is here. I expect Elder Whitney in a day or two.

With reciprocal prayers for Zion and all her vital interests, I remain. Respectfully, &c.,

A. MILTON MUSSER.

Accidents—Fire—Mining and Building.

ST. GEORGE, Utah,
December 21, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

To-day quite an accident occur-

red. Charles Clinton was run over by a light wagon. He was driving, and was very considerably, but not seriously, injured, several of his front teeth being knocked out.

On Saturday last, as Mrs. Maggie Paddock was taking a horseback ride to Toquer, she was thrown from the horse and considerably bruised and injured.

Yesterday, a little after dinner, a column of smoke was seen ascending from the roof of the office of the *Pomologist and Gardener*, and upon opening the room was nearly filled with flame. Half a hundred buckets were very soon in use and the fire was extinguished. It had not broken from the room where it originated. The damage was chiefly to the job office, numbers of fonts of type were destroyed.

The weather is generally sunny and pleasant, with frosts at night.

At Leeds and Silver Reef the excitement keeps well up, and many are daily arriving from the north. It is expected that the company's mill will not all be on the ground for two weeks yet. The spot is being graded to set it, and the company's mine worked night and day. We have as yet heard of no other mill (positively) destined for the camp, but two other mills are talked up.

The demand for lumber is abating and the number of buildings daily or weekly started are considerably less than ten days ago—many who came to get labor go away disappointed. The times will be slack for money until one or more mills get into successful operation. Yours truly, CACTI.

The Lobby: What it is and How it Operates.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 18th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

There is one element which enters largely—too largely—into American politics, and that is the lobby. Although by no means confined to this hemisphere, for lobbyists thrive at the courts of St. James, Berlin, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and even in republican Versailles, as well as here, yet they do not (with few exceptions) confront the great public with so bold a face and carry on their operations as openly and unblushingly on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, as with us, where lobbying is a regular trade, having the Capitol for its workshop and the members of our National Legislature for its tools. Cora Pearl and Lizzie Blackford, though they both meddled with politics and both got into scrapes accordingly, one in Russia and the other in France, were courtesans rather than lobbyists, differing in that respect from the Metternich of the second empire, who was a lobbyist rather than a courtesan, and who had more to do with shaping the destiny of France than any other woman during the reign of Louis le Petit, Eugene not excepted.

It does not, indeed, require a long residence in Washington, or much scrutiny, to become acquainted with the fact that lobbying here is carried on on a gigantic scale, but yet with a peculiar tact and finesse that makes it, in a certain sense, attractive, if not respectable. I do not here refer to the bungling curbstone-lobbyists of the fourth or fifth degree, who confine their operations to small private bills ranging from a few hundreds to one or two thousand dollars, and who are recruited chiefly from the *demi monde* and the "members' friends" of which our city has such an unduly large proportion; but to that class which moves in upper tandom exclusively and only on rare occasions puts in an appearance at the Capitol. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the gorgeously dressed and painted beauties one sees, on every fair day, in the lobbies or galleries of the Senate and the House, are lobbyists; no, the genuine lobbyist knows a thing or two, keeps aloof from the east end of Pennsylvania Avenue and seldom refers to the Capitol in conversation—acts, in fact, as if she were utterly ignorant of the existence of that structure or the purposes for which it is employed.

With the male lobbyist, however, the case is different. He haunts the members in their committee rooms, while the feminine lets them haunt her in her drawing-room, or boudoir. He goes to them, they come to her. His fascinations are shares, good wine, luncheons at the "Congressional,"

and late dinners (with draw-poker as dessert) at Welcker's; hers consist in soft eyes and softer hands, seductive smiles, fair promises, and an exuberance of magnetism. Her eyes attract you, her faintest touch sends a thrill through your body from the tips of your toes to the end of your nose, and her voice is of that quality which makes it absolutely impossible to reply to it with a "No;" with the grace of a Salisbury she combines her motto: *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

Everybody knows that Sam Ward stands at the head of the profession; he is the king of the lobbyists, and has lobbied more bills through Congress than any other man living. Next to him, as a star of the second magnitude, comes probably N— W—, the great inventor and gun manufacturer; but then he lobbies chiefly in his own interest. He has a claim of some hundreds of thousands now pending before Congress. Colonel G—, Mr. F—, of New York, and a well known ex-senator, who shall be nameless, are also notable instances of successful lobbyists. But besides these, whose operations cover hundreds of thousands, there is a shoal of smaller fry, many of them relations, constituents, or intimate acquaintances of members, who make it a point to "know" a dozen or two congressmen, and claim to be able to "influence" all they know, you know! This class has its headquarters chiefly in the lobbies of Willard's and the Metropolitan Hotel; most of them chew tobacco and drink whisky straight, and as a rule they are impecunious, and always waiting for "something to turn up." Not a few ex-members, who have run to seed, but make the most of their privilege of access to the floor of the House, belong to this unenviable class.

The queen of the feminine branch of lobbyists is a lady who was born in Alexandria, but has lived in Washington a number of years. She is a widow; is rich, stylish, and extremely fascinating. She has had some hundreds of offers of marriage; but with marriage her power would be gone (to a considerable extent, at least), so she prefers to remain single. She drives a stylish but quiet turnout, frequents the President's receptions occasionally, and drinks a pint bottle of champagne at her breakfast regularly every morning.

Three other ladies, almost equally attractive, monopolize with her the "heavy" business in that line, and one of these is the wife of a naval officer. None of them are "loud" and all belong to the elite and move in the very best society. Mrs. B. of New Orleans, who was conspicuous here three or four years ago, when she was instrumental in securing a famous contract from the Treasury Department, has left us for "other fields and pastures new," and now, I believe, resides in New York. Senators and members used to meet at her house on F Street, close to Willard's Hotel, and have a "grand old time." She was a handsome woman of the Spanish type, with sparkling black eyes and extremely passionate and fond of fun, who made plenty of money and spent it recklessly. Those were few, however, who held the open sesame to her parlors on such occasions, for it is natural that Senators, overflowing with dignity in the Senate chamber, would not like to be caught overflowing with champagne in the boudoir of an attractive woman.

Mrs. K—, also, a Texas lady, conspicuous for her beauty and dashing style, was famous in those days, but is now rather fading into obscurity. She was here last season, but did not accomplish much. I could mention, by name, a dozen or two more, who have made and are making money in large sums by "operating" in this way; but want of space forbids. For the present I must dismiss the subject with a last thought of Mrs. B's. wonderful parrot and her little friend "Deb" of those wicked but happy days!

Our Boys.

SALT LAKE CITY,

Dec. 23, 1876.

Editor Deseret News.

I noticed in this evening's issue of your paper a very eloquent plea for Our Boys from the pen of "Uriel," which should be read and acted upon by all those who have it in their power so to do and who have the welfare of our growing community at heart. The great evil