

# THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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*Bishop WILLIAM BUDGE is authorized to act as GENERAL AGENT for the DESERET NEWS throughout Cache County.*

## Correspondence.

POTTSVILLE, Schuylkill Co., Penn.  
December 2nd, 1868.

*Editor Deseret News:*—Dear Brother. —For some time past I have desired to write you. Brother D. M. Stewart and myself landed in this county ten days ago, in the enjoyment of good health and buoyant spirits, on a travelling mission through the Middle and South-eastern States.

I left Missouri, June 29th. Of the progress of the work there and in Alabama, your readers have previously been apprised through the publication of President John Brown's communications, and my own to President Geo. A. Smith. Since I left the South I learn of the revival of the Ku Klux with other omens of misery. While there I was often reminded of the Scripture, which says, "For they have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind." The people of this land commenced the disfiguring of their countenances by blacking their faces, June 27th, 1844, when they killed the Prophet, through whom God offered this nation salvation from the feuds that now threaten its destruction.

I remained in Southern Ill., from July 1st until Aug. 6th, preaching in several neighborhoods, where large congregations with good attention were ever present. I then went to St. Louis, where I awaited the arrival, from Omaha, of President Brown and Bro. Stuart, who had been there looking after our emigration. Soon after their arrival Bro. Stuart and myself were appointed to travel and labor in our present field. Through the teachings and example of Bro. Stuart a good work had been done in the branch at St. Louis; some fifty emigrated the present year, and a number of good, faithful Saints were, and are still, there, now under the watch care of President J. Brown. While in that city and in the society of the Saints I enjoyed myself much, otherwise but few days would have sufficed to give me a desire to again seek the country where less of man's and more of God's works meet our gaze.

When we are in the rural districts, and solitude has become to us monotonous, we desire a change and our fancy is tickled with a contemplated visit to the city. We love the country, for there as our vision extends over the varied scenery of undulating landscape we see Godliness in the order displayed by the Great Architect. We hear the warble of the winged songsters, the rippling brook and the roaring cataract. In fact our thoughts run in a channel enabling us to see majesty in the towering trees, beauty in nature's fields, sublimity in the towering hills and in all one grand panorama of order, harmony and love.

There is likewise a measure of joy in the association of a great city. We are awakened, at first, with a feeling of security, and amidst the countless thousands of our fellow men we throw off all feelings of gloom and take joy in being jostled along by the mass of animated beings anxiously plodding, with nervous tread; the fancied high road to happiness. In the panorama of a city in this 19th century, we are pleased most when we scrutinize least. Our admiration is awakened in viewing the magnificent edifices, towering steeples, and grand receptacle of the "fine arts." But a few "turns around town" change our admiration into sorrow, because we find on every hand traces of vice and iniquity.

On the morning of Sept. 25th, Brother Stuart and myself crossed the "Father of waters" to East St. Louis, and got aboard the cars for our present field of labor. Our mission is to visit localities from whence calls had come for Gospel messengers. Our first halt was in Knox county, Indiana, where we labored for about two weeks with a welcome reception. After organizing a small branch of the church, and appointing Brother

James Hooper, (an ex-Baptist minister) President, we traveled southeast through the country, preaching to anxious and hospitable people, whom we found on every hand. We arrived at Cannelton, on the Ohio River, and found a family of Saints, with whom we spent four days pleasantly. At the end of that time we embarked on a steamer for Cincinnati, where we landed Oct. 27th. There we sojourned six days, visiting and teaching a number of old Saints, who had lost much of their former warm feeling for the Truth. However, they had a free testimony to bear of the restoration of the Gospel to this generation. We started from Cincinnati feeling thankful that we were, by the blessing of God, permitted to travel and disseminate blessings among scattered Israel.

Our next halt, of any length, was made on the line of Ohio and Pennsylvania, in the counties of Trumbull and Mercer, where we labored for more than two weeks. During this time we held four meetings, organized a branch of some nineteen Saints, and took our leave for this place where we found a few Saints scattered over about fifteen miles of country. They gathered here on last Sabbath, when, after baptizing six persons we organized them, and entitled this the Pottsville Branch. Ten more are to be baptised this evening. We depart from here to-morrow, leaving some forty Saints united as one, in feeling, as Saints ever are. They all rejoice at our visit and have spared nothing in administering to our wants. We go to Shenandoah to hold a meeting, and then to Scranton, where, we hear, there is a few Saints. The brethren generally think of emigrating next summer.

We expect, by invitation of Prest. Miles, to spend a few days visiting the Saints in New York. Then our way will be south through Philadelphia and Washington, into Virginia and the Carolinas. The blessings of the Almighty have attended me all the time upon my mission since I left home in May 1867, in a degree far surpassing my most sanguine hopes, and I believe they will continue.

As ever your brother in the Kingdom of God,

WARREN N. DUSENBERRY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 26th.

*Editor Evening News:*—Dear Sir, I like exuberant fancy. It consorts with my predilections, and that is why I so admire your Echo City correspondent of the 20th inst. He is a fanciful writer, and tells some good things. The arrivals at Echo City I cannot speak of; the sole cause why more buildings were not erected there a week ago, was the lack of lumber. But your present correspondent saw only one petticoat in Echo City, on the 16th inst., not a child, and lots of lazy, idle men; some with dry goods exposed, and no buyers.

There was a bridge over Echo creek—a toll bridge—I enquired by what authority it was erected—was willing to pay the toll on receiving the information, but felt somewhat bothered, to use an Irishman's phrase, when I recollected that no person had the right to build such an institution in this Territory, without the sanction of the Legislature; and Congress had taken such power from it in the March of '67, so that no toll-bridges could be erected under the circumstances.

This is the main point of my communication, for much feeling existed on the matter. I rode over the bridge twice, the last time with the local mail carrier, both of us determined to give the bridge builder a chance to stop us, pistol in hand, and compel us to "stand and deliver;" but both, I think, were known, for no person spoke to either. The morning before some teamsters were stopped, and after a quarrel paid half price. The bridge was principally constructed from the debris of the old county bridge, which makes the imposition more glaring. Mr. Bromley proposed buying the "bridge," and making it free; and offered the constructor twenty-five dollars over cost to make it so. Judge Hinckley has an eye to the matter, and may interfere, if the charge for crossing is continued, for it is a county road!

I have no wish to conflict with your

correspondent; but I am a man of plain facts and feelings; and believe Echo City will never have much of an existence—except on parchment.

VIATOR.

BURKS GARDEN, Tazewell Co., Va.,  
Dec. 1st., 1868.

*Prest. Brigham Young:*—Dear Brother.—Having reported regularly every two weeks to Elder John Brown, President of this mission, and knowing that through him an account of my labors has been duly transmitted to headquarters, I may on this account have deferred writing to you longer than I should.

We have organized three branches of the Church, namely, the Surry County Branch, N. C., with 49 members; Smyth County Branch, Va., with 26 members, and the Burks Garden Branch with 24 members, and have baptized 14 others not included in these branches, three of whom, with a family of five children, emigrated to Ogden City this last season.

Among those baptized lately, is a Baptist preacher, by the name of Wm. L. Gillespie, of New Garden, Russel Co., Va.; also his wife and daughter. Brother Gillespie has a good education, is a man of considerable ability and influence, is humble and teachable, and expects to emigrate next season to Utah.

Something like one hundred from our field of labor are expecting to gather up with the Saints next season, and they wish to start as early as practicable, as they will be out of employment, not having in any crops, and to hire out here does not pay. Some are very poor and how they ever can raise the necessary funds to pay their way through I cannot tell. We can buy through tickets from Greensboro, N. C. one the Richmond and Danville, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads, via Richmond and Washington, to Omaha for twenty-two dollars, which I consider very cheap, and it is the best we can do. On the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, or by water, the fare would be double that. Any instruction on the subject of emigration from you would be thankfully received.

Since on this mission we have borne a faithful testimony, in many places where we have not baptized any, as well as where we have baptized; our journals will show that we have not been idle. We of course have opposition and find enemies to the truth, but we have never been ill-treated, and nothing in the shape of a mob has ever disturbed us or made its appearance. Not one of our meetings or baptisms has ever been disturbed by disorderly persons, but on the contrary our meetings have been noted for the attention and good behavior that have prevailed. We have never been refused but one church, and that was a fine new Methodist church at Mt. Airy, N. C., and a few days after it was struck with lightning, and completely torn to pieces from the top of the belfry to the foundation rocks. So that it was easier to build a new one than to repair it.

It has been a source of much satisfaction to me to know that the Spirit of the Lord is with me, bearing testimony to the truth, and carrying it home to the hearts of the people. We have been from the first gaining upon the feelings of the people; our influence is on the increase, and we have many more calls than we can fill. Many who were at first much opposed are now our best friends, and some that gathered together to mob Elder Rideout some years ago, (before the war) would now do anything for us. We have confined ourselves to the first principles of the gospel. We have preached faith, repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, the gifts and blessings, the organization of the Church with Apostles and Prophets, &c., together with tithing, the Book of Mormon, the building up of the Kingdom of God on the earth, and also plural marriage. All the people know that we practice it, but they have it all wrong and look at it in the worst possible light, therefore teaching it has been a necessity in

nearly all the places where we have introduced the gospel after we had taught the first principles. I have preached them several sermons on that subject, and always with good effect. Many have come forward and offered themselves for baptism who have said they would have done it sooner, but for misunderstanding that subject; and they said further, they never would have been baptized had they not received more light on that principle.

Elders T. B. Lewis and — Bell were appointed by President Brown to join us in this field of labor. Elder Bell has not yet arrived. Elder Lewis arrived here the middle of September, full of the spirit and testimony of the Gospel, having preached his way from the Ohio River through Kentucky to this place. He baptized one, made many friends, and removed much of the prejudice that existed. Bro. Lewis has been laboring in company with us since his arrival, thus becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Virginia portion of our mission, and we intend to roll the burden of this portion upon his shoulders, as Bro. Coray and I are to leave here to-morrow for North Carolina to resume our labors in that direction.

The corn crops have been very good, both here and in North Carolina this season, better than for many years. Money is very scarce, and it is only by the most rigid economy that the people can live. The war drained the country of its specie, of its cattle and horses, and its best men, and since then they have not recovered sufficiently to be able to produce anything to spare that will bring money into the country. Thus you can see that it will be hard for those of our brethren and sisters wishing to gather up, to get the money to pay their way. The country is flooded with young women, unmarried with no prospect of marrying. Some of the best of these we have baptized; some of these baptized will never be able to gather out without help, for they could not make the money here necessary to emigrate in a lifetime. All the Saints that expect to emigrate next season are preparing with all their energies to get ready, and I am asked every day how soon in the Spring can they go; all seem to be anxious to get through as early in the season as possible.

Bros. Coray and Lewis join with me in love to you, Presidents Smith and Wells. Ever praying for your welfare and prosperity, I remain your brother in the cause of truth,

HENRY G. BOYLE.

## Selected Poetry.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known—  
But often in human nature shown,  
Alike in castle and cottage—  
That pride, like pigs of a certain brood,  
Will manage to live and thrive on food  
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things of earth,  
The queerest thing is the pride of birth  
Among our "fierce democracy!"  
A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save it from sneers—  
Not even a couple of rotten pliers—  
A thing of laughter, flings and jeers—  
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,  
Your family thread you can't ascend  
Without good reason to apprehend  
You may find it waxed at the other end  
By some plebeian vocation;  
Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
May end in a loom of stronger twine,  
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station,  
Don't be proud and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clothes;  
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose  
That all proud fle-h—wherever it goes  
Is subject to irritation.

A Kentuckian traveling in Minnesota not long since, stopped at a cheap hotel and complained of the towel in the wash room. "Pshaw," said the landlord, "I don't see why you should find fault with it. Two hundred men have wiped on it this morning, and you are the first to complain."