

However, he has been put to great inconvenience and expense and a cloud has been cast over his good name, for all of which we think he can find a legal remedy. He has come to Utah with the intention of staying, and although he is not a "Mormon," we take pleasure in assisting the gentleman in putting himself right before the people among whom he expects to live, and who have learned of his arrest through the public prints. All good citizens who make this Territory their home and who attend to their own business, are welcome, and we feel it our duty, when necessary, to speak in defense of their rights, irrespective of their faith, opinions, or politics. We have no conflict with any but the vile, the defamer of the good, and those who invoke opposition by their own causeless hostility. We are always gratified to see right triumph and villainy defeated.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The first company of "Mormon" emigrants from Europe arrived yesterday at New York, per steamship *Nevada*. They may be expected to arrive in this city about the end of next week.

Californians are discussing the propriety or otherwise of having God in their new constitution. As evidence of the profanity prevalent in the Golden State, one of the chief arguments adduced in favor of the proposition is gravely offered in this wise: "Why we need God to swear by."

Extracting sugar and oil from watermelons is one of the projects started in California. It is claimed that 10 per cent. of sugar can be obtained from the juice, and twenty-five per cent. of oil, suitable for table use, from the seed, and that alcohol can be distilled from the rind and pulp.

According to the *Helena Independent*, that Montana town was treated on the 23d ult. to a shower of angle worms. As that species of wiggling reptile is not known as a native of the Rocky Mountains, the place of their origin forms a question of interest, and it seems as though their aerial journey must have been long as well as unusual.

The old folks' excursion will take place next Tuesday. The arrangements made by the committee can be learned from their "Final Notice," to be found in another column. We hope the subscriptions will be numerous and handsome and that no aged person who desires to participate in the trip will be left out through neglect, or any other cause. Help the committee and give the aged a treat.

Froude, the historian, says "The principle of gravitation is only looked upon now as a hypothesis, by all careful minds." Science is more dogmatic than the theology it opposes, but it frequently is compelled to change its conclusions and discard its established principles. Gravitation has been viewed as a fundamental truth; now it is only a hypothesis. It is best both for preachers and philosophers to be positive only on the things which they do know.

Boston is trying to organize a new church. It is to be non-denominational, all the members are to have perfect liberty of belief, and Rev. W. H. H. Murray is at the head of the movement. Subscriptions are wanted to the snug amount of \$200,000. As it is to be raised in sums of \$500, it is not to be a "poor" church by any means. Whose church will it be? As like as not they'll call it "Christ's Church," although he had nothing to do with it, by subscription or otherwise.

There is talk of trouble with the Indians in Idaho. Strange that the Government does not learn a lesson from experience! Investigation and a small outlay would probably have saved human life, and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars for the expense of killing red men who have been wronged into taking savage revenge. The Sioux war cost the country \$2,321,531. The Black Hills country could have been purchased for \$50,000, a saving of over two millions and a quarter, to say nothing of the lives of Custer and other gallant soldiers sacrificed on the altar of folly and brute force.

Kate Southern, who was condemned to death for the murder of "Sis." Fowler, and whose sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, has received considerable assistance in money from sympathizing people, and as the laws of Georgia permit the "farming out" of prisoners, she is to be sent to service under Captain Jack Smith, where her sister Amarelli is serving out her two years' accomplice, and where she can have the society of her husband and child. A pretty easy way of serving out a sentence of imprisonment. It is believed she will yet receive a full pardon.

The *Woman's Exponent* for June 1st commences the seventh volume of that excellent paper. The *Exponent* ably represents the ladies of Utah, and as their own special organ should receive their hearty and continued support. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, the editor, has conducted the paper with talent, taste and judgment, and we hope that she is encouraged by a large subscription list, as well as the expressed approbation of those for whom she labors; for a few sincere words of commendation are fully appreciated by those who write for the good of the public. The editor announces her desire to make improvements in the paper, which she is at present unable to effect in consequence of delinquencies in payment. We hope this will be remedied, and that by the time volume seven of the *Exponent* is completed such changes as are contemplated may be found easy of accomplishment. We wish the *Exponent* continued and permanent success.

U. S. Minister Biingham has obtained, from a Japan savant, some statistics concerning earthquakes during the past fifteen centuries. "From these it appears that the number of destructive earthquakes recorded is 149. The ninth century was most prolific in these, reaching 18; in the fifteenth century there were 15; the same in the seventeenth; 13 in the 18th; and 16 in the present century. The recorded average is one great earthquake every ten years, but the nineteenth century gives one every five years. Unusually high temperature and strange atmospheric changes have been noticed as precursors of great convulsions, especially in the earthquake which desolated the city of Yeddo in 1855." Seeing that the present century is only two-thirds past, it is ahead of all the previous 15 centuries in these terraqueous disturbances. This is in accordance with prophetic utterances concerning the latter days and the time immediately preceding "the coming of the Son of Man."

Correspondence.

Missionary Labors.

CEDAR GROVE, Ga.,
May 30th, 1878.

Editors *Deseret News*:

I have now visited all the branches of the Church in Georgia, but one, and can report them in good condition, and all feeling well. The opposition during the winter has been strong and determined, but it seems to be giving way before the teaching, preaching and testimonies of the elders who have recently come into this field of labor. Our books, pamphlets and tracts are being scattered and widely read, and many people who are thinking, earnest men are being led to investigate the gospel.

When I look around and realize that, here in this State of Georgia, there are two millions and more of people, only a small portion of which ever heard the sound of the gospel, and that we are surrounded by States almost as populous, whose thousands and thousands have no idea of the doctrine taught by the Church of Christ, I feel the necessity there exists for earnest, energetic elders to carry the news and preach the principles of the plan of salvation, elders who feel the responsibility of their high and holy calling, elders who come out not to simply fill a mission, but to preach the gospel, and who go as they were commanded to go of old, without purse and scrip, who will not hesitate to climb mountains, cross rivers, walk weary journeys, go hungry and poorly clad, endure scorn and contempt, but who will in addition sound the gospel trumpet loud and long, with force, power and authority, to the

convincing of the honest in heart; the power of the evil-one has not been lying still, for everywhere an Elder goes he finds that newspaper editors have misrepresented us and the doctrines of the church, books that deal in falsehoods and slander against us are to be found everywhere. Yet when we raise our voices, the truth shines forth, and the honest embrace it, many thousands of God-fearing, honest people are so wrapped up in the teachings and traditions of their fathers that it seems almost impossible to clear away the fog and mist by which they are environed about, but the word of God will cut like a two-edged sword, and if an Elder will only wait and have patience, he will find that scores will eventually flock round the standard of truth, and bear their testimony that this is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It seems a strange thing, yet I do know that it is true, that many thousands of people in the south scarcely know whether we worship a God or not, whether we are civilized or barbarian, they do not know scarcely a single tenet of our faith only from rumor and that rumor springing from the vilest source, consequently it is slow work to uproot these false ideas, and plant correct principles and doctrine; but this I suppose is true of every nation, kindred and tongue. It is as it was in the days of Paul, "We know nothing of your sect (said the Jews) only that it is everywhere evil spoken against," but this did not deter Paul, it should not deter us. If the youth of Zion could only realize the great field of labor there is in this land, they would surely seek to fit and prepare themselves as specially as possible for the labor that must soon be required at their hands. Comfort, ease and the association of those we hold dear and dear to us are pleasant, but if we do the works of Abraham, something more than these things will fall to our lot. If the Gospel is entrusted to our care, and we sit down in Zion and quietly take our ease, will we not have buried our talent, and incur the risk of having it taken from us and given to him who improved ten. Ten millions of people in the South and ten Elders to preach to them, one to every million; we might preach to them all if we had the time, but a six months' mission will not accomplish the object.

The brethren and sisters here do much to assist in spreading the Gospel; they write letters, send papers, visit friends and relatives, and in every way seek to bring the principles to the notice of all they can, and are doing a good work in this way, sowing seed that will eventually spring up and produce a harvest, to be gathered in the future.

Many are making preparations to emigrate the coming fall, and I am satisfied that there will be quite an emigration this season. Those who went out last fall are writing encouraging letters back to those of the Saints here, and seem well pleased with their location.

We hold our conference for the Saints of Georgia and Alabama on the 9th, 10th and 11th of August, when we expect that all the Elders within reach will be present, and an organization of the Southern conference will be effected so as to have it districted off as much as possible, and regular appointments to be made that will be filled by the traveling elders, both native and from Utah, with regular conferences thereafter, spreading out from this our central point (Rome, Ga.) Brothers David Williams, and A. S. Johnson are at Rock Mart, Polk County, Ga. Brothers Russel Rogers, and A. W. Sabin are at Red Apple, Marshal Co., Ala. Brothers H. W. Barnett and Matthias Cowley are doubtless in Virginia by this time, but I am not informed as to their P. O. Brothers Edward Stevenson and H. Clark are at Shady Grove, Hickman Co., Tenn. Myself and Bro. Jos. Standing will labor in North Georgia, Rome our P. O., for the present. If any of the Saints have relatives or friends within reach of us and will inform us, we will try and visit them, and do all the good we can.

Times are steadily growing worse and worse, money scarce and crops failing, the poor getting poorer, and the rich grinding down tighter and tighter, while the very air seems rife with the idea of strikes, mobs, communistic movements and other deviltry, there appears to be a general feeling that the foundation of things is slipping from under them, and they scarcely can tell whither

they are drifting, or what a day will bring forth.

Trusting we have the prayers of the Saints,

Very truly,
Your brother in the Gospel,
J. MORGAN.

The Convict O'Connor.

A correspondent says, in response to our account of the romance in the Ohio legislature, where an ex-convict and bounty-jumper made a pathetic appeal to his brother members not to crush him in his effort at reformation, and appealed in vain, that O'Connor committed an error in turning to politicians instead of seeking refuge in the church, where he would have been received with open arms and treated with the greatest care.

Perhaps. Our correspondent has reference to the church of Christ as our Savior organized it. That was not a respectable church, however. It was made up of sinners, tent-makers and fishermen, who were not shocked when Christ took the thief from the cross into heaven with him.

Now, if O'Connor, or any other convicted but repentant sinner, can find that church, we would advise him to take sanctuary there. But may Satan seize us if we can tell O'Connor where to find it.

True, he can run to the nearest house of God, and, clinging to the altar, or table, or pulpit, or any other sanctified projection, cry out, "Have mercy on me, a sinner." And he will be received as a member, and be prayed over and sung to and admonished to without ceasing. But they will not associate with or tolerate him for a minute, other than as the ex-convict.

And why? Because it would not be respectable.

Is there a church, or chapel, or meeting house, in all Washington, in which Christ, with his twelve soiled and foot-sore disciples, would be received as associates?

We have asked that before, and speculated to ourselves as to the effect of such an entrance on any respectable congregation. What an elevation of noses and a gathering in of skirts there would be, and wouldn't that solemn sexton fly round and notify our Savior and his ragged twelve that they must get out?

No indeed—not much Christian charity in that direction. The church of to-day, like that of Jerusalem, wants its Savior to be respectable, and come in the glory of purple and fine linen, with a proper assortment of choice upholstery.

We are nothing unless respectable.

Unless heaven has a diplomatic gallery for the higher circles of rich or official families it won't be a heaven to a goodly lot of us in Washington. We shall say to St. Peter:

"Don't care to go in, old fellow. It seems to be a low sort of place. We prefer that other, where there is better society; so close your toll-gate, old man."

We talk a good deal about harps, white robes and the purer life in heaven; but we take precious good care to have as little of that sublimated music of the future here as possible. On the contrary, we cast our earthly possessions as near the boundary of that other world as we can get them. There is caste in the cemetery itself, and the aristocratic corruption seems to cry out against the impudent interment of plebeian corruption.

Undes and us. The church does not object to fellowship with the sinner provided the sinner be respectable. He must be a wealthy or well-born sinner, and pay his dues and promptly meet his money obligations. In such case the sin will not only be condoned, but forgotten.

Bless your innocent soul, sweet correspondent, the church of to-day is made up of that sort, and at the great day, when God judges the living and the dead, after sentence two-thirds or three-fourths of the church will drive down the smooth, broad way to hell in their carriages.

Then look at the woman of the church. She is infinitely better than the man of the church; for while he has no goodness whatever, she has every virtue under the sun but humility and charity. She would die and be damned ere she'd appear before the congregation in a shabby bonnet or an old dress. As for charity, let the chastity of one of the sisters be suspected and see

the woman of the church "go for her."

When a wolf gets wounded all the other wolves tear it to pieces. That is the charity of the church woman.

"Were you ever a prostitute?" asked a poor girl of a preacher who was urging her to reform her ways. "No, of course not," was the answer.

"Then you don't know what you are talking about. I can't reform, for I am not permitted to reform. The women won't let me. There are two houses open to me—one where I live, and the other a prison where I can die. And when I do die I'll hunt up Mary Magdalene and the woman taken in adultery, and we three will ask our Savior to put us in a par of heaven where there are no good women to claw us."

True, we have our Magdalene associations and our Good Shepherds, but it is understood that the penitents must not only be self-supporting, but convicts, till released by death.

We hardly think we will advise O'Connor to try the church. —*Washington Capital*.

An Unfounded Charge.

One of the meanest slanders afloat is that which charges that one of our clergymen swore an oath the other night. The circumstances are simply these: He went into the house, and attempted to make his way in the dark through the sitting room to the pantry, to deposit a bunch of rhubarb presented him by a parishioner, forgetting that house-cleaning had commenced. The wretched girl had left a pail of soft soap near the door, over which he accidentally stumbled. Making an heroic effort to save himself he grabbed for something with both hands, and as he alighted firmly on his stomach he pulled down on top of him a table full of crockery. Rising promptly to his feet he made a pitch for the match safe, but happening to plant his foot in a puddle of the soft soap, he promptly sat down in a tub of preserved fruits. His poor tired wife, who had retired early, was roused from her slumbers, and thinking that burglars were abroad, shrieked for help, to which the hired girl responded, rushing into the room and tumbling headlong over the man in the washtub. These are the naked facts in the case, and that is all there is of it. Our good friend did not say a word that could be construed into profanity. He simply sat firmly and quietly among the preserves until a light was struck, and then mildly inquired: "How much longer, dear, does house-cleaning last?" —*Ithaca Journal*.

SHORT AND SHARP.

The editor of a religious paper which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says it is a good city for a religious paper, providing Satan has three pages and the other page is mixed.

An Irishman who stood near the third base, watching a game of base ball, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, wuz ut? Begorra, I thought waz it a mule."

"The moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she responded. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

A story was told of a man who got very tipsy at a country house, was tarred and feathered, and put to bed. He woke, still tipsy, in the morning, reeled over to the looking glass, and exclaimed: "Become a bird, by Jove!"

In a Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Sunday school, a class was asked: "Where was Christ born?" One chap answered, "Pacific Junction." The teacher informed the class that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and the boy said: "Well, I knowed it was somewhere across the river in Iowa."

The fashion reporter who wrote with reference to a belle, "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."