

CORRESPONDENCE.

Funeral—Harmony and Sympathy.

SALT LAKE CITY,
June 19, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

I think it is as little as I can do to let the public know, through the columns of your paper, of the harmony and sympathy that exist amongst the settlers of one of the farming districts here in Utah. This settlement, Harrisville, some five miles north of Ogden City, is a prosperous agricultural district. Its bishop, P. G. Taylor, is a gentleman worthy of the trust and responsibility placed upon him. His kindness and sympathy to his people are shown through his acts, proving in every respect the qualities of a good man, with a fatherly and brotherly affection. Every settler in his district seems to follow his example. On the whole I can positively say that Harrisville has got the most kind and sympathetic people I have ever witnessed either in Utah or any other country I have passed through. In travelling through there last Thursday, June 14th, I witnessed a funeral of one of its members, who had died suddenly, an elderly lady of the name of Margaret Brown. Had this lady been a noted person, and surrounded by wealth and luxury, no greater display could possibly have been shown in respect to her memory, and her lamenting relatives. Almost every person and conveyance in and around the settlement turned out to pay their last respects, till the road seemed literally lined with her lamenters. Every word spoken seemed to have a feeling of love for the partner of her life, whom she has left behind in a tottering, feeble, and weak condition.

How thankful I always feel when I witness God's love manifested amongst a few of his children, and how much more when I see it in a whole settlement. God bless them all, and may they develop in God's divine laws, and receive a heavenly reward for all the good they do, is the wish of one who witnessed what is above stated.

TRUTH.

Harvest—Preaching.

ROCKVILLE, Kane Co.,
June 12, 1877.

Editor Deseret News.

The first harvesting of wheat commenced on the 8th of June. This is early harvesting for a dry mountainous country, once a wilderness, but now a home for thousands of hard handed tillers of the soil that earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The fruits are a fair crop for the season.

I attended the meetings on Sunday, the 10th, and heard some excellent preaching from Elders Russell and Steins Worth, of Grafton.

Bishop Smith, the President of the Ward, read a portion of Holy Writ, backing up the testimony of his visiting brethren.

At the close of the meeting the Bishop proposed that the Ward celebrate the Fourth of July, in memory of the brave and noble fathers of our country of 1776, who gained for us the blessing of a free nation and people.

Traveling and Preaching.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa,
May 28th, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Sir—Since the date of my first letter to the NEWS, my traveling companion, Brother Nels Madison, Jr., and myself have been actively engaged in the ministry, traveling principally among strangers, preaching the gospel in country districts, villages and towns, where they have never before had the privilege of hearing. In certain towns, school-houses, halls and churches of all denominations are closed against us, locked, bolted and barred, and we are told that streets are good enough for "Mormon" elders to preach in. At the town of Atlantic we applied to a Methodist priest for his church to preach in. He replied that he would open it for any of the churches of the day, but not for the followers of "Joe Smith," as we were not orthodox. He also stated at the same time that he had read, many years ago, the Book of Mormon and Voice of Warning, and had carefully laid them away, to

keep as a memento of the folly and absurdity of "Mormonism." Finding him to be very bitter in his feelings we turned and left him. Generally speaking, we scarcely find a person who is advanced in years, who does not presume to know much more about our leaders, people and doctrines than we can tell them. On Sunday, the 15th of last month, when we went to a certain hall near Des Moines to fill an appointment, we found the steps and doorway filled with large blocks of wood. We removed the same and opened the house, when a small congregation having assembled, we preached to them, and by request we held a second meeting, but few attended, and but little interest was awakened. We do not "talk for hire," nor "divine for money," as do the sectarian divines of the day, but we carry out, to the very letter, the instructions given by our Saviour, to his ancient and modern disciples, in regard to preaching the Gospel without purse or scrip. In our travels among the people, when we get hungry or sleepy we call at the first house we come to, private or public, and ask for a meal's victuals or a night's lodging. We seldom have to apply to more than one or two houses. Sometimes, however, we have gone to some six or eight different places, before they would entertain us for the night. In some few instances they have rejected us at once, crying out, "Impostors, false prophets," etc., and slamming their doors in our faces. We tell them plainly who we are, where we are from, and the nature and importance of our calling and mission. As a rule, they treat us with a degree of kindness and respect, setting before us as food the best they have in the house, and providing us with a good bed to sleep in at night. In return we answer five hundred questions (more or less) respecting our leaders, people and country, and preach them four or five short gospel sermons. On taking our leave, they frequently invite us to call and see them again.

At Commerce, one Sunday evening, we had a crowded meeting, over one hundred strangers being present. We bore a strong testimony to the restoration of the gospel and priesthood, with all its authority, powers, gifts and blessings. The mass of the congregation were deeply interested, while some four or five others took offence, and rising in the assembly, left the hall in an abrupt manner, thundering and muttering out their anathemas against us as they went out. Before leaving they interrupted us in speaking, and tried to break up the meeting, but they signally failed. During the night (as we learned the following morning) a plot was laid by some four or five men to tar and feather us, and ride us out of town on a rail. Some good citizens, however, prevailed on them to give up the job.

While on a visit to Polk City we held a meeting in the "Christian Church," there being only one saint present. The rest of the congregation, of over 100 persons, were strangers. We spoke to them with much assurance and in power, but there was no place in their hearts for the truth, and our words bounded back to us, like a ball thrown against a wall. A careless, indifferent spirit was manifested in the assembly. I learned after meeting, from the individual named (who kindly entertained us) that Elders Edward Stevenson, and Nathan T. Porter and others had preached in the town, more or less, for over twenty years. A few have been gathered out, others have rejected the truth; consequently infidelity, skepticism, spiritualism, etc., prevail among them to an alarming extent. With a population of over 1,200 people, not one single young man or woman, with one exception, so we were informed, was connected with any religious society, and many of their parents made no profession of religion.

We hold from two to five meetings per week, from twenty-five to 125 strangers being present at each meeting. We generally deliver short and prayerful addresses to attentive audiences. Some few are enquiring for the Book of Mormon and have desires to investigate, others are shy and seem to be afraid to come to the light, while others again manifest a wicked spirit, and would mob us if they dared to do so. I find by experience that the less I sermonize, and the more I bear a direct and pointed testimony to the restoration of the gospel, to the truth of the Book of Mormon, and of the

divinely appointed mission of Joseph Smith and his brethren, the greater the boldness and assurance I have, the more good I can accomplish, and the greater the flow of the Holy Spirit to me while addressing my fellow men.

Your brother in the gospel,
P. P. PRATT.

Daylight Robbery.

MALAD CITY, Oneida Co.,
Idaho, June 28th, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

I send you the following account of a robbery, committed near Malad City, upon my person—

I, Willis D. Evans, was in Malad City on business on the 7th of May, 1877. I called at Mr. Cohn's Saloon, and while there a man, whose proper name is Albert J. Gray, rather obtrusively introduced himself to me by asking me if I was a Welshman. I said, I was. Then he said that he was, that his name was "Jim Phillips," that he had been keeping a saloon in Bingham Cañon for the last three years, that he was now on his way to Salmon River, but was waiting for a few days for a partner to come after him from Ogden. As I was about to call for a drink, I told him that he was a stranger to me, but inasmuch as he was a Welshman he might come and take a drink with me if he wished, and he did so. Then we talked together for about half an hour probably, about different things, during which time he said that he was acquainted with several respectable persons through the valleys, with whom I was acquainted. He seemed to be a very reasonable and intelligent man. He then commenced singing some Welsh songs, which he did very sweetly. After a while he asked me where I lived. I told him that I lived at that time with Mrs. Morgan at Willow Springs. He said, "I believe I know her, and I will come with you to see her to-day." I told him he might come if he was acquainted with her. I told him that it was time for me to go. He said that before we would go he wanted to get some whiskey to drink on the road (the road being four miles), so he went and got a quart and put it into his pocket. As we were going along the road he asked me if I would not go with him to Salmon River, saying that he had not much money himself at present, but that if he had a partner with a little money to start in the saloon business there was a very good prospect up there. I told him that I was engaged for this summer, and that all my money was not commandable at present so that I could go. He asked me how much money I had by me. I told him from fifty to sixty dollars. He said that that would start a little business very well.

Now about every forty rods of the road, as we went along, he would offer me a drink, sometimes asking me to drink twice to his once, pretending friendship, and that he was a "jolly fellow all the time." He asked me if I ever happened to receive any counterfeit coin. I said that I did about six years ago. He said that there was a good deal of it in circulation at present, that I had better show him my money, as he was a very good judge of money. Consequently, I showed it to him. He examined it in my hand, as I turned the bills over one by one, and we both counted the money at the same time. When I had put the money into the pocket book and was about to fasten it, he snatched the pocket book from my hand, remarking that he thought it was good enough, and away he ran into the tall sagebrush. I ran after him, and when I was about to overtake him he held up his left hand in front of his body, and his right hand behind him, saying, "Stand back, or else I will shoot you." But I took no notice of that, but went on to him and pushed him down on his side. Then I reasoned with him, saying, "You call yourself a Welshman and acquainted with Mrs. Morgan, and now you turn to be a robber. You, that have acted so much like an angel, now turn to be a perfect demon." Then he said, "Let me get up and I will give you your money back." But as I did not like to trust him any further, I took it from him while I had him under my control. At that time two young men came up to us on horseback, having noticed us running into the brush. When this Gray (alias Phillips) saw that he

was detected, and being then his only chance of evading the law, took the first opportunity of speaking and said of me, "This man has taken about fifty-seven dollars of my money." I said, "It is not so, but this man robbed me of my pocket-book containing about fifty-seven dollars. The way that he knows how much was in it is because I showed it to him." The young men being afraid to interfere, rode away and left us in the brush.

When he saw they were gone, he became infuriated, and scuffled with me furiously, and got me down. Then he brought his knee upon my breast with a force and said, "D—n you, now I have you, give up all you have, or else I will kill you." So I submitted to my fate and Gray took the pocket book from me the second time and walked away with it quietly further into the brush. When I saw that he was going so slowly, I followed him again. Then he ran into a kind of ravine and squatted down, when another person behind him stood up in the brush and presented a pistol at me, saying, "Do not come another step or else I will shoot you." Seeing that I was overpowered, I retired and went home for that day.

This robbery happened between 12 noon and 1 p.m., within a mile and a half of Malad City, on the side of the Montana road Gray, instead of absconding through the mountains, as I expected he would, went boldly into the city and tried to enter a complaint against me for attempting to rob him, and furthermore, pretending honesty, went and paid two weeks' board bill ahead at Mr. Peck's hotel.

Next day I had him arrested, tried before the Justice of the Peace, and bound over to appear before the Grand Jury on the eleventh of June, where an indictment was unanimously found against him for having robbed me of fifty-seven dollars. He was tried before the court and convicted and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

I feel very grateful to the community for the sympathy which they have shown me in my trouble and their anxiety for bringing the criminal to justice. When Gray was arrested there was twenty dollars found on his person and ten dollars at Mr. Peck's Hotel not consumed, which I expected would be returned to me after his conviction, but when I asked the Sheriff for my money he said that the Judge had instructed him to give me only fifteen dollars out of the thirty, that the rest was to be given to the prisoner, because the indictment was made out in such a shape as only to specify some ten and five dollar bills.

This is as accurate an account of the whole affair as can be given. I write it with my own hand, so that nothing may be added to or taken from the truth, and every item herein stated I stand responsible for.

I would say to the young folks, beware of wolves in sheep's clothing and of the white collared gentlemen out of employment.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,
WILLIS D. EVANS.

Why All This Slander?

HILLSDALE, Iron Co., Utah,
May 22d, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Brother—Why do the editors of the leading journals of the country (so many of them) delight to publish falsehoods and slanders against the people of this Territory? Why do they persist in accusing the leaders of this Church of things of which it has been proved they were not guilty? Why do they accuse them of teaching the people disloyalty to the Government of the United States, when it is a well known fact among the people that their teachings have always been to adhere strictly to the constitution and laws of our country? Why do they so hanker after something to publish against this people, instead of giving them credit for reclaiming the desert and making it to blossom as the rose? Why do they accuse our leaders of saying so much (from the stand) they do not say, and try to poison the minds of all good people against the Latter-day Saints and to arouse the ire of the government against them? Why do they continue to misrepresent things so, and to persist in saying that the people here are in bondage by their

leaders, when it is a well known fact that the only bondage they are in is from wicked and unprincipled scoundrels, who come here to persecute and rob the people of their rights and to circulate all kinds of falsehoods in order to get up a crusade against them, so as to get a chance to rob them of their hard earned means, instead of getting it by industry, as the people here do? Every true Latter-day Saint knows that from the time that our leaders entered these valleys, their counsels and instructions to the people have been to adhere strictly to the constitution and laws of the Government and to treat all strangers who came here or passed through the country with perfect civility. I think that the amount of notice that this people are receiving from the great men of the earth at the present time ought to be a living testimony to every thinking person of the divine mission of Joseph Smith? I think that every true-hearted Latter-day Saint throughout the land, who is for God and righteousness, should let his voice be heard in the defense of truth and the anointed of God, and not let the country be flooded with vile falsehoods, and base slanders against this people, without at least manifesting his indignation at such things.

Your Brother in the Gospel of Christ,
SETH JOHNSON.

Loyalty of the People.

ST. GEORGE, June 8th, 1877.

Editor Deseret News:

Dear Sir—In perusing your columns I find some statements by certain parties, in regard to the loyalty of the people, that lead me to pen a few lines or facts, by way of refutation.

Some twenty-eight years ago an Elder by the name of James H. Flanagan, native of America, at a general conference meeting in Livery Street Chapel, Birmingham, read to an audience of not less than 1,500 souls (part of whom were about to emigrate) the declaration of Independence of the United States, after which he delivered a political speech, in which he stated that we were coming to a country of freedom, equal rights and religious liberty, and that to enjoy the above we must become citizens of the great republic by declaring our intentions, and after a season we must get our full papers of citizenship. Further that we must live above the law, for laws were made for the transgressor.

I did not leave that country till Feb. 6th, 1852. Prior to leaving I heard Jeter Clinton, W. L. Cutler, Jacob Gates, F. D. Richards, S. W. Richards, John Taylor, Erastus Snow, Willard Snow, George B. Wallace, Joseph W. Young, C. H. Wheelock, and C. V. Spencer, all of whom I can distinctly remember, delivered lectures on the subject named.

When I crossed the sea, our company, over five hundred in number, were all taught submission to the laws of the land of America, where we were bound. While travelling through the Western States but little was said on the above subject. But when we came to the plains, we were placed under a captain, a full-blooded American citizen, named A. O. Smoot, who made it his business to teach us our duty as men who wished to establish ourselves in this great republic of America. He told us what it took to be an American citizen, and that if we would be Latter-day Saints and live our religion we must not lose a day's time after the opportunity offered itself till we declared our intentions.

Through this instruction, your humble servant took out his first papers in the lower courts, which were afterwards said to be invalid. I then went to Judge Kinney and got my first papers, which by Judge Drummond were sworn to be of no use, as he (Kinney) was a Mormon Judge.

I afterwards went to Governor Cummings' office and told him my troubles. He said, "Get your papers out of this court, Mr. Curtis Bolton is clerk, and I will insure them. I did so and in due time I got my full papers from Judge McCurdy. Through the tricks of the carpet-bag officials (each wanting his fee) I was spending money, at intervals, for ten years to complete my citizenship.

Please bear in mind that I am only portraying the experience of thousands of our people.

I will further say that I have heard Elder George A. Smith lec-