

stances, an abundance of, and which, because of the abundance, we have ceased to value. I remember myself, when we came here, helping to grind a little molasses out of corn stalks. It was very thin stuff, I can tell you; but it was sweetening and it helped us. Then some made sweetening out of watermelons, and out of other products. We were glad to get anything at all in those days. It all tasted good. I know in the spring of 1848 I filled my stomach with thistle tops. I had starved all winter. I was a growing boy and worked very hard, and was hungry every hour, so much so that I would dream at night of eating good things, and I used to wonder how it was I ever stopped eating when we had plenty. In the spring of 1848 the thistles began to grow, and I, with others, went around with a sack and a butcher knife cutting off thistle tops, and they were the nicest greens I ever ate. I have often remarked to my family that I wished I could get a mess of them now, to see whether they tasted as they did then. I do not expect they would.

I mention these things to show the blessings that God has given us. We have a land that is the admiration of every visitor. Here is an old friend of mine, whom I knew in Nauvoo when I was a boy—Brother John Reiser, a brother of George C. Reiser, and one of our battalion boys. He was here in the early days, and remembers when we lived in the fort. He can scarcely imagine that this city is in the same place—I suppose it is so changed. God has blessed this land. He has made it fruitful. It brings forth fruit in abundance. It brings forth vegetables of the best kind. It brings forth cereals that are unexcelled. Brother George D. Pyper told me at Chicago that the best expert he had met, and a man who is on the commission to judge the wheat, and who has raised seed wheat to sell, said that the wheat from Utah was the best there was on exhibition in the World's Fair. The Emperor of Russia—and Russia is a great wheat-growing land—does not eat any better flour than every working man in this Territory does; and there is no one on the face of the earth that eats better vegetables than we do. We have as good potatoes and other vegetables as are produced on the earth. We live like kings. And if we would not be so indolent about our orchards as to let the codling moths take possession of them, we would have as good fruit as can be found anywhere. Then we have this blessed sky above our heads, and this pure air that we breathe. There is no better air on the globe. God has given us everything that heart could desire in righteousness. Then let us use these blessings as we should do, and not be forgetful of our former condition, and become lifted up in pride, forgetting the hand that has bestowed these things upon us.

Brethren and sisters, we have every reason to be proud. I have been absent for some weeks, and I had one of my sons with me—another Utah product. He has only just turned sixteen years of age and he measures six feet two inches. People on the ship wanted to know if we had many such boys as that in this country. I said, plenty of

them. Well, they said, Utah must have a tremendous race of men growing up. We have plenty of young men growing up here that are and will be the admiration of all who know them. We will have beautiful men and beautiful women, virtuous men and virtuous women. Of course, there will be some that will not be of this character; they will lose the faith; but those who cling to the faith, God will adorn them with beauty; for they will have the Spirit of God with them, and every pure soul that comes in contact with them will love them. The Latter-day Saints will be loved. God loves them, and good people will love them. The virtues that they possess will live. They cannot be destroyed unless all the people are destroyed. That is a great consolation for the Latter-day Saints. I say to the Latter-day Saints, be comforted. Do not be depressed. When you feel gloomy, humble yourselves before the Lord, and seek for His Holy Spirit. Let him fill you with good cheer and with peace. He will do it, and He will overrule and control everything for your good and for your salvation, if you will put your trust in Him. God bless you all, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

TORTURED IN PRISON.

Henry Cassidy was released from the Salt Lake County jail Friday morning, having completed his term of six months to which he was sentenced, for petit larceny, by the justice of the peace of Sandy precinct. He came to this office today and told the story which the NEWS prints. He gives his account in an earnest manner, and it is published because the columns of this paper are open to any who appear to have just cause for complaint, and make it in respectful language. Space will be gladly given for explanation on the part of the officers, if they desire to make any to the public.

Mr. Cassidy was consigned to the jail on the 25th of last February. He was then in good health, he says, and weighed about 165 pounds. Today his appearance indicates anything but a healthful condition, his weight being about 25 pounds less than at the date of his incarceration.

Cassidy's statement is as follows: When I was sent to jail the food we were getting was bad. The meat was putrid, though the bread was good. The prisoners got sick on the food. They were allowed only ten minutes' exercise at meals, and then only in a limited space. That was insufficient, and made them weak. I made complaint time and time again, as did others, but we got no redress. On one occasion I became riotous at the treatment I was receiving. I told the jailor, Hill, about it. He told me to shut up, and called me a vile name. I called him one back. He then said, "You come out of here." He was going to put me in the dungeon, and I told him I would not come. Finally, with the assistance of Albright and Sullivan, Hill got me out. I was sick at the time, and that was the reason I resisted, as I did not want to go down. This was some time in March. They took me down into the dungeon. They knew I was sick, but did not seem to care for that.

I was kept in the dungeon two days. During that time I was very riotous. I had no place to sleep except on the stone floor. There was not a blanket, not even a board to lie down on. The weather was very cold, and I had only a pair of overalls, drawers and shirt. I was fed on bread and water, the bread coming only twice a day. They brought three pieces at each meal, but I was so ill that I could not even eat that.

At the end of two days I was taken out and put back in the cell. After this time I said to Mr. Hill, "Would you be kind enough to allow me a little more exercise, as I am sick." He replied, "No; you get more exercise now than you ever had." So we got on relief, and things went on as before.

I complained many times about exercise, and at last Hill told me he would put me in "the cooler"—the dungeon—again, and called me a vile name, as he is in the habit of doing to the prisoners. At this time, I told him he would not put me in the cooler, but he did. I was riotous by shouting and making a noise in the cell. They called me upstairs to the women's department, and there Hill and Albright put handcuffs on me. They fastened the handcuffs to the top of the iron door, and hung me in that position about three hours. I shouted and screamed, and the sheriff came to me saying, "You ————, ————, I've been listening to you long enough. I'll find out your history you ————, and you'll stay here." Then he took the broom and beat me over the back, breaking the handle. As he was striking me he ordered me to shut up, but I kept shouting. He got another broom and clubbed me with the handle till that broke also. I tried to defend myself, and in doing so kicked Albright, who got a washboard and struck me. They tried to stifle my cries, so they would not be heard in the street, by putting a blanket over the window. This was not sufficient, so they put a gag in my mouth. This was a piece of rubber hose, which was crowded into my mouth and tied with a piece of string around my head. After doing this they left me for about fifteen minutes, and I worked one of the handcuffs off, and then broke it by wrenching it in the iron bars. When Hill and Albright came back, they brought a leg iron, or Oregon boot, put it on my foot and took me to the dungeon.

When night came Hill and George Albright, who is night jailer, took me out of the dungeon to the basement under the cage, and chained me to a post. This was done by fastening my wrists behind me with the handcuffs, and then connecting with a chain to an iron post. Then they took the hose and turned a stream of water on me. Albright was the one who inflicted the punishment, and Hill stood and watched. They kept the stream playing on me about fifteen minutes. When I pleaded with them to stop, they would turn the water into my mouth. They laughed at me, swearing and calling me vile names, and saying they had a way of making such toughs as me as quiet as a child. I became unconscious two or three times while they were playing on me.

After they got through hosing me, they took the handcuffs off. Of course