

## EDITORIALS.

GATH, the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, is now in California, and in a letter to that paper describes an interview which he had with General Stoneman, late Commander of the Department of Arizona, on the subject of the Indian difficulties. The General has been removed because his dealings with the Indians have not been sufficiently vigorous to suit the wishes of certain interested parties, among other things to his not giving encouragement to the Republican party in the elections there. He would not interfere himself in the party squabbles, neither would he suffer his officers to do so. One reason of his being sent to Arizona was to cut down the expenses of the department, and he had endeavored to do so. This aroused a great outcry against him. Many of the traders sell arms and ammunition to the very Apaches they exclaim against; and he says they will do more for a dollar and less for patriotism and self-defence than any people in the Union. "Gath" reports that the General told him that there are not 1,000 white men in the Territory, and for every white man's defence there are two soldiers. He cut down the expenses of his department from three millions to a little over a million; and he refused to ask the General Commanding for more troops. The history of the affairs in that Territory, as he reported them to "Gath," is worth reading. Said he:

"Had the people kept ordinary charity, not to say faith, with the Apaches, the troops already in Arizona would have been ample, but they wanted war, more troops, government expenditures, and a political general. Unable to find personal cause to quarrel with me, they got up a scheme to have the Territorial bonds endorsed by the United States, and, to conciliate the Democrats of Arizona, Sylvester Mowry, once Delegate to Congress, was united with McCormick, and a newspaper campaign was begun all over the country, these men writing the articles, and mailing them everywhere. Now, I should be sorry to apologize for the Apaches and their barbarisms, but I have been in Arizona since 1846 as much as any man in the army, and I undertake to say that not more than one in three of these Apache outrages were really committed, and one in two remaining were exaggerated. The Pinal and the Tinto Apaches are merciless Indians, but who can excuse the Camp Grant massacre, where 125 unarmed Apaches were massacred by an expedition which marched sixty miles to take advantage of the absence of the soldiery defending them, an expedition organized and led by leading people in the town of Tucson? There is, right here in Los Angeles, a man who treacherously murdered a Hualapish Apache Chief but a short time ago, and who boasts of it. The Hualapish were quietly camping, and this Chief volunteered to go out and trail for the whites, after some marauders. He and two white men went together, and after a while the white men returned saying, that there was one Apache less in the world. Immediately the Hualapish broke camp and vanished. Now there is some white person to suffer for that Indian. The Great Spirit will be angry till he is avenged. That victim may be me, or it may be you."

The change in the condition of the Apaches since he first knew them is well described in the following language:

"When I first saw the Apaches in 1846 they were splendidly mounted. Every warrior rode a stallion and every squaw a mare. They were dressed in buckskins, their lances were bright, and their trappings superb. Seven hundred of them rode together. They were the terror of Mexico, and rode far into that republic, and they treated the Americans with chivalry. Mr. Winston here knows how many bands of California emigrants rode through Arizona unharmed. The Arizona Apache is now a starving hyena, eating squirrels, rats, owls, anything to keep life and vengeance alive."

THERE have been many reports of robberies published which have been effected by the agency of chloroform and other similar means. At a recent meeting held at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, Doctor Stephen Rogers read an interesting paper upon this subject. The object of this paper was to prove that chloroform could not be used effectively against the desire of the person upon whom its use was intended unless sufficient force

were employed to entirely control the victim. He asserted that there was not a single well-authenticated case in which it had clearly been shown that it had been successfully used in aid of crime. It was clear that if taken at all, it must have been taken willingly, and as an excuse and cover for personal participation in the crime alleged to have been committed. In other cases chloroform was charged with having been an aid in the commission of crime by gentlemen who, when robbed, were really drunk, and preferred charging their mishap to chloroform to acknowledging whisky and wine. Chloroform cannot be given even to a sleeping infant without causing it to awake, and in no case can it be given without sufficient time elapsing to enable the intended victim to give an alarm before becoming unconscious. A professional robber would use a bludgeon, pistol or knife before thinking of using chloroform, as the latter would awaken his victim and add to the danger of arousing some person within hearing.

A TERRIBLE horse disease has made its appearance in some portions of the east, which baffles the skill of the best veterinary surgeons. It attacks the membranes over the spinal marrow, and is called cerebro-spinal meningitis, or in common language, spotted fever. The *New York Sun* of the 14th inst., says that there had been one hundred and thirty cases, up to that date, among the horses of the Second Avenue line. When an animal is seized with this disease a sluggish movement of the hind-quarters is perceptible, also a tendency to stumble. As the disease advances the hair falls off along the spine, and the hind parts become paralyzed. When it reaches the brain the animal's fore-limbs also share the same fate. If, when stricken with the disease, the animal is allowed to lie down, it is said that he never rises again; the practice is, therefore, as soon as a falling and numbness of the hind legs are perceived, to support him with broad canvas bands. One strange peculiarity of the disease is that as it advances the appetite of the animal seems to increase.

This malady is prevailing in many parts of Virginia and in New York. On Long Island the owner of some fast trotting horses has lost thirty thousand dollars worth; and a gentleman in West Chester county has lost five out of seven. It is said not to be infectious.

THE demons of strong drink and murder seem to be holding, just now, high carnival in the east. This needs no stronger confirmation than the fact that there are eight murderers now confined in the Tombs, the Bridewell of New York City. Four of these are under sentence of death; the remainder are awaiting their trials on the capital charge. The following facts concerning them are from the *New York Star* of the 12th instant: Their names are John Purcell, Lawrence Sullivan, Frank Wilson, Martin Bogardus, Lewis Frank, William H. McNeveins, John Bowe, William Rudd and William Foster.

The last named, it will be remembered, murdered Mr. A. D. Putnam in a street car, for which he was recently tried, and sentenced to be hanged, on the 14th of next month.

Rudd is an Englishman, was formerly a sailor, and is awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife, who it is said was very much given to drink. Rudd, under the influence of liquor, returned home one night some five or six weeks since and finding her intoxicated, was so exasperated that he threw her from a three-story window into the street, causing her death.

John Bowe, a German is also awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife. They were both votaries of Bacchus, and on the night of the first of April last Bowe went home very drunk, and kicked and choked his wife, inflicting injuries which caused her death.

The case of McNeveins is one which has given rise to considerable sympathy, and there seems some probability that executive clemency will be extended to him. He is a boy of nineteen, and has always borne a good character.

The man he killed was a rowdy named Hines who, for some cause or other, entertained illfeeling towards the whole of the McNeveins family, and it is said, took every opportunity to insult Mrs. McNeveins, the mother of the boy now under sentence of death. One night the latter had been out on a little spree and, while under the influence of drink, he met Hines when

an altercation ensued during which Hines received his death wound. McNeveins was sentenced to be executed on the 14th of next month, but his counsel has sued out a writ of error and obtained a stay of proceedings, and the case will be carried to the Supreme Court at the October term.

Martin Bogardus and Frank Lewis are two boys; they are waiting their trial for the murder of a man named Ferdinand Schwartz, proprietor of a lager beer saloon. The crime was committed on the night of the 25th of last October.

Frank Wilson is a sailor, and some time near the end of last March signed articles to sail with a man named Brown, who is said to have been a brutal fellow. The two men met at a low drinking saloon frequented by sailors, when Brown threatened to "put a head" on Wilson when he got him aboard. Wilson walked out of the place, and Brown followed, when an altercation and scuffle took place, during which Brown received a stab in the right side, from which he died in a few minutes. For this crime Wilson now awaits his trial.

Lawrence Sullivan will be remembered as the man who, after his trial and condemnation for the murder of one O'Brien, refused his food, with the evident intent of escaping the gallows by starving himself to death. He persisted in his refusal to eat for over a week, when stringent measures were adopted, and he was strapped down and fed with a quill in order to keep him alive. His crime was committed last June, and he was sentenced last December to be hanged in January; but his lawyer obtained a stay of proceedings, and carried his case to the Supreme Court, which decided against him; and it is now to be taken to the Court of Appeals. Sullivan is said to be the hardest looking among the murderers, and there is a very poor prospect for him eluding the gallows.

John Purcell murdered a man named Keenan, who was ill-using his (Purcell's) brother. The crime was committed in May, 1883, and Purcell was tried and condemned to death in February, 1870, and sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law the following April. A stay of proceedings was obtained and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where the judgment was affirmed. It is now to be carried to the Court of Appeals, and will be finally decided some time this month. Purcell shot his man through the heart. He is now only twenty-three years of age, but is much broken down, and expresses an inclination to die rather than endure such a life as he has lived for the last two years.

Besides the above named persons, the *Star* says that five other young men, indicted and incarcerated in the Tombs for murder, were let out on bail on the 11th inst.

Such a showing as the preceding is a horrible commentary on the present state of manners and morals in the East, for it furnishes a social and moral barometer of all the large centres of population there, as well as of New York. Every one of the above crimes was committed while the parties were under the dominion of liquor, and most of them in drinking saloons.

During the past week strenuous efforts have been made here, ostensibly to save the souls of sinners in Utah; the operators, or spiritual manipulators being gentlemen who had undertaken a journey of thousands of miles for this purpose. While the people will no doubt properly appreciate the magnitude of such labors, one would really think that in fields so white with sinners as they must be where murder and drunkenness are as common as the above recital shows them to be in the east, there would be all the scope necessary or desirable for the soul saving proclivities of all the peripatetic, gospel vending parsons and sham religious philanthropists in the nation. There too, their labors could be exercised at home, which would be far more convenient than taking a long journey to Utah's peaceful vales, where crime of any kind is scarcely ever heard of except it be committed by those who migrate hither from the remote centres of civilization, commerce, religion and enlightenment.

Perhaps, however, the business of saving souls if carried on at home and on the quiet, may not be considered as meritorious by its professors as when attended to with a great noise and trumpeted forth by the press; but a sinner converted or a soul saved in the east is quite as important, in the eye of the Divine Master, as the same thing in the west, and the reward is as sure. It is high time this neglecting the

heathen at home for the sake of the same class abroad, so fashionable in the religious world, was done away with; and if their salvation be the real object, how much greater the consistency and the probabilities of success, to confine labors having this end in view exclusively to fields, (plentiful in every section of the country but Utah) in which sinners are so numerous and hardened that murder, robbery, licentiousness, violence and crime of every description are thought no more of and excite no more attention than the labors of hireling priests do among the hundred thousand Latter-day Saints in Utah.

We very respectfully recommend our Christian brethren to ponder these things well in their minds.

A VERSAILLES correspondent of the *London Times* describes the entry of Rochefort into that city as a prisoner. He rode in an omnibus, accompanied by several policemen, and guarded by soldiers. Everyone ran into the street, and shouts of execration were raised on all sides. He was greeted with cries of "down with the assassin," "trample the brigand to death," and the people wanted to have him out of the omnibus, and it was with difficulty the soldiers prevented them from dragging him out. Had it not been for the precautions taken by the government he would probably have been killed; but his guards finally succeeded in getting him safely lodged in jail.

What a contrast between the feeling thus described and that formerly entertained towards Rochefort! It is only a few short months since he was the idol of the French populace, and the imperial government was denounced for its treatment of Rochefort. Since then he has been in possession of power, and incurred the odium of the people; they are now as ready to curse and destroy him as they formerly were to extol and idolize him. Such is the capricious and unreliable character of popular favor; one day boosted to the skies, and the next trampled in the mire.

HORACE GREELEY thinks the Ku-Klux-Klans are not the only enemies to Republican ascendancy in the South. The "thieving carpet-baggers" are, in his opinion, a great deal more detrimental to the fame and character of the Republican party than they. The thieving carpet-baggers are a mournful fact; they do exist there, and I have seen them. They are fellows who crawled down South in the track of our armies, generally a very safe distance in the rear; some of them on sutler's wagons; some of them bearing cotton permits; some of them looking sharply to see what may turn up; and they remain there. They at once ingratiated themselves with the blacks, simple, credulous, ignorant men, very glad to welcome and to follow any whites who professed to be the champions of their rights. Some of these got elected Senators, others Representatives, some Sheriffs, some Judges, and so on. And there they stand, right in the public eye, stealing and plundering, many of them with both arms around negroes and their hands in their rear pockets, seeing if they cannot pick a paltry dollar out of them; and the public looks at them, does not regard the honest Northern man, but calls every "carpet-bagger" a thief, which is not the truth by a good deal. But these fellows—many of them long-faced, and with eyes rolled up—are greatly concerned for the education of the blacks, and for the salvation of their souls. "Let us pray," they say. But they spell pray with an "e" and, thus spelled, they obey the apostolic injunction to "pray without ceasing."

The time has been and still is, when it was perilous to be known as a Republican or an Abolitionist in the South, but it never called the blush of shame to any man's cheek to be so called, until these thieving carpet-baggers went there—never! They got into the legislature; they went to issuing State bonds; they pretended to use them in aid of railroads and other improvements. But the improvements were not made, and the bonds stuck in the issuers' pockets. That is the pity of it.

"Well," some say, "you have just such thieves at the North." Yes, we do—too many of them! But the South was already impoverished—was bankrupt—without money, without thrift, almost without food; and these fellows went there robbing and swindling when there was very little to steal, and taking the last ten-cent shinplaster off the dead men's eyes. They were recognized by the late aristocracy not merely as thieves but as enemies.