

EDITORIALS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—They have nice ways in New York. Mary Russell came from Newcastle West, County Limerick, Ireland, to New York, last January. She went to Jersey City in search of friends, lost the address, wandered about till night, when, being penniless and friendless, she went to the Third Precinct Station and obtained lodgings. During the night, she says, Sergeant Wheeler visited her in the cell three times, and endeavored to outrage her. In the morning she complained to Captain Glenny, Sergeant Gilkinson and Justice Davis. The girl was put into jail and detained as a witness for the State. Her health gave way, and she was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs and nervous prostration. Early the present month the case was tried, and given to the jury. "The friends of the accused flocked on the court house grounds and threw mysterious signs at the window of the room in which the jury was locked up." The result was the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

—Mrs. Scott-Siddons writes from Sydney, Australia, to a friend in San Francisco, "A remarkable handsome Fiji Islander took a great admiration for me and wanted to buy me of my present lord and master. He was willing to give six bunches of bananas in exchange."

—Dr. Hans Von Balow, the pianist, appears to have made himself cordially disliked both in America and England. In this country he was very sick and irritable, and did not know what he was saying or doing at times.

—It is announced that the report that Dr. J. C. Ayer, the pill man, has been taken to the insane asylum, is incorrect. He has been suffering from a flow of blood to the head, brought on by sleeplessness and application to business; but the physician hopes that in a short time he will be able to sail for Europe.

—The New York Sun talks in this way — "Wolves in sheep's clothing came among the brethren of the General Assembly, clad in clerical coats, white neck ties, and solemn countenances, they diligently exercise their vocations, which was that of professional pickpockets. They were especially devout looking during prayer-time, and social at the lunch. Result, lighter pockets and heavier hearts to several of the brethren. One or two delegates from a distance had to have a quiet collection taken up for them, to enable them to get home without being put off the railroad trains. The wicked deceivers who picked the pockets ought to be publicly exposed, when found. Some stole nice hats, leaving their own inferior ones in exchange."

—At Montreal, Canada, a man named John Radford, with no arms, was recently convicted of assault and battery, and sent to jail for eight days at hard labor.

—The New York Evening Post does not appear to be in love with Jarrett & Palmer's fast train business. That paper terms the enterprise sensational, and says it develops nothing, proves nothing, suggests nothing, and there is no reason why the feat should ever be undertaken again. The cost of running trains at such a rate of speed for such distances, the danger, and the uselessness of doing so, combine to deprive the recent performance of significance as the possible beginning of a new order of things.

—Clara Morris, the actress, is in Danbury, seeking health, and this is the way she seeks it, according to one of her companions — "Miss Morris is doing her best to promote a cure, if outdoor exercise is going to do it. We are up at 6 in the morning, walk three miles or more before dinner, drive many more miles before tea, ride the rest of the evening, and fill up any extra time with eating and drinking."

—Mr. Knott quickly "took back" his remark to Mr. Frye about Blaine being the d—est scoundrel, etc., and apologized for having made it.

—An English reporter lately recovered \$5,000 damages from a man who called him a public nuisance.

—The New York Tribune talks in this way — "Are we about to turn

over another new leaf this Centennial year? The workings of the law of supply and demand are capricious enough; but who could have supposed the Old World would be soon calling upon the New for skilled labor? Yet the masterwrights of Glasgow, Scotland, appeal to-day through our advertising columns for a large number of operative joiners, and offer wages which, in these pinching times, our unemployed mechanics will probably regard as attractive—seven shillings for a day of ten hours." The New York Herald says, "A great number of domestic servants are sailing for the Old Country."

—Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm talks this way, in the Chicago Tribune, of German smokers and their smoke—"The habit of smoking appears to be general among German men, and I was told that it would be impossible for me to live or travel in Germany on account of the illness which tobacco smoke always causes me; but I have found that, in all the smoke, there is so little tobacco that it gives me no inconvenience. From the odor, I judge that their cigars and smoking weed are made of paper steeped in a weak solution of tobacco; and this is no doubt the reason they feel no injurious consequences from its use. Those who quote the German habit of smoking to prove that the use of tobacco in this way is not unhealthy reason from false premises. The Germans smoke, and smoke, and smoke, by the hour, but they do not smoke tobacco."

—It is said that the Prince of Wales is about to purchase a residence in Wales, and that Brynneudd, Llanfairfechan, near Bangor—the property of the late Mr. Platt, M. P., is the one selected. The Prince tried to find a place without a vowel in its name, but they were all taken up.

—It is claimed that Dom Pedro says American women are bold and masculine, and crowd upon strangers without invitation. Notwithstanding Dom Pedro's opinion, there is good reason to believe that most American women are of the feminine gender.

—The Rev. A. C. Kendricks, of Columbus, Georgia, a Baptist preacher, is in hot water. The girl's name is Fannie Bush, aged thirteen.

—The Fall River Times claims that not one piece of manufacturer's paper made in Fall River has gone to protest within thirty-five years; and that of the thirteen hundred thousand spindles in the forty-four mills not a spindle is under mortgage.

—Speaking of politico-religious societies, the New York Graphic says—"It is particularly noticeable that when an agent of one of these organizations exhausts his eloquence, in setting forth its lofty objects, and extemporizing statistics of voting power which is always somewhere in the millions, he always concludes by wanting to borrow five dollars."

—It is stated that Herr Altenhofer, the last of the famous trio who for many years were the chief editors of the Allgemeine Zeitung, of Augsburg, in Bavaria, died a few weeks ago, aged seventy-three years.

—An exchange says it is asserted by an eminent English physician that by the timely administration of the hypophosphites of lime or soda, consumption can be stamped out as thoroughly as small-pox by vaccination.

—A London correspondent of the New York Herald says—"How much do you think the Guildhall reception to the Prince of Wales cost? Sixty thousand pounds sterling (\$300,000). So says a great 'city man' who ought to know. Fancy how rich the city of London must be when it can expend \$300,000 on one evening's entertainment without question and without remorse! I believe that this little bill has not been considered worth mentioning in print. What a tid-bit it would be for that palladium of liberty, the American reporter, and how his English cousin throws away his opportunity."

—After a microscopical examination of the pork in the Southern part of the State of Indiana, Dr. Sutton finds that from three to sixteen per cent. of it is affected with trichinae. The Dr. thinks that thousands of persons die annually in this country from trichinosis, without knowing the cause of their disease.

—How do you think they recognize Western ladies at the Centennial? A Philadelphia paper points out by relating the following incident, which occurred in the main building lately—"Those people come from the West," said one to the other. "Why, how can you tell them?" said the other. "Why, don't you see how high they wear their corsets?"

—The Boston Globe says that Mr. Sampson, the North Adams shoe manufacturer, who has employed Chinese workmen for six years, has decided to discharge, or rather not to re-engage them, preferring to give employment to other residents of the town, who are suffering severely from the stoppage of various mills and work shops. He employs from 75 to 100 Chinese, who work by the month, under contract for three years or longer.

—The Norristown Herald talks in this way about lying newspapers, such as this city and Territory unfortunately are not entirely destitute of—"The deliberate publishing of wild fictitious as facts is destroying the usefulness of journalism. The innocent suffer with the guilty. Conscientious journals too often share the reproach which these frauds cast upon the profession. The sham sensationals are worse than the worst of conservatives. One which devotes its energies to the manufacture of falsehoods becomes mischievous. It is no uncommon thing to hear men say that they believe nothing that they read in the newspapers, and, considering the character of too many 'enterprising' journals, we cannot blame them for the remark. It requires energy and ability to collect and furnish reliable news. It requires neither energy nor ability to sit and scribble lies."

—G. B. C. writes from London, England, to the Marion (Ohio) Democratic Mirror, "acknowledging that the English Government as constitutionally administered gives a larger freedom to her people than even our own, barring the lack of voting privileges." He also says that "all tars, saloons, restaurants, &c. in England are served by women,—I should say ladies,—as more modest, lady-like women are not found;" and that "life and property are, on the whole, safer in this city than elsewhere, considering the vast population."

—The editor of the Fort Dodge (Iowa) Messenger, a personal friend of Mrs. Belknap, says of her—"So she has been sitting at home all these months in the bitterness of her anguish, daring not to go on the street, where she would be subjected to indecent badinage, having no way to be heard, being the subject of gossip in every newspaper in the land and in almost every home, knowing herself the victim of abusive criticism and ignorant falsehood, and yet having to sit still and endure it all." Thus the way of transgressors is hard, even for their wives.

—The Railroad Gazette thus sums up the time performance of the Jarrett & Palmer fast train—"For the entire journey by rail from Jersey City to Oakland, 3,313 miles, the time consumed was 83 hours, 32 minutes, 7 seconds, and the average speed, including all stops and delays, was 39.7 miles per hour. From New York to San Francisco, 3,316 miles, including the two terries, the time was 83 hours, 59 minutes, 16 seconds."

AN ERA OF HONESTY.

The Philadelphia Times has the following concerning the anticipated coming man, Gov. Hayes—

"Pretty much all is said when we remark again that General Hayes is a favorite son. Yet not quite all, for though not out of the common run of governors when in his chair, on his feet he is an orator—not agile of tongue, like Blaine, but more direct and convincing. Personally he is well favored—thick-set and stoutish, with a heavy, reddish beard, streaked with gray. We believe General Hayes to be an honest man."

The Republicans generally believe that their man, Hayes, will be elected to the chief magistracy of the nation without fail. If their June faith should be justified by November facts, and the assumption that Hayes is an honest man should prove correct, what will it

import? Will it indicate the commencement of an era of honesty with the next presidential term? If the President should be such an honest man, would he not be likely to choose an honest cabinet, and make appointments generally throughout the Union of honest men? Would not honesty, thus established in the high places of the nation, become fashionable, and an era of honesty set in?

There is no sort of an era worse needed than an era of honesty, for it does seem that dishonesty can be picked up anywhere just now, in this model republic, and without much stooping. The difficulty is to find the honest man. Diogenes' lamp is sadly needed, though ours is called a highly civilized country. Advanced modern civilization and moral purity are not by any means synonymous. But if Governor Hayes should become President Hayes, and he is the honest man he is believed and represented to be, and he should be the instrument in ushering in an era of honesty, then those terms might become synonymous. But what a revolution that would make in every State and Territory as well as in the District of Columbia! The revolution of 1776 would be nothing to it. It would make the first centennial a most notable and perfectly rounded actuality, the model centennial. If this is the future in store, let it come. The galled jade only will wince. To all others it would be a season of uncommon and almost unhopd for refreshing.

ROSE EYTINGE.

THE New York Sun tells the following story of the poisoning of Rose Eytinge, who has been announced as expecting shortly to play in San Francisco and this city—

"The poisoning of Rose Eytinge, on Wednesday last, in the Newhall House, Milwaukee, is the uppermost topic among theatre people. She was dying when discovered by her cousin, Mrs. Julin. At her bedside was an empty three-ounce phial marked laudanum. The stomach pump was brought into requisition, and her life was saved. She requested her friends to let her die, and the strength of three powerful men was tested in restraining her from making further efforts to kill herself. She was closely watched and repeatedly heard to say, 'I wish I were dead.' On the day previous to the poisoning she visited a lawyer and executed a power of attorney for her cousin to take charge of her property in this city. Those who know Rose Eytinge and are familiar with the story of her life, agree that her despondency for the past few years has come of her unfortunate marriage with George H. Butler, the nephew of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler."

Miss Eytinge is a great favorite on the New York stage, and also in literary circles and in private life. She has been twice married, and once disappointed by death without marriage. She was divorced from her first husband, David Barnes, city editor of the New York Times. Her present husband is reported as sometimes insane, and as a very miserable apology for a man at any time. Meantime how is it that so many bright and accomplished women in public life pick up perfect scoundrels for husbands, when there are so many decent men and gentlemen waiting to be picked up?

The Terre Haute Express says, "Hark! I hear an angel sing," sang a young man in an outside township school exhibition. "No, 'taint," shouted an old farmer in one of the back seats, "it's only my old mule that's hitched outside." The young man broke down and quit.

The whirligig of fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Valambrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburned nose.

The Burlington Hawkeye says, "It is remarkable the number of heavily-clad, uncomfortable-looking gentlemen you can meet on the street now, who will confidentially inform you, in a whisper, that they are wearing out their winter clothes on a bet."

Sometimes you see a sun-browned man with a slouch hat, and with the ends of his fingers turned down, as if he imagined himself about to strike the keys of a piano. He is not a pianist; he is a baseball player, and his fingers will always stay that way.—Exchange.

Correspondence.

Health—Crops—Meeting—Y. M. M. I. A.

MEADOW, Millard County, June 20th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

The health of the people is good, with slight exceptions. We have had one death only this spring.

Our crops are promising to be better than for years past, somewhat damaged though by the late frosts about the middle of May.

Our meetings are rather thinly attended of late, but we have good meetings, a good influence is prevailing and the people are reviving from late indifference.

Bros. Hardy and Young were along and organized a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, from which we, the young men of the place, are deriving much benefit and all feel very much interested in its prosperity. Our meetings are very orderly. Questions and answers on the principles of the gospel, and short lectures are conducted in a lively manner. The officers of the society are all young, and new to the business, but are determined to succeed.

Joseph Fisher, President; Joseph F. Dame and Jas. Duncan, Counsellors, Neil M. Stewart, Secretary. I am your brother in the gospel.

NEIL M. STEWART.

Over the Mountains—Grand View—Ogden Valley—School Examination, Etc.

OGDEN CITY, June 24, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

In company with some of the Elders of Ogden, we set out early on Sunday morning, to visit the Sabbath School at Huntsville. The distance to this settlement, by the present circuitous route, in consequence of the dug-way through the cañon being washed out, is about twenty miles, and this over the Wasatch range. After a journey of about twelve miles we finally reached the summit of this range, being then at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at half-past six a.m.

The morning was delightful, and the scene before us full of grandeur and sublimity. On the one side of the divide lies Salt Lake Valley, studded with numerous towns and here and there a straggling farm, surrounded with foliage and shrubbery, while on the western horizon, beautiful Salt Lake lies basking in the morning sun with not a ruffle to disturb its peaceful repose, slumbering yet, like the inhabitants of the valley, in the blissful arms of Somnus. On the other side of the divide lies Ogden Valley, the gem of Utah. If this is a dreary dale in winter, nature indeed seems to delight in lavishing upon it the choicest gifts in summer. Three crystal streams, having their banks lined with the cottonwood and willow, course over its bosom, distributing their sparkling juice to the fragrant flowers and tender plants, while the morning rays, borne on the perfumed breeze, glitter from the surrounding glacial peaks and shed a glory of the richest hue upon the Sabbath day. No sound is heard save the sharp chirping of the squirrel, which now hies away beneath the drapery of the mountain oak.

"How still the morning of the hallowed day!

Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath

Of tattered grass, mingled with faded flowers, That yester morn bloomed, waving in the breeze."

But soul-inspiring as this scene is, we leave it and resume our journey to perform our labor of love on this the sacred day. After a pleasant ride through a part of this valley, we finally alighted in a beautiful grove, situated near the outskirts of Huntsville. Here we realized the poetical effusion of

"Old and young are here assembled On this glorious festival day."

A multitude of children, and we wondered where they all came from, were there with smiling faces and holy books to greet us. To record all the interesting features that we here noticed, during our sojourn of two days, would prolong this article beyond a reasonable