

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Another Characteristic Correspondence from "Junius."

Chicago, January 22, 1888.

The Greeks of old trembled when their Jupiter frowned, and, at the slightest manifestation of his displeasure, they bowed their heads in reverence to Mount Olympus. With poets and orators the dusky brow of Jove formed a favorite theme for moralizing, and for didactic song. But how feeble a thing is the Jupiter of Olympus, when contrasted with the Jupiter of Dakota. The Olympian is to the Dakotan about the same as the pulling infant in its mother's arms is to John L. Sullivan. At present we are confronted with this awful Jupiter of Dakota in one of his most tremendous moods. He shakes his mighty curls and lowers his majestic brows, and the effect is perceptible over half a continent one hundred times larger than Greece. From the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains,

DEATH, DESTRUCTION, CALAMITY, DISTRESS

and suffering are scattered broadcast. Snow is piled on the streets of Galveston, while the lurid swamps of Louisiana are frozen into solid ground. Industry, trade and commerce are suspended in Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. In Dakota, Montana and Wyoming life, both human and brute, is sacrificed as liberally as it would be on a Napoleon's battle field. In Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan frozen noses, chapped ears and profane tongues are the characteristics of the season.

Horace shuddered at the sight of a few inches of snow on Spruce, and trembled at a few icicles on the branches of the trees in the suburbs of Rome, and he has left us a very pleasant little ode in commemoration of the great meteorological marvel of his day. What would he do if he had two pounds of ice on his beard, one of his ears broken off at the middle, and his nose as white as a lump of Missouri butter? He certainly would leave something more than an ode, or else he would exhaust himself in profanity and blasphemy that he would leave nothing fit for reproduction in print. Probably this is the reason our Yankee minstrels are silent on the weather question; the energy that ought to be reserved for song is wasted in profane swearing, which is neither edifying nor instructive, neither recreative nor amusing.

FORTUNATELY SITUATED PEOPLE OF UTAH!

You escape the winter blizzard and summer tornado. You are not in fear of dynamite or gunpowder. You tremble not, as we poor Chicagoans do, before the agents of science and nature. If we fly from the ravages of the Dakota destroyer, we are liable to stumble on the fulminating explosives of Herr Most. 'Tis true you have the carpet-bagger lay and clerical, and of course political, but he, after all, is merely a temporary misfortune, a transient calamity, a kind of fleeting rinderpest, a superficial pleuro-pneumonia. There is hope of getting rid of him, but I fear with us the Dakota blizzard, the Kansas cyclone and the most dynamite will remain always. Like poverty we will have them perpetually. And like Joe Medill and General Bendish, we will be personally reminded of their existence.

Speaking of carpet-bags reminds me of some communications I have recently read in the Chicago papers reporting to come from Salt Lake City. One in particular laid out plans for a new map of the United States. Others dwelt on the Mormon question, and endeavored to demonstrate the mistakes of John Taylor and Brigham Young, just as Mr. Ingersoll would try to point out the mistakes of Moses. Who the correspondent may be is a question of little importance, but it is safe to say that his material interests in Utah or elsewhere are very infinitesimal. He may, for aught I know, be a Grant whisky-tax collector. We hung one of the kind here a few months ago. The late Mr. Parsons was a whisky-tax collector under General Grant. He tried to make a new map of the world. But as to this correspondent it is useless to waste time on him. He reminds me of Prof. Blackie's lines:

Storms will have their gusty way,
And fools will have their ranting;
But sense overrides the roughest day,
And sees the end of ranting.

Joe Medill takes up the

"MISTAKE" BUSINESS,

and also tries to show how Utah could be prosperous and happy without religion or morality. In this conditional business Joe Medill beats Barry Lyndon. That very interesting Irish gentleman, Mr. Barry Lyndon, who drank with Goldsmith and flouted Dr. Johnson in argument, used to say that a mistake caused all his trouble. He used to say that if his grandmother had married the right kind of husband, he, Plain Barry Lyndon, would have been born Prince Barry Lyndon, His Royal Highness.

All the literature now in circulation opposing the admission of Utah to the Union, crystallizes itself in the article of Senator Dawes. Read this article and you have the whole range of anti-Utah argument. The Senator is a wonderful logician. In fact he might be set up for Matthew Arnold's typical reasoner; the man who with one intuition builds around it a glittering pyramid of eggs, but the eggs are all adled but one, the original little intuition. Senator Dawes

DEALS ENTIRELY WITH THE FUTURE,

and very elaborately endeavors to prove that Utah would come in with impaired or mutilated sovereignty. And then again he proves, to Joe Medill's satisfaction, that the State of Utah and the United States would be nothing when arrayed against some phantasmal polygamist. The fact is, the framers of the Utah Constitution have done everything within the range of practical politics and wise statesmanship, to abolish, exclude, disavow and expunge polygamy in Utah, and Senator Dawes knows it. That is why he goes into speculative polygamy and endeavors to make an argument out of nothing or next to nothing. It is true, Utah ought to come in without any clause of the kind giving Congress management of her local affairs. And it is reassuring to see Senator Dawes and his crowd so punctilious about state rights. But if this clause were not there, then surely Dawes would howl and want a clause in. The question of practical polygamy is settled in Utah. There need be no apprehension of its revival there as long as United States laws and state laws oppose it. This Dawes and his following know too well. But they have not the manhood to say it. To enter into argument with Senator Dawes would necessitate probing into the centre of his glittering pyramid of rotten eggs, to find the one sound one. We have everything that we can reasonably or honestly desire from the citizens of Utah preliminary to the admission of their territory as a state. They have done everything within the range of practical politics to satisfy us, then why endeavor to force the matter to a religious issue? It is utter nonsense to say that a system of plural marriage will be instituted after statehood is obtained. If any persons are foolish enough to think the people of Utah would be such idiots, these persons must be in a sad state of ignorance. And as to this speculation on the future, there is only one way to answer Senator Dawes, and that is by quoting Frances Jeffrey, the great reviewer, in reply to Lord Macaulay as to this future development business. This is what Mr. Jeffrey says:

"But, after all, while either human motives or human duties ever bear such a dissent? And should we not all become quinquennials or Quakers, and selfishly forward fellows if we were to act on views so systematic? Who the devil would ever have anything to do with love or war, nay, who would venture himself on the sea, or on a galloping horse, if he were to calculate in this way the chances of shortening life or forfeiting comfort by such venturesome doings?"

This fits Mr. Dawes' article. In the whole range of history and romance there is one personage who can parallel Mr. Dawes in gloomy forebodings of the future. That personage is found in Irish fiction. She was a woman, the wife of Dan Daley, of Skibbereen. Dan was a healthy, happy young man, who took unto himself a wife. The morning after the wedding festival Dan walked out to see his cattle and his grounds. In a short time he heard the most dismal wailing issuing from the mansion where he left his young wife. Dan, of course, hurried to the inside. He found a fair young wife wailing, lamenting and, in fact, striking all the keys of grief from a sigh to a shriek. Dan endeavored to ascertain the cause of this fearful woe. After some time, Mrs. Daley between her sobs and her screams, pointed out a stone lying loosely on the hob, and then smote her hands. This would not satisfy Dan, he insisted on hearing further. Mrs. Daley then said: "Oh then, Dan, if the young Daceen should be born and that stone to fall on him, it would kill him." To say that poor Dan Daley was paralyzed would but feebly describe his condition.

An effort will be made to give the Republican party a new lease of life by mentioning General Sheridan in connection with it. The gallant soldier will steer clear of it, unless his usual good sense has deserted him. He certainly will not sacrifice a name, a character and a reputation by allowing himself to be made the tool of scheming politicians. They tried to resuscitate it with young Grant. Robert Lincoln is also talked about, but he is all right where he is, selling town lots. Probably some persons think a Yankee can be hit with sentiment. They now find the Yankee and a turnip are analogous in the sentimental line.

At 8:30 a.m., January 24th, at Victoria, B. C., an explosion occurred in a coal mine which buried fifty miners into eternity. Whites and Chinese miners, to the number of 150, were employed in the mine at the time. The report sounded like the firing of heavy cannon, and a column of dense black smoke shot up through the shaft, and continued to pour forth for some time, when it subsided, leaving the snow-covered ground all round the shaft of inky blackness. Two men were lowered as a search party and returned, stating that nothing could be heard but calls from below. A temporary cage was made and lowered to a considerable depth, the miner, reaching it by means of ladders, and at 10 o'clock 103 of the men in the mine had been rescued.

At last accounts thirty-five bodies had been taken out including those of six Chinamen and the other bodies were being exhumed as rapidly as possible

LITERARY CANT.

UNDER the above caption the Boston Globe publishes the following:

"It is too often the case that, as soon as a man acquires a certain degree of literary renown, he affects the literary manner, uses book words, erudite allusions, and all the elaborate insipidities of the word-top and phrase-builder. He has written a book, and, forsooth, he must talk like a book the rest of his days in order to maintain a reputation for consistency. But his literary cant and affectation is not confined by any means within the circle of actual authors. The tendency to literary cant is pervasive, and almost as universal as the tendency to original sin. It crops out in men who eulogize Shakespeare, Homer, and Dante and never read them; in men who go into hysterical raptures over poetry, and who stumble through a verse of Longfellow as a man goes down stairs in the dark, two steps at a time; in all men, in short, who are literary because they live in a literary neighborhood, or wish to mingle in a literary society, but who have no literary instincts. But the worst kind of literary pedant is the word-warrior, the lavish spendthrift of language, who is, too frequently, a prodigal of speech and a miser of ideas. There is no terror so terrible to the wayfarer as the literary word-purist. Men dread to meet delicate language epicures, as much as the good wife dreads the food epicure educated up to the Delmonico standard, with his conscience converged in his stomach, whom her husband takes home to dinner. Hard-headed men of the street, whose limber lips are facile enough to shape themselves to all the colloquialisms of the English tongue and even to some of the heretic slang phrases that will be good English as soon as the conservative dictionary-makers get their eyes open, are terrified in the company of these prim phraseological purists and stand in their presence awkward and confused, as speechless as if struck by lockjaw. They dare not speak. The icy rigidity of the diction phrase-builder has frozen the genial current of their souls. These phraseological exquisites never hold a conversation with anybody. It always descends into a soliloquy, for no man has the hardihood to dialogue with them. What is a plain, blunt man to do in such a case? His lips are padlocked. He cannot use his tongue. Let him use his legs. Let him seek some solitary retreat and rest his face. Language is not made by the dictionary man. The dictionary man is made by the language. Words grow like plants, and if some of them are accounted weeds it is well to remember Emerson's saying, 'A weed is only a plant whose use has not been discovered.' Some of these luxuriant slang phrases, like the much despised tomato weed, may some time boast the most sturdy growth in our linguistic garden. At any rate, it is pretty evident that a man cannot grow over literary in his speech and still retain his friends. You cannot enjoy many companionable strolls with a friend if you persist in walking on stilts. You must get on the same stratum of atmosphere as the man with whom you would fellowship, and not attempt to breathe a rarer ether than he. A man whose language is stilted and literary must not complain if he soon grows familiar with the echo of his own voice."

SOMETHING ABOUT SUGAR MAKING.

Brother Jacob F. Gates Treats the Subject Intelligently.

The following extracts from a letter written by Elder Jacob F. Gates, now on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, to a friend in this city, may prove interesting to some of our readers. He has, for over two years, been in charge of the sugar making department of the Lale plantation, and, by his intelligent application and persistent exertion, has made exceptional progress in this most important business:

I see by the Territorial Enquirer that there is a project on foot among the business men of Salt Lake City, tending to the establishment in the near future, of a sugar factory. It was not stated whether the sugar was to be made from the amber cane or sugar beet. An article in the News a few months ago from a Brother Madsen, of Gunnison, spoke of his experience in sugar making from the amber cane, and said, among other things, that he had proven that it could be produced at a cost of five cents per pound. Knowing the greater facilities we have here on the islands of cheap labor, a continuous season suitable for cultivation and manufacture and the greater tonnage per acre on account of the superior quality of land and kind of cane, and knowing how barely possible it has been with all these advantages, with the best of modern machinery for many of the plantations here to keep their heads above water during the past depression in the price of sugar, I can hardly believe, after all this, that his estimates were correct. Perhaps there is money in the manufacture of sugar from the amber cane; but I have been led to doubt it for several reasons:

First—Cane soon impoverishes the land so that after a very few crops the yield on the best of soil is very small. This is my experience and observation on our land in the southern part of Utah.

Second—All cane grown in Utah matures but a few weeks at most before frost, and must be worked up within that time or it will get frosted and sour. It might be suggested that machinery could be put up that would work up the entire crop within this time; but a little computation will soon prove to any one that machinery required for such a purpose would cost vastly too much to justify it lying idle ten months or more during the year.

The article referred to in the Enquirer stated that the factory at Fort Scott was paying handsomely and that ten more such factories would be built next season. I am anxious to know more of this move at Salt Lake and would like to communicate with some one connected with it if you would be kind enough to refer me.

In thinking of the manufacture of sugar, in connection with Utah, my mind has been turned towards the beet as more adapted to our climate and soil, and offering another advantage, viz., that they can be stored for a considerable time without injury while being made up. I see from an extract in the Hawaiian Gazette that Claus Spreckles has gone into beet sugar manufacture on a large scale, having invested about \$100,000. It was stated that twenty carloads of machinery had been ordered and was on the way. It gave some figures in connection with the matter that were very encouraging. Spoke of the process of boring out part of the beet for analysis, thereby keeping for seed only those that are very rich in sugar. They had by this careful selection, for several successive seasons, increased the amount of saccharine from 14 to 43 per cent., that is, some of the last analyzed as high as 43 per cent. If California can succeed in this new business, Utah, I believe, can, although California would have the advantage of a fraction of a cent per pound—perhaps one-half—if sugar had to be sent to San Francisco for refining.

I am quite interested personally in this sugar question, for I would like to see an industry of this nature established in Utah County, and want to study the subject with a view of assisting in building up a business of this kind.

Knowing the interest you take in all that encourages home industry, I have taken the liberty of dwelling at perhaps a tiresome length on this sugar question.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

News Notes Gathered from Various Sources.

Tucson, A. T., Jan. 23.—A Star special from Lochiel, on the Sonora line, says that last Thursday night two armed Mexicans entered the store of Berreda & Gomez, who do a general merchandising business, and robbed them of all their money and valuables. They went to the place about dark, walked into Berreda's store, pointed a gun at Berreda, his clerk, cook and another man, tied them up and stole all the money and what they could carry off of what they wanted, and then made off on foot.

On January 24 a live stock train on the Union Pacific ran off an open switch at Gardiner, near Columbus, Nebraska, and the engine and thirteen cars shot out on the prairie. Five carloads of sheep and one of hogs were wrecked and the animals killed. No persons were hurt. The train was run by Conductor Mike Farrell and Engineer Walt Harr. Investigation showed that the men of the last freight train going west out of the switch had turned the switch properly, but neglected to see that the rails were thrown, and the rod being broken the switch remained open. In consequence of this accident, all eastern-bound trains on the Union Pacific were delayed.

Kingman (A. T.), Jan. 22.—The overland passenger train on the Atlantic and Pacific met with an accident a few days ago which is a parallel to that on the Southern Pacific on January 10th. The following meager details are taken from the Miner of January 21st: "Yesterday's passenger train came in about 6 p. m. minus the Pullman palace cars. From a passenger we learn that the train, while coming over the mountain near Pine Vetta station, broke in two just ahead of the sleepers and they ran back down the track and over the embankment, crushing the cars to pieces. No lives were lost, but quite a number of passengers were seriously injured. Just how many and the extent of their injuries our informant did not learn.

A dispatch dated Eureka, January 24 says: the trouble which resulted in Cannon shooting and killing Davis at Roberville last night began over a game of cards. Davis, after the game, made threats against Cannon. After eating supper at the same table last night both parties came into the office. Words followed. Cannon said to Davis: "I understand you are carrying a weapon for me. If so, draw and defend yourself," upon which Davis threw up his hands, saying, "I am unarmed." Cannon, not heeding this, whipped out his pistol and began firing. The first shot struck a pocket knife in Davis' pocket and glanced. The second took effect about an inch below his navel. He died in three hours. The character of Davis was bad, but that of Cannon was good. An examination is being held today.

DESPERATE TRAIN ROBBERY.

The following is a special to the Denver News, dated Birmingham, Ala. Jan. 24:

When the Louisville & Nashville south bound train pulled out of Brook Gap, a small station a few miles south of this city, last Saturday afternoon the conductor noticed two suspicious-looking countrymen in one of the seats of the colored car. They cast furtive glances about them and eyed everyone in the car closely as if in fear of the result and of trouble. Finally they left their place and went back to another seat and sat down and began cleaning their revolvers. There were two negroes with them, but they got the train at a small station near Montgomery. The conductor, clicking the pistol cleaning epithet telegraphed to Captain Martin, of police at Montgomery, that he had two suspicious characters on board. Upon arriving there the Burrow boys, who they were noted Texas train robbers, left the train and proceeded down the track, going south. Before they were gone very far the officers came up with on a trivial pretext, persuaded them to go to town. After going a few streets they were under arrest. The station-house was reached and, with the parties went to ascend the steps both prisoners.

BROKE AND RAN.

Reuben went into a sewer and was captured, but James continued down the street as fast as his legs would carry him. On the way Mr. Bray, a printer, tried to stop the fleeing fugitive and was shot mortally in the abdomen. Burrows made good his escape, although searching parties scoured the country around all Sunday and Monday. Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock Officers Young & Hill, who were out on the hunt, took direction up the line of the Western railroad, hearing every now and then as they went along of a man who answered the description of Burrows but always being just behind him. They reached the Melton place, a few miles from the station, and heard that such a man was in a negro cabin on place, warming himself and drying his clothing. Officer Hill approached the door, called to the man inside to come out and surrender, but to no effect there came no reply. The men then asked a negro woman, who occupied the house, to tell the man that he had better come out. The woman refused, saying that she was afraid of him, and had a pistol nearly as

LONG AS A GUN.

While this parley was going on the man inside was making preparations to fight his way out, and in a few minutes he jumped out of a rear window and started to run across a little swampy place between the house and the railroad track. He was barefooted, and under one of his arms he carried his overcoat and his boots, while in the other hand his pistol was held. He first saw Officer Young, who was sitting on his horse, and Burrows opened fire upon him, firing four shots rapidly, one after the other. Young dropped down on the other side of the horse and discharged both barrels of his gun after the retreating fugitive while Hill, who was standing off some distance, opened fire with his pistol. While Burrows was on the railroad track, Tom Judson, who had joined the party, fired one shot at him. After Officer Young first shot Burrows dropped his overcoat and boots, and Officer Hill who had a better chance for observation, said that when Officer Young fired the second time Burrows, who had reached the railroad track, dropped his head and leaving the track plunged into the swamp where he was

LOST TO SIGHT.

The officers then organized a party armed with shotguns and started them around the swamp to guard it till they could go to headquarters and secure assistance. Bloodhounds were secured and another descent made on the swamp at midnight. The Burrows reside in Lamar County, in the western part of this state. Officers ran away from home more than a week ago, and up to Sunday night their whereabouts were unknown. There is a reward of \$2,500 for their capture for complicity in a train robbery near Texarkana, Texas.

At Barre, Vt., is being quarried immense block of granite to be used as a California bank vault. It is to be feet long, five feet thick and five feet wide, and it will require thirty span horses to draw it four miles to railroad station.

According to Mr. E. G. Ravenstein the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 471,000,000 inhabitants, the metre 347,001,000 people, and the Castille foot by 5,905,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which have not adopted the metre.

A dispatch from McLeod, Northwest Territory, Jan. 23, says: News has just reached here of the hanging of "Nosey" Smith at Sun River, Montana, by vigilantes. He was well known in that part of the Territory. It is said that he came here two years ago to escape hanging for shamefully abusing his two daughters, and on going back to gain possession of them met the noose.