

Turkish versus Mormon Women.

Written for the *Christain Statesman*.

BY HENRY CROUSE.

The *Christain Statesman*, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for November 1, 1877, contains an article credited to the *Church Union* which contains some statements in reference to "the secluded life of the Turkish women" and intimates that their "degraded slavery is superior to that of the wives under the Mormon system."

These statements have invited some reflections which induce me to respectfully request the *Statesman* to call upon his erudite informant, if he knows his name and address, to rise and explain.

Will he please inform the public where this superiority consists?

As a "Gentile" non-sectarian resident of Utah, I have failed to see any "slavery" whatever under the "Mormon system." But everything mentioned by him in reference to the Turks only evidences the utter degradation of their social customs.

The idea that "a man cannot eat with his wife or daughter because the meal is in a public hall in the presence of strange men," being superior to the custom of the "Mormons," which requires that perfect equality and impartiality be observed toward each member of the family, whether it be wife No. 1 or No. 2, or whether it be son or daughter, is a statement which savors very much either of ignorance or of a predetermined wish to bias the judgment.

Your informant's allusion to the Turkish "education and that essential personal cleanliness which give the women employment for mind and body," would induce one to suppose that he thought the "Mormons" neither washed themselves nor developed their minds. Has he ever seen a "Mormon?" or has he ever heard of one, except through the lying representation of some excommunicated adherent, or unprincipled adventurer? It is true the "Mormon" women find employment for their minds and hands in attending to the wants of their children and of their husbands; this, however, is not deemed an irksome task but a joy and pleasure-inspiring duty.

Your informant states that "the birth of a son is always a joyful event in a Turkish family, but that of a daughter is looked upon as a calamity; the Turkish husband and father refuses to see his child or speak to the mother." What? The husband angry at his wife because she has committed the unpardonable crime of giving birth to his own begotten daughter, the fruit of his own loins! And this idiotic custom is declared superior to the conscientiously cherished faith of the "Mormons," which prompts them to beget sons and daughters, to bless and rejoice over the birth of each alike, to thank their Heavenly Father for having blessed them with a large family of children—"for taking away their reproach," which in Biblical significance they believe to consist in being without posterity! Agreeable to your informant's statement the Turks contract marriage with the view that they may refuse to see their children, to speak to and to be angry at their wives for bringing into existence the fruits of their own carnal intercourse. The "Mormons," fearing that monogamy is inadequate, practice polygamy, because it will facilitate the procreation of their fellow human species, and thus fit them to be heirs of God and joint heirs of Jesus Christ of his regenerated earthly kingdom, or the millennial period which the "Mormons" believe will be inaugurated as soon as the requisite number of spirits from the spirit land are invested with fleshly tabernacles from the loins of righteous, God-fearing and equity-loving men and women.

"The Turks consider it quite immodest for an unmarried lady to manifest any special regard for her future husband."

This prudish formality only evinces the contemptible sham which characterizes the social system of the Turks. The "Mormon" maidens deem it their sacred conscience-bound duty not only to continue true and faithful to their betrothal promises, but they are impelled to cherish a virtuous pride which moves them to feel and speak well of their betrothed companions; and they look forward with joyful anticipation to the time when they are to be united in holy

bonds of celestial wedlock, both for time and for eternity; not with the view to gratify the carnal impulses of a licentious appetite, but with the view to obey the primitive command of the Great Jehovah to our first parents immediately after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden.

Correspondence.

Something About Postmaster General Key—How He Decided Between Two Rival Candidates for a Post Office—The Fittest Man for the Place—Whether He Be Aristocrat or Democrat—Ideal versus Practical Reform—Social Gospel—The Old Social Dynasty—Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Robeson, Lady Thornton.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1877.

Editors *Deseret News*:

This morning, at the breakfast table, I had a long conversation with an appointment clerk of the Post Office Department, principally in relation to Postmaster General Key, with whom the clerk, from the duties of his office, is thrown in intimate official relation. I will say that the clerk, who is a southern republican, and was once a candidate for Congress in his district, had no expectation that I would make the conversation a subject for a letter. He began by telling me that the matter of a long contested postmastership, in one of the southern states, had been at last settled, that the two rival contestants had been equally well endorsed, and that Judge Key had finally to wade through the meshes of voluminous recommendations, and solicitation of members of Congress, and decide in favor of the candidate whose letter of application exhibited the less illiteracy. I asked him what there was in the general talk that Judge Key was only a figure head, while first assistant P. M. G. Tyner had practical charge of the department. He replied that there could be no more mistaken impression; that Key was the real head, and, in his opinion, the most thoroughly able, practical, honest, and non-partisan man that had been at the head of the department, in his experience, which embraced the administrations of Cresswell, Jewell, and Tyner. He described Jewell as a diplomatist and a courtier, a man who studied affability as an art, and practiced it for an end. He spoke of Mr. Tyner as a man whose air and manner, in all his official relations, expressed an unrepugnant omniscient consciousness of the great gulf between a cabinet minister and an ordinary mortal, while Key seemed utterly unconscious of any distinction derived from office, or that it brought him any prerogatives save those imposed by official duty; that, as far as the department at Washington was concerned, Key could be elected over Tyner by a two-thirds majority, notwithstanding the fact that he is known to be a democrat, while the employees of the department are, with scarcely an exception, republicans. He spoke of the prodigious memory of the postmaster-general and of his grasp of minute details; said he: I have on file in my room documents relating to the appointment of postmasters in three different States, and you may know, that in the great number of petty post offices, I cannot depend on my memory for relative facts, but must keep on file information in relation to each. The Postmaster-General sent for me last week, and said he thought it was time to settle the matter of the appointment at —. To save my life I could remember nothing about it, so I told him I would examine the file, which when I had done, I remembered that about a month before he had called on me for information, when he had the matter under consideration, and I was surprised to see that he remembered everything that had been brought up then. This will appear more remarkable when it is remembered that it was a very insignificant post office, and that he has to survey the field of appointments, not only in my division, but in all the States.

There have been sweeping changes in the postoffices throughout the South since the advent of the present administration, and the offices have, in many instances, been filled by democrats, but this has not been done for partisan ends; in many instances there have been no eligible republicans for the

places. The idea that has controlled appointments has been the good of the postal service, and not the good of any political party. There were many other things said, and incidents cited which I have not time to relate, and I give the above as matter of interest about a prominent man whose position is unique, from the fact that he has never risen to prominence through the usual gradations, and holds his present position from his political enemies. While he may not have figured as prominently as some other members of the cabinet in the political history of the last 10 years, he is by no means a minus quantity in the political equation, and while some other members may be credited with more genius and greater brilliancy as speech-makers, and with finer theories, professions and ideas of reform, he has perhaps attained more than any other member in that only practical reform, the improvement which each one commences and perfects in his special province.

I am almost afraid to mention it, for I do not want the better and fairer half of the census to lose all interest in national affairs, but the truth will be found out sooner or later, and I may as well tell it, that we are to have no social season at Washington this winter. Of course there will be all that natural sexual evolution of dancing, wooing, wedding and divorcing, as usual; but the social season such as existed under those great marshals, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Belknap, Mrs. Robeson and Lady Thornton, is a thing of the past or future. It is not of the present. Sir Edward Thornton treads alone the spacious halls of the residence of the British minister. Lady Thornton is in London, this season, where she will remain to introduce her two ill-dressed, healthy, homely, pedestrian daughters. Mrs. Fish is—well, where is Mrs. Fish? Mrs. Robeson is still in her elegant residence on K street, but the home of the ex-Secretary is a port to which the super-select naval officer steers no longer, for it no longer depends on the ex-Secretary, or his wife, or other female influence, to say whether Lieutenant—shall be dispatched on the coveted European cruise, banished off the coast of South America, or allowed to furl himself in the haven of Washington. In fact the old social regime has passed away, and the new has not been introduced; the conditions are not favorable for its introduction this winter, and will perhaps not be during the present administration.

C. A. S.

Got Even With Him.

There was one man on the Woodward avenue car the other rainy morning who felt as if the weather couldn't be abused enough.

"Don't you hate such weather as this?" he asked of a portly acquaintance opposite.

"No, sir," was the decided response; "I don't bother about the weather, if it's fair, all right; if it's foul, all right."

"But you can't like such a morning as this?"

"It's just as good for me as any other sort o' mornin'," was the calm reply.

"And you like to see rain and mush, do you?"

"Yes, I am perfectly satisfied."

The grumbler was out of patience, but he secured revenge sooner than he hoped for. In getting off the car the fat man slipped and sprawled at full length in the mud to the intense delight of the other, who rushed to the platform and shouted:

"Don't say a word—it's one of your kind of mornings! If it was one of mine you'd have fallen on a bed of nice, clean, soft, white, beautiful snow! Stand up, till I look at you!"

The fat man stood up. He was mud from boots to chin. He looked at himself and then at the car, and feebly said:

"I kin lick you and all the weather in the country with one hand tied behind me!" *Free Press.*

A party of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you hateful thing," exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day!"

The Grasshopper is a Burden.

The grasshopper is a flippant bug. He is likewise a kuss. He is green for color, and has several legs, or more, I disremember which. They can fill, hop, walk, sit still, or run, and are born ov eggs, a dozen from each egg, probably. They are an inch and a quarter in length, and are sometimes a frackshun over. They are laid, hatchid out, git their manhood, and die off in 75 days, this iz, aktual bizzness, and shows enterprize, in a lofty degree. What they are good for, haz been concealed from us, for wize reasons, but the evil they kan commit, iz sumtimes equal to a famine. I have seen every green thing on the flatt ov the earth, for 50 miles in diameter, et up bi hem, and millyuns ov them besides starving to deith. I have seen the air filled with them like a shower ov sand, and nothing but stone fences, and McAdam roads proof against their appetights. To be et up bi grasshoppers, to be consumed bi muskeeters, or mangled bi a mule, have allways been the three deths that I have voted against. But az mutch az i fear the dedly hopper, i had rather face a mile square ov them, all alone, in the month ov August, or i had rather cross the Newark marshes bi moonlight, in July, when muskeeters are in their consummate glory, or even fondle the sportive muel, than to hav a newspaper kritick, who writes for 8 dollars a week, git after me.—*Josh Billings' Allminax.*

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line, till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

A PAYNEFUL POSITION.—It is related of Compton, the English comedian, that he happened to stop at an hotel where a meeting of clergymen had just been ended, and the preachers were about to dine. The landlord, seeing his white tie and long black coat, mistook him for a minister, and said he was sure the Dean would be pleased to have the visitor dine with them. "I thank you," answered Compton, who was very hungry. "I have no card. You can say, the Rev. Mr. Payne, who is passing through the town." The Dean not only invited Compton to dine, but seated him at his right, and, through courtesy, asked him to say grace. Compton felt a cold chill run through him, but, with perfect presence of mind, he recalled the opening part of the church service, and solemnly said: "O Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth thy praise." "Tell us, good people," says *Harper's "Drawer,"* that tells the story, "if you ever heard anything neater than that."

Judge (to prisoner who has just escaped conviction by the skin of his teeth).

"You may go, Sir. But though justice absolves you, morality condemns you."

Prisoner. "Thank you. I always had a better opinion of justice than of morality."

A Runaway Locomotive.

County physician Brown, of Elizabeth, inquired yesterday into the death of Edward Helppeny, brakeman, and the destruction of two locomotives of the Central Railroad of New Jersey at the "Port" on Saturday afternoon. Benjamin Moore, engineer of locomotive No. 31, and James Groat, engineer of the "bobtail" locomotive, both of which were wrecked, gave their testimony. Moore said that after he had cut loose from a coal train a short distance from the Jefferson Avenue switch in Elizabeth, he started to back down the track toward the "Port," but at Spring Street was forced to stop, as a rail projecting from a hand car had lodged between the bottom of the truck and the engine tank. He and his fireman then jumped to the ground to remove it, leaving the throttle valve closed. While at that work they heard a rumbling noise ahead, and on looking up the track saw the coal train, which they had left only a few minutes previously, within a few feet of the locomotive, running rapidly. Both men endeavored to reach the cab before the collision, but were not successful. A second later the coal train struck the engine. The throttle valve was thrown wide open, and the locomotive started toward Elizabethport at the rate of 40 miles an hour. They knew that if not turned on a side track it would plunge headlong into the company's shops below, and many would be killed; but they had no way of communicating with the "Port."

Engineer Gleason followed up the narrative by relating what happened to his engine. He says that he was sitting in the cab, which was standing on the scale track, a few rods from the shops at the "Port," when he saw locomotive No. 31 approaching at terrific speed. Comprehending the situation at a glance, he told Fireman Anderson and Brakeman Beaumont and Helppeny to jump, at the same time leaping to the ground. Beaumont and Anderson escaped, but Helppeny did not hear the warning, and remained at his post. The collision that followed was terrific, both engines being crushed out of shape. Helppeny was found mangled beneath the wreck of the engine on which he had been standing. He died within a few minutes. Engineer Moore was corroborated by his fireman, and both Groat and Beaumont were substantiated by other eye witnesses. The loss to the Central Railroad Company will be about \$15,000.

Seven Husbands.

The town of Coventry, Conn., has brought a suit against the town of Manchester for the support of an alleged pauper named Patis Pamela Anthony, and the woman herself has made a deposition which shows a remarkable career of married life. The case is before Judge Carpenter, of Hartford, as arbitrator. According to her story, she married, July 5, 1835, William Bly, of Springfield, who left her three days after. Six weeks later she heard he was dead, and on February 4 of the next year she married David L. Rogers, of Hadlyme, in this State. She lived with Rogers six months, when Bly, the dead man, appeared, but was bought up and gave a quit claim to Rogers for a silver watch and \$5. About two years after Rogers went to sea, and six months following his departure Mrs. Rogers heard he had been hanged as a pirate. Finding single life hanging heavily on her hands, she married, in March, 1841, Frederick A. Wheeler, who now lives in Manchester, in this State. Six months after this marriage, Rogers, the hanged pirate, came back, ousted Wheeler, and lived with Pamela until October, 1849, when he died. In March, 1850, she married Henry Myers of Williamsburg, N. Y., and got a divorce in March, 1857, and in the same year married James Davis and moved to Wisconsin. She lived with him several years, and got a divorce. She then married Richard Marshall somewhere out west, lived with him seven years, and got another divorce. Then coming back to Connecticut, she married Emanuel Anthony of Hartford, and lived with him six months, when he ran away. This record shows that she had seven husbands in all. She was first married when 14 years of age. She says she is now 56 years old. Coventry sues Manchester for her support, claiming that her set-