

tion of littleness without any of that shaggy coarseness generally coupled with it in the pony and the Kerry cow. This cow, as to shape and delicacy of mould, seems like a miniature Jersey, with the fine limb of the antelope and the fine eye of the gazelle.

"It seemed to be conceded that they were very light feeders and greater milkers in proportion to the cost of keep than any of the popular strains. The milk seemed rich, if not of the very richest, and some of them were sold as giving from eight to ten quarts of it, and capable of living well wherever a goat could, and as being uniformly gentle."

He also says: "The little calves were, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the show. Their eyes and noses were coal black, and the dark portions of their coats bore the same relation to the crow quill jet of the crows, that the color of a clipped black horse bears to his natural hue, a dark mouse color. The youngest and tiniest of them all was sold last, and being but one week old seemed to win all hearts. So great was the assurance of a happy future in store for such a beauty, that she was readily run up to the highest price reached, and was sold at the extraordinary figure, age considered, of \$57.50. A good sized Newfoundland dog looked complacently on, as though quite able to swallow the costly morsel without winking."

The *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* says, "They are so docile and bear tying up so well, besides living on ten pounds of fodder per day, that the Breton cow is not unfrequently reckoned as part of the luggage of families coming up to town (London) for the season. Not only have specimens been purchased by wealthy proprietors as a matter of curiosity, but also dairies set up by those who live by the sale of milk in the environs of London."

Within three days after the sale we had application after application of the most pressing character, for a Brittany cow or heifer, and from parties to whom price is no object. But it was too late. They supposed we might have just one more left, stowed away in some corner. There is now no herd of this race of cattle in New England. There is a gentleman, we believe, a little out of New York City, who imported a little herd a year or two ago, but we know of no other in the country.

From what has transpired since the sale, and the character of the demand for them, we know that we estimated the value of the herd, as an investment for breeding purposes, entirely too low, when we stated it last week at \$1,600. It would have paid a larger income than we named, on eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, and it is an unspeakable pity that some one did not take it and keep it together. The demand for the family cow, a place which the Brittany fills more completely and perfectly than any other cow in the world, is large and constant, and it is just as legitimate farming to aim to supply this demand as any other. But the little pets are scattered to the four winds and we are sorry for it. It is rare that so pretty a herd is seen together, and one cow, in particular, that we called "Celeste," was the prettiest creature of the kind, when in good condition, that we ever set eyes on. Last summer and fall, before calving, she was a paragon of beauty, and yet being a little thin of flesh she went for a song. Fat will cover faults, and men, farmers too, often like to pay for fat, when they ought to produce rather than buy it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*, April 19.

The Apaches.

THE *Arizona Miner*, speaking of the late treaty made by General Crook with the Apaches, has the following—

In conversation with Major Brown, Captain Randall, Lieutenants Michler, Schuyler and the other officers of Crook's conquering army, we learn that in coming from McDowell—the troops were scattered over a wide belt of country; lying by in the day, and traveling at night, on foot, for the purpose of surrounding rancherias which the scouts had discovered, and of making day-dawn attacks—the horses of the cavalry were very seldom used, the nights being cold,

men and officers suffered much, as fires could not be made, for fear of warning the Indians.

Before taking leave of this treaty and its side issues, we will repeat the belief once before expressed, that it will prove a permanent treaty. For this belief we have the following good and sufficient reasons: We believe it was in 1870 that we were present at a council held at Camp Apache, in the eastern part of the Territory. General George Stoneman, the then commander of this department, talked to the confederate bands of the Coyotero Apaches, for government and its citizens. The chiefs then denied that their people had warred upon the whites; and put on airs of injured innocence. They also demanded powder and lead, with which to kill "game."

At a later date they and other Apaches pursued a similar course in dealing with peace commissioner Colyer.

Still later, they pressed these points upon peace commissioner Gen. O. O. Howard, and won all points played for. At Camp Grant, Es-kim-in-zin, a big chief, demanded horses and a carriage in which to ride; more still, he demanded Indian children who had been captured by soldiers, and tenderly raised by citizens of Tucson, and shame, shame, lasting disgrace upon Gen. Howard, these civilized children were rudely pulled away by savage red men, (from the dear friends who had raised them up in Christian civilization), to be inducted into a life of drudgery and barbarism. We were not there to witness the harrowing scene, but men who did witness it say that there was many a tear shed by whites, while others—too full of emotion to cry, clenched their teeth and clutched their weapons. Yet, all bore this unchristian act of the "Christian" soldier Howard, out of respect for the government of which he claimed to be a special agent! Did peace follow these treaties? Not by any means, as we can amply prove by lists of slain citizens, and by accounts of robberies. How different the attitude of the Apaches who have recently submitted to General Crook. They had nothing to ask for. They acknowledged that he had done what no other "peace commissioner" had done, "made it to their interest" to come to him and beg for peace, food and raiment. This, too, in the spring of the year, when the wild fruits of the country are growing; when grain and vegetables are forming; when game is plentiful, and when domestic animals are not scarce in the Territory. These, reader, are our reasons for believing that this latest submission of the most incorrigible Apaches means peace.

To prove that this state of affairs would long since have been brought about by General Crook, but for the interference of quack peace doctors, we will proceed to relate his career since coming to the Territory and assuming command, a little over one year and a half ago.

At that date he found the troops "bottled up" in numerous garrisons, at which places "garrison duty" was all they were able to perform. Resting at Tucson, he called about him men who were likely to give him information concerning the numbers, haunts, etc., of the Apaches, and in a short time was well posted concerning these matters. During this time he was organizing companies and endeavoring to arouse men and officers from the lethargy into which Gen. Stoneman's long and inactive rule had thrown them. Horses had to be furnished, pack animals, ditto, and a great many other things, so that it was not until August, 1871, that his little army of about 200 moved out of Tucson. This force led by Crook, marched through Cochise's country; the Pinal, Coyotero, Arivapai, Tonto and Apache-Mohave countries, without seeing many Indians, and Crook arrived at Prescott, with much knowledge of the Indians and their haunts. Then followed some scouting, with little success on the part of the troops, until Crook again took the field, went to Camp Apache and organized a force of friendly Indians, who with the troops, did some good service, until the buzzard Colyer came along with peremptory order for the cessation of hostilities. Hostilities ceased; Crook left the field and returned to his headquarters—a piece of table land between Prescott and Fort Whipple—temporary shelters were thrown up for himself and staff, which barely enabled them to get in out of "the draft."

While this was being done, Col-

yer was embracing squaws at Camps Apache, Grant and McDowell, and with the aid of presents and toady officers and citizen employees of the government, kept busily employed, firing the Indian heart, by lying to them about the white citizens of the Territory. Nor was this all: he hired men to swear falsely regarding the treatment of Indians by citizens; corrupted some traders and tried to corrupt others by paying them two prices for goods which he presented to the Indians. Worse still, he pointed out to the Indians the injustice of having any whites save those the Indian Bureau would send here with presents for them, in the country; and, in "sermons" to the soldiers told them that their bayonets would soon be turned upon white trespassers instead of the Indians. After this, he came to Prescott, and, hypocrite as he was, lied, outrageously, to all who approached him.

Now, it is not to be wondered at that Colyer's course made the Indians worse than they had ever been before his coming here, and the way they did commit murders and robberies can be seen by the record. But the "peace policy" was on trial; and Crook's forces, more especially those who were commanded by cowardly Colyerite officers, could not go out to avenge any crime. Dudley and Curtis, at McDowell, were confirmed Colyerites; Whitman, at Grant, was worse yet. Greene, at Apache, was a stand-off for Whitman, and Grover, at Verde, permitted his own soldiers to be murdered within rifle range of his three company post, without having the manhood to lead his men against the savages.

This was a period of great depression; citizens were grief-stricken and discouraged; if Colyer had been here during this time, it would have taken a goodly force to have protected him from a just doom.

That Crook chafed under this state of affairs is not to be wondered at, but it continued until General Howard, another peace commissioner, came among us, yes, and long after. With him came a Mr. Smith, who had dealings with Minnesota savages, and, who consequently saw at a glance, that the Apaches needed whipping before being petted and fed. Howard pretended to see matters in the same light, and after his failure to coax the savages into being good, word was given Crook to up and at them. He commenced re-organizing for the work, with serious misgivings of again being stopped; but nevertheless, kept at it until he organized several bands of friendly Indians; worked his officers and men up to something like a fighting standard, when he sailed into the Apaches, and has ever since been giving them good medicine; medicine that has acted well the part of an antidote to the poison instilled by the peace flirts.

In January last, he, with 13 companies of cavalry and 100 friendly Indians, was within striking distance of Cachise and his hundreds of cut-throats, ready to force them to abandon their murderous forays upon citizens of Mexico, and to disarm them; but the wily Cachise fell back upon the treaty he had made with Howard, which, according to Cachise, (for not a single copy of the treaty could be found in the Territory,) gave himself and warriors full license to murder and rob Mexicans and to retain their arms upon the reservation! So, two months of preparation—two of the best months of the year for scouting, were lost to Crook, all through Gen. Howard's criminal blunders or desire to play into the hands of the murderers of that race to which, unfortunately, Gen. Howard belongs.

But for this delay and second blocking of the war wheels, peace would have been declared several months ago; the lives of 50 white persons and over 200 Indians would have been saved, and the great amount of property taken by Apaches would still be in possession of its rightful owners.

But, thanks to President Grant, who, regardless of the pleadings and threats of Eastern thieves and fanatics, has permitted Crook to save us from our Apache enemies, in his own good way, a signal victory over our foes is now won; this too, at a trifling cost in money; at the sacrifice of but few lives, and with a less force than that which former commanders here have had at their disposal, all of which is glory enough for all concerned.

GENERAL CROOK.—For his success in managing the Apaches in Arizona, Brevet Brigadier-General George Crook, it has been said, is to become a brigadier-general, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General Canby. Much comment, says the *Washington Star*, has been caused by the announcement of General Crook's promotion, because General Crook holds the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the 23rd Infantry and is brevet brigadier-general of volunteers only. But says the *Star*: "The right of seniority in promotion in the army extends, however, only to the grade of colonel, and after that the President has the right to take a second lieutenant, if he thinks proper, and promote him to the grade of brigadier-general."

The franking abuse dies hard. A Washington dispatch says that the public printer is straining every nerve to finish all the documents ordered by Congress in time to have them franked before the 30th of June. "He expects," says the telegram, "to have 100,000 volumes ready by the 15th of that month, and will notify Congressmen to that effect, so that they can come and distribute their quota if they see fit."

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NOTICE. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. The cash entry No. 2712 for the Townsite of Morgan City, Morgan County, Utah Territory, made March 12, 1873, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N E ¼ and N W ¼ and S W ¼ Section 36 and W ½ of S E ¼ and S W ¼ Section 25 and S ½ of N E ¼ and S E ¼ Section 35 Township 4 North of Range 2 East, containing 960 acres. Has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah. WM. EDDINGTON, Mayor. Morgan City, April 7, 1873. w10 3m

NOTICE. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. The cash entries for the following Townsites situated in Morgan County, Utah Territory, made January 24, 1873, embracing the following described lands, to wit: For the Townsite of Croxdon, N E ¼ N W ¼ of S E ¼ and S E ¼ of N W ¼ and N ½ of S W ¼ Section 20 Township 4 North of Range 4 East, containing 320 acres. Also for the Townsite of Peterson the E ½ of S W ¼ and Lot 6 and W ½ of S E ¼ Section 6 Township 4 North of Range 2 East containing 200 13-100 acres. Also for the Townsite of Enterprise the S ½ S E ¼ Section 5 N E ¼ of N E ¼ Section 8 and W ½ of N W ¼ Section 9 Township 4 North of Range 2 E., containing 200 acres. Also for the Townsite of Richville the S E ¼ Section 11 Township 3 North of Range 2 East, containing 160 acres. Also for the Townsite of Porterville the S W ¼ of S E ¼ and S E ¼ of S W ¼ Section 14 and N E ¼ Section 23 and N E ¼ of N W ¼ Section 23 and N W ¼ Section 24 Township 3 North of Range 2 East, containing 440 acres. Also for the Townsite of Milton the N E ¼ of N W ¼ Section 28 and S E ¼ of S W ¼ Section 21 Township 4 North of Range 2 East, containing 80 acres. Have been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entries will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah. JESSE HAVEN, Probate Judge, Morgan County, U.T. January 24, 1873. w2 3m

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