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AMERICA hath charms attractive to the working classes of Europe, more so than has any other land under heaven. The greatest of these attractions is probably the one couched under the political motto—"Land for the landless." The fact that upon comparatively easy terms fertile acres and otherwise valuable landed property can be secured by the wholly or comparatively landless millions of the old world, is a powerful incentive to them to tear themselves away from the home climates and institutions and conveniences which have become a part of their life, and venture forth into the rawness and extremes of climate and character characteristic of this continent, and they do it by thousands. An ever increasing stream of population flows from the East to the West, abundantly justifying the saying that westward the star of empire wends its way. Westward runs the current of a constantly overflowing population, and with it much of the energy and the enterprise, the vigor and the vitality, the nerve and the muscle, the plain, common every day-sense of the nations whence that current gathers. The boundless and hardly begun to be developed resources of this long hidden and highly favored hemisphere offer tempting inducements to the industrious and teeming populations of Europe, and many portions of them are not backward in responding.

This flow of population attracts the serious consideration of European governments, and some of them are adopting means to check if not to stop the stream of emigration from their limits. Among the foremost of these is Prussia, which, never scrupling to adopt despotic measures, has caused the cost of land transportation of emigrants from her dominions to the ocean to be materially increased, and has also issued a requisition for a material increase in the charges for conveying emigrants by sea from Prussian territory, under the plea that she fears more trouble with France and needs her own able population for self-defence in view of such apprehended trouble.

There are two things which Prussia might do well to consider in this regard—one, that this rigid, repressive policy will induce reaction, and a more intense desire among many Germans to escape from the shackles of such an iron government; and the other that if she has trouble with France it is the fault of Prussia herself, for there were times in the progress of the late war when she had magnificent opportunities to be magnanimous, and thereby could have instituted a long and sound friendship with her antagonist, but she carefully avoided all those precious opportunities, and in true Shylockian spirit exacted the pound of flesh, which unmerciful exaction it is widely believed will yet bring its own peculiar reward upon her head, so that she has good reason to be apprehensive.

"SAVED from the Mormons," a story containing a mint of fiction to possibly a mite of fact, is concluded in the December number of the *Galaxy*. As we gave a short sketch of the first part of the story, we give a brief one of the last. The November instalment concluded with the heroine's "escape" from her father's house in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, on a pony, going southward. She travelled on, living upon pine nuts, and grouse and partridges, the latter caught by her dog Nimrod. She avoided the roads, fearful that "Danites" or "avengers" would be on her track. In a few days she ventured near a log cabin, which, says she, "I did not dare to approach until I was sure that no man was near." She found an English woman, Mrs. Dodd, and several children at the cabin. The woman was an apostate, with her awful

tale to tell. Mrs. Dodd and her friends had formed a "solemn league or covenant" among themselves to "refrain from the peculiar sin of the people," whatever that might be, and she lived a farming and ranching life, forty or fifty miles from Salt Lake City. Her eldest boy was hired out, to a "Mormon" of course, and so ill-used as to leave him maimed for life. Mrs. Dodd had a neighbor, Mr. Chick, also one of the "solemn league or covenant," who recognized the heroine as Miss Margaret Holthurst, granddaughter of the rector of Bolton Green, Lincolnshire, England. Mr. Chick was tender as a chicken to Miss Margaret, having been under-gardener to her grandfather when she was a child. On Mr. Chick's proposal, with the voluntary proviso that he would fight for her against the "Danites," Miss Margaret agreed to be called Hannah Goodwin, to stay at Mrs. Dodd's for a while, and teach school in a corner of her cabin.

Two travellers from Salt Lake called at the cabin, at first to the dismay of Miss Margaret, but their visit was more satisfactory when she learned they were "Gentiles from the States." They talked freely of "the curse of the land." But when they informed her that "the Danites were in pursuit of this Margaret Holthurst," that they had "searched all the most southern settlements," and that "they intended to visit every house in the land to 'clean out the enemies of the Lord,'" she concluded it was time for her to move again. So, with her pony and dog, she rode away, as Peggy Chick, from the Dodds and Chicks, traveled two days, then struck due west, sometimes in the snow, cutting brush at night to shelter her from the storm. Wolves howled around, bears intruded, fish, hares and prairie dogs were caught for food.

After a week or two's wanderings, Miss Margaret, or Peggy Chick, woke one morning and found herself a prisoner among a band of Navajoe Indians, who fed her and took her with them through luxuriant prairies, one on fire, and herds of buffaloes, which latter afforded a plentiful supply of fresh meat. Margaret charmed the Indians with her singing and amazed them by striking fire with matches, indeed her matches saved the party from being enveloped in the prairie fire.

The party crossed the Colorado next morning. In a Colorado cañon a bright politic thought struck Miss Margaret. She fired off the six barrels of her revolver in quick succession, which so frightened her poor Navajoe captors that they regarded her as a supernatural being.

Arriving in sight of a Moquis village, her Indians met another band, and a fight ensued. In the melee Peggy Chick, on her pony, struck for the Moquis village, where she was well received, and where she stayed all winter. Here also the six barreled pistol became an object of amazement and respect.

In the spring, with a dozen Moquis, she resolved to return to Salt Lake and "save" her brother and sister, the escort being sent back on the sixth day. On the seventh day Peggy Chick found herself once more in Mrs. Dodd's cabin, which was empty now. Pretty quick travelling, seven days on horseback from the Moquis villages in Arizona to within fifty miles of Salt Lake City. Mr. Chick was also gone, both to California, as husband and wife. Peggy was kindly entertained without charge by a "Mormon" family, the head of which bluntly proposed to make her one of his wives, an honor which she respectfully declined.

Near Salt Lake City, Peggy met with a band of fifty Arapahoes, who assisted her to steal her little brother and sister from their father's guardianship. Peggy, with a thick veil over her face, went to the general in command of some U. S. troops near the city, and told her story, with a request for help to escape to California, and with such effect that, although "it was against army regulations," yet in consideration of her "peculiar circumstances" she might go to California under escort of a company of troops. Rations, an ambulance, and a \$200 subscription were furnished Peggy. By this time, a year or so, her father, whom she had seen stealthily several times, had grown haggard and weary, bent and desponding, and his hair was nearly white, although he had seven wives.

On the journey to California Peggy and the soldiers overtook Mr. and Mrs. Chick, two of whose oxen were dead and their team was disabled by alkali water

Eventually Sacramento was reached and Peggy was "saved from the Mormons," everybody and everything prospered, and Peggy was in a fair way to become Mrs. Captain Somebody, out of respect to the officer who escorted her from Salt Lake to Sacramento.

This is the substance of the story with which the editor of the *Galaxy* closes his magazine for the current year, and insults the intelligence of his readers. Perhaps he will start the *Galaxy* for 1873 with a sillier and more ridiculous story, if he can find one.

HORACE GREELEY, according to latest accounts, is either dead or very near it. The mental and nervous strain caused by the late campaign and the sickness and death of Mrs. Greeley, has evidently done its work and overthrown a naturally vigorous mind, a cheerful temperament, and a strong constitution. Horace Greeley's life has been one of great and incessant labor for what he believed to be the public good, and as such his memory will ever be revered by Americans. Thus passes away the last of the great trio of New York journalists—Raymond, Bennett and Greeley, each a power in the land, though in a very different way.

UNUSUALLY heavy storms appear to have characterized the present month on the ocean, especially contiguous to the British Isles, and in the Baltic. Exceedingly rough weather is reported by vessels crossing the Atlantic, and many disasters are recorded, while many more will probably yet be heard of. Hereabout it has been stormy and colder than common at this time of the year, still there has been no special damage done, and the weather with us is generally pronounced to be favorable for labor, and about as good as could be reasonably desired. So there is nothing particular to be complained of by our citizens in that matter, however severely some fellow-creatures may have suffered elsewhere.

HORACE GREELEY, founder and editor of the *New York Tribune*, died at 6 50 last evening, Friday, the day after Thanksgiving Day, at the residence of Dr. George C. Choate, three miles from Mr. Greeley's farm house at Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y., on the Harlem railroad, and about 40 miles N. N. E. of New York.

Horace Greeley was the son of Zacheus Greeley, a farmer, and was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, Feb. 3, 1811, consequently he died in his 62nd year.

At a very early age he manifested an unusual thirst for knowledge and aptitude in acquiring it. By the time he was ten years old he had read most of the books he could borrow within seven miles of his father's residence, and chiefly by the light of pine knots. This passion for books induced in him the early determination to be a printer. He removed with the family in 1821 to Westhaven, Vt., where he labored five years with his father at farmwork, still improving every opportunity for reading, study, the acquirement of knowledge, and the improvement of his mind.

At East Poultney, Vt., in 1826, he entered the office of the *Northern Spectator* as an apprentice to the printing trade, where he soon became the best workman in the office, besides occasionally rendering important assistance in the editorial department. The *Spectator* was discontinued in 1830, and with it Mr. Greeley's apprenticeship. By this time his knowledge of political figures, party movements and party leaders was so extensive that he was looked upon as an authority.

He then spent a short time with his parents, who had removed to Erie Co., Penn., and subsequently he worked as a journeyman at Jamestown and Lodi, N. Y., and Erie, Penn.

In Aug. 1831, occurred one of the determining events of his life. He made his way to New York city, with \$10 in his pocket and a scanty wardrobe on his back, in search of work. This he soon obtained, and he worked as a journeyman in several offices for nearly two years, when he entered into partnership in the printing business with Mr. Francis Story. Greeley & Story printed Dr. Shepherd's *Morning Post*, reputedly the first penny paper published in the world, which, however, had a brief existence of less than three weeks. Within six months the firm of Greeley & Story came to an end by the death of the latter gentleman, but with the addition of Messrs. Jonas

Winchester and E. Sibbett the business was continued under the title of Greeley & Co. In 1834 this firm commenced the publication of the *New Yorker*, a political, literary, and family newspaper, of which Mr. Greeley was editor. In politics that paper was considered an authority. It lived seven years, but was not peculiarly profitable. While editing the *New Yorker* Mr. Greeley found time to contribute leading articles for some months to the *Daily Whig*, and in 1838-9 he for a year edited an Albany weekly political journal, in the Whig interest. The *Log Cabin*, a widely circulated weekly journal established to favor the election of William Henry Harrison as President, was edited by Mr. Greeley in 1840.

On the 10th of April, 1841, Mr. Greeley commenced the great enterprise of his life, the publication of the *Daily Tribune*, in New York, the *Weekly Tribune*, in which the *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin* were merged, following in the Autumn of that year. With the *Tribune*, as principal editor and largely as proprietor, his name has since been identified, excepting that he abstained from the chief editorship for a brief time of respite during the late Presidential campaign.

Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress in 1848, to fill a vacancy, serving there for three months, during which time he vigorously opposed millage abuses.

In 1851 Mr. Greeley made a voyage to Europe, and while in England acted as one of the jurymen in the Great Exhibition of that year. In 1859 he visited Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, being everywhere well received. While in this city he was cordially entertained at the Globe and the Council House. In the latter place he made a speech, in the course of which he stated that he looked forward to the time when papers would be printed from continuous rolls of paper, an idea which is now realized in a number of establishments, both in America and in Europe. He also some time back made a tour in Texas and other southern States.

In addition to Mr. Greeley's onerous labors as editor of the *Tribune*, he was a skillful and well-informed farmer and an able and popular lecturer and speaker on agriculture and political topics, he made many literary contributions to other journals, and he wrote many volumes of lectures and essays on reform, notes of his trips to Europe and California, a history of the slavery struggle, an autobiography, what he knew of farming, on political economy, and upon the great American conflict.

He was a man of broad and generous sympathies, which led him to become bail for Jefferson Davis, to perform many other large hearted actions, and to become an earnest advocate of many reforms in the various departments of human activity. He was an indefatigable worker, and in his labors the welfare of the people was one of his uppermost thoughts. His intense desire to accomplish what he could for the general welfare led him occasionally into isms, some of which were popularly impracticable, gaining for him somewhat the reputation of an idealist. But in many things few men are so eminently plain and practical as he was.

He was the last of the great American editors of his time. His loss will be severely felt throughout the whole land. The death of no other man in all these United States and Territories would evoke such general and heartfelt regret. In his peculiar sphere, it will be long before we shall look upon his like again.

Speaking humanly and finitely, the intensity of his attention given to the labors and excitements of the late Presidential campaign and to the recent illness and death of Mrs. Greeley has caused a loss to the country which must be estimated as little less than a national calamity.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Margaret A. Bentley, Flint, Tennessee Co., Michigan, wants to hear tidings of her brother. His name is Darius Rix, and the last she heard from him was about thirteen years ago, when he was in Salt Lake City, and when he announced his intention of accompanying a mountaineer on a trading expedition to the country of the Flat Head Indians. Anybody who can give any information about him will confer a favor on Mrs. Bentley by forwarding it to her address as above.

CENTREVILLE, Utah, Nov. 25, 1872.
Editor *Deseret News*.

Dear Sir.—The young man who was taken sick with the small-pox a week ago, died on Sunday morning, the 24th of this month. Yours respectfully,
WM. REEVES.