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## TWO VISITORS.

A gentleman of nature's creation, among whatever class of society found, differs as much from an upstart counterfeit, as the pure gold differs from the bogus counterfeit of a Gift Book Lottery. The former, instinctively a gentleman, always a gentleman, needs no foreign aid to make him pass for what he is: the latter is the creation of accident—to-day made, to-morrow again in the dust, but, wherever found, always grovelling—never as what he assumes, and never can be, for as instinctively as the one is great and noble the other is base, bogus, a counterfeit. They are formed, fashioned alike; but in these alone is the resemblance—they come no nearer. In everything of soul they are the very antipodes of each other; they are beings of another species; the one is the light of life, the other is the darkness of death; the one is the emolument of truth and honor, the other is a conglomeration of falsehood and perjury; the one is a blessing to society, the other is its curse; the one is an angel of peace, the other is a demon of discord; the one is born to reflect honor on humanity, the other is born to disgrace it—such is the difference between the true and the false in life.

When we laid the slip of paper before us on which these reflections are traced, we had no intention of usurping the province of the teacher and moralist, we purposed only to notice some public "gentlemen" who have honored Utah with a passing visit, and who have, since their "return to civilization," regaled the other world with the delectable stories of their fevered brains: the paragraph, however, is written and we let it go with the rest, and come to our text.

Two weeks ago, we gave our views on the charge of unsociability against the Saints, and stated there freely, in substance, that the world abounded in corrupt men, and it required some time to discover the honorable from the dishonorable. We stated mildly what we had to say—for that is our style; but had we said bluntly what was in our mind we would just have said that the world in which we live is most wofully corrupt, and few men can be trusted in any society without close watching; and we have seen so much of that kind of thing, where least expected, that we prefer to hasten slowly, and to submit to the charge of unsociability, rather than to throw open the doors of our habitations to every scape grace in the name of a gentleman that comes among us burthened with claims to attentions from the other world of mankind. Our kindness has been so often abused, and our liberality and courtesy so frequently serving only to bring our traducers better before the public, and to clothe them with something like the authority of an oracle of inner life, that we really are not particularly partial to the friendship of brief acquaintance; but we did not then think that we would so soon have fresh grounds for the exercise of this caution.

Less than a year ago, a party of literary "gentlemen" and artists passed through here from the east to the Pacific. One of the company, a professional writer, an author, was particularly solicitous to be introduced here and there, and through the influence of friends to whom he came recommended, he was made welcome. Every place was open, every attention he could desire was extended to him. He was but a few days in the city but was long enough, when sober, to call upon some of our principal citizens and have the free intercourse of gentlemen. He came to the city inebriated, was unable to walk unassisted to his hotel, was probably sober the greater part of the 3d of July, and may have been sober some other hours of his sojourn here; but he was literally a perfect sot, or in the language of more than one who saw him: "He was drunk when he

came, he was terribly drunk when he left, and was beastly drunk while he stayed." Yet this same Christian writer regales the reading public with the vilest abuse of the people of Utah that a certain Gentile merchant establishment in Whisky street could stuff him with, and what the pens of profligate Federal officers from the days of Broccus to Harding and ap states could furnish him—all of which, of course, he deals out to the greedy crowd as precious morsels of his own collating. On the Atlantic seaboard, he serves his purposes through the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Lecture Halls*; on the Pacific, through the columns of the *Golden Era*, a paper owned and edited by a gentleman who really professes friendship for the people of Utah.

That Fitz Hugh Ludlow has personally any grudge against the Latter Day Saints, that he seeks in this way to gratify, we think very questionable; but it is popular with some to abuse the Mormons. If writers told the truth they would have but little to say, and have few readers, and as self must be made by the professional, he must make it as the public taste demands. Had it been a better paying concern to "write us up," he would have done so. He did not know enough to make truth interesting and his bibulous propensity over-coming him at the hour he should have labored by observation to discover the truth, he had to draw on the sources we have named, and rushing impetuously from falsehood to falsehood he wove his web.

But a dab of another class and of a more recent date presents himself in the person of E. P. Hingston, the business agent of Artemus Ward, a contributor to "wild cat literature," the author of *Polly Petticoat* or "the Hangman's daughter." We shall, till we have reasons for doing otherwise, regard Artemus, as he professed to be, a gentleman. The go-a-ker exhibited the instincts of a gentleman, however he may use them; but Hingston carried with him the undisguised graces of a refined prince of the purlieus of London. As a manager, he was no doubt huge in the profession, and, as he claimed, was to Artemus "the power behind the throne." While here, both were treated with much kindness, and the language and actions of Artemus, from first to last, as far as we have learned, were noways contrary to his profession. We hope we shall have no occasion to change our good opinion of him personally; but of his agent, we hope never to be again afflicted with the sight of him. He has written for the *New York Atlas* an account of his visit to the Theatre of Salt Lake, during the lecture of Artemus, professing, of course, no relationship with the lecturer, which is such a picture of misrepresentation, and so overlaid and interwoven with fabrications, that we believe the very lowest class of our gentiles are ashamed of it. That he should seek to keep Artemus before the public, and feed it with "great expectations" of an interesting lecture after his return from "Mormondom" is all professional, and only such as might be expected, and to which no reasonable exception can be taken; but, low in need must be the standard of that man's morality, who would accept the courtesies of a people, and the moment that he was away from their firesides, present them before the public as the greatest conglomeration of ignorance, boobyism and mental degradation, without brains, led by the wave of a handkerchief to smile, to cheer and to applaud what the capricious taste of another might indicate, and to carry throughout his story the grossest misrepresentation of facts that his mind could conceive. With us individually it has been a matter of question whether the letter to the *Atlas* was written before or after the lecture. We can hardly credit, that a public man, however habituated to lying, could be so far different to the opinion of even his own kin as to write with such a reckless pen, and tell as many lies in so brief a space. It may be flattering to Mr Hingston to have a reputation, a compliment from one of his most intimate acquaintances here: he is said, on the authority alluded to, to be "the greatest liar in America."

For ourselves, we are indifferent to what representation is made of us, we care nothing; but while we occupy the anomalous position assigned to us, of being in the heart of the world, yet out of it to the rest of mankind, the thinking, the dispassionate, will probably find in the article we have penned the philosophy of our situation, and the application of our first paragraph.

## WHITES vs INDIANS.

Mr. Wm. H. Simpson, a well known Californian, but recently from West Idaho, called upon us on Friday last, and relates some rather interesting items of his journey between Idaho City, (formerly West Bannock) and this City. Mr. Simpson left Idaho City on the 4th inst. and arrived here on the 15th, making the distance easily between the cities in eleven days. He was accompanied by a Mr. Perkins on the first part of the journey, and arrived at Brigham City with an additional traveller, in the person of a Mr. Malcom, formerly of the Boise Express Company. Mr. Simpson states that he counted the scalps of thirty-one Indians at Salmon Falls Ferry, and, we understood him to say, saw their bodies on the way. The history of their deaths are related to us in this wise.

At Vance's Ranch, 20 miles from Fort Boise, Frank Johnston, one of the owners of the Ferry, was met by Simpson and Perkins, who related to them that the ferrymen had had a difficulty with the Indians, a number of the latter had been killed, and he was on his way to Fort Boise for assistance, probably from the military there. As near as we could gather the story, it appears that on a certain day not long since, two of the ferrymen, Beech and Case had strolled a little from the Ferry for some purpose or other and in their perambulations, discovered that a small number of Indians located there had struck their tents and left. An Indian called Dick, belonging to this group, who had been herding the horses of the whites, had left their service without notice, which the said Beech and Case soon construed into the category of collateral evidence of malice aforethought and became somewhat exercised about the intent of the Indians. Seeking information of their apprehensions, or, the sweeter part, the dissipation of their fears, the ferrymen continued their rambles till they came upon the Indians, whose number was reported somewhere beyond a dozen. Carefully drawing near, Case hailed Dick and wanted him to come along, and engaged his attention with desultory talk about returning to the Ferry, building the house which he had agreed to do, for which he had received flour, and inquiring something about a missing horse. Dick had had enough of the white men and would not return to their service or society, and Case said he would make him; but Dick retorted that Case was not big enough, and, suiting the action to the defiance, drew his bow—it is said. Case drew his revolver and shot Dick over. Another Indian by his side drew upon Case; but Beech being smarter "drew a bead" upon second Indian and "he went over." The other Indians soon joined in the affray and the report of the fight gives Beech credit for killing six of the Indians and Case credit for killing two—finishing eight, all the "bucks" in the lodge. Mr. Simpson did not volunteer the statement, but if we did not misunderstand him, there was nothing left of age, sex or condition in that lodge to carry away the report of what had transpired.

The whole strength of the Ferry at this time is said to have been composed of Thompson, Case, Beech, Cleveland, Canadian Joe and Bennet—gentlemen with whose christian names we have no acquaintance. On the second day, a part, or perhaps the whole, we did not learn positively, of the whites named, moved forward again in the direction of the preceding day's work, and three miles beyond came up to another ranchera and killed five "buck" Indians, and there found a squaw, of, probably, another tribe, from whom they learned of the first design of the Indians to kill Case for having "whipped the brother of Dick," who had been charged with stealing two horses belonging to Case. On the following, or third day, nine Indians came to the Ferry and tried to run off the stock, in which attempt seven Indians were killed and the two others ran off seven or eight horses belonging to the ferry men and the Boise Express Company.

Frank Johnston informed Mr. Simpson when he met him at Vance's ranche, that on the way from the Ferry he had met an Indian chief—a medicine man—and another Indian with whom he had entered into conversation. The chief thought he had a charmed life that white men could not destroy. He is said to have threatened to use up all the white creation; but his claims to "catching bullets in his mouth and spitting them out again" sounds more like the jargon of Professor Simmons

than the stormy defiance of an enraged Indian, and Case's notification to the chief of an experiment on the subject is in keeping with the picture. Case drew his pistol and the Indian having no lips in his forehead wherewith to catch and spit out lead rolled over like any other piece of mortality under such an experiment. The accompanying Indians shared the same fate, and Johnston with the Indian's robe around him, went on his journey to seek assistance from his friends against the outrages of the Indians. The addition of figures reaching only twenty-two Indians killed the nine others to make up the thirty-one reported will have to be looked for at the wick-i-ups after the "bucks" had fallen.

While Mr. Simpson and Perkins, his companion were at the Salmon Falls Ferry, the Indians ran off some more stock, but the travelers saved theirs.

Sixty miles from the Ferry, they came up with a Mr. Barcough and his son, protecting their wagons. The Indians had taken seven or eight head of cattle from them and they had to remain till assisted from there.

We have given the facts as stated to us by the gentleman whom we credit and whose veracity we see no reason to question. He seems thoroughly acquainted with mountain life, and Indian fighting, and we should suppose would return a verdict of well done to the Ferry and Express men for killing off the Redskins; but without offering an opinion now, we give the narrative as we received it.

## DESERET AGRICULTURAL AND MANUFACTURING SOCIETY.

The members of this society met in the State House at 3 p.m. on Saturday the 16th inst. for the election of a President and eleven Directors in conformity with the provisions of their amended charter: Hon. George A. Smith in the chair.

The following gentlemen were unanimously elected:—

Wilford Woodruff, President. George A. Smith, Elijah F. Sheets, John R. Winder, Thomas W. Ellerbeck, George B. Wallace, F. A. Mitchell, Abraham O. Smoot, Enoch Reese, Robert L. Campbell, William C. Staines and Albert P. Rockwood, Directors.

Attest, ROBERT L. CAMPBELL, Secretary of Meeting.

We are glad to notice the D. A. and M. Society has thus early carried into effect the provisions of their amended charter, and added to the former number of Directors five of our principal citizens, men who have the welfare of the whole community at heart. With all earnestness we wish, and we believe the people wish, success to the Society. We have long regarded it as a mighty engine for good to the community, and shall be pleased to see it put forth its strength, become a power in the land whose fostering care will be sought for by every citizen, and we shall do all in our power to assist it.

THE HEBREW.—On another page of this issue, we publish an editorial from *The Hebrew*, a young paper published in San Francisco and edited by an experienced journalist—Philo Jacoby, formerly of the *Gleaner*. The article will repay perusal, not so much for its defence of Mormonism, as for the general facts stated. We are obliged for the liberal disposition of *The Hebrew*; but we are accustomed to so much misrepresentation and tall lying about the Mormons nearer home, that we have got used to that kind of thing, and fear that it would go bad with us if that class of writers found anything about us to praise. There is considerable consolation in the thought that we are at least not under that warning: "Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you." Apart from the matters alluded to, we commend *The Hebrew* to our citizens of the "literal descent": it is a very interesting, well conducted paper, abounding in matters of interest to those who believe in "the promises made to the Fathers."

COMING IN.—The first of the weary pilgrims from the eastern states for Idaho, put in an appearance last Thursday. We saw several persons who had left the Missouri River with mule teams as early as the first of February. They had a rough trip from the time they struck the Rocky Mountains, and were pleased to be thus far on their way to the northern mines. On Monday forenoon, five teams, of Californians, who had passed the winter at Springville, drove through the city heavily loaded with produce for the mines.