

clap men into irons without process of law, and do sundry other ridiculous and damnable tricks which would be deemed sufficient to entitle any person unshielded with the panoply of the august authority of a Land Register, to a lengthened rest from official cares in the penitentiary. But Patton does all these things with impunity, and gets off from a defiant contempt of the Third District Court, by paying four dollars for expenses, and all this by an absurd ruling of Chief Justice Shaeffer, which besides running counter to common sense is a plain violation of the provisions of the constitution.

But this is not all of Patton's privileges. He is accused by Mr. Job, who rivals his ancient namesake in patience, with diddling him out of the sum of one dollar, for delivering a patent to him on which no fees were due. Patton denies the dollar impeachment and, in his official capacity, of course, politely calls the editor who published the charge a "liar, a knave and a scoundrel."

It will be perceived that Patton is a polished person, as any one above the law ought to be, and as becomes one against whose violence or vituperation there is no legal redress. Now let all Utah do honor to this distinguished personage, and to the profound judicial acumen of the Judge who acknowledges his power. Or else let the facts in this outrageous case be presented at headquarters, and while the petty official is made an extinguished Register, let unsophisticated citizens ponder upon the beauties of a system of government, which, according to Shaeffer's ruling, permits a tenth-rate incumbent of a tenth-rate office, to waltz over the head of a Federal Judge, put his thumb to his nose and wiggle his fingers at the highest authority, and trample alike on law, justice and decency, while an outraged public looks on in helpless amazement.—*Ogden Junction, Oct. 11.*

#### Progress in Wealth—Progress in Debt.

The republicans are publishing carefully prepared tables which pretend to exhibit the surprising growth in wealth the country has made during the ten years of Republican ascendancy, from 1860 to 1870. It is one of these treacherous exhibits the republicans are addicted to—one of those compilations of figures which delude the people with a show of prosperity they do not possess—which show how much wealth they have accumulated without showing also how much indebtedness has been heaped upon them at the same time. If an individual were to buy one piece of property after another, and borrow the money to pay for it—this would surely not be prosperity. The individual would not be growing richer; on the contrary, he would be growing poorer, for the annual interest on his multiplying debts would more than eat up the annual earnings of his increased property; and at the first touch of hard times or shrinkage of values, his financial wealth would vanish, and he would stand before the world as a bankrupt. This is the very sort of progress in wealth the country has been making under Republican rule—a progress in wealth more than offset by its progress in debt. The table we refer to, made up mainly from the last census, shows that the increase of manufacturing establishments from 1860 to 1870 was 79 per cent.; the increase in the number of hands employed was 50 per cent.; the increase in the amount of capital employed was 109 per cent.; the increase in the annual wages paid was 104 per cent.; and the increase in the value of material used was 141 per cent.; and the increase in the value of manufactured products was 123 per cent. It shows further that in the ten years the number of farms increased 30 per cent.; the number of horses increased 12 per cent.; the amount of wheat raised increased 66 per cent., and the amount of butter increased 12 per cent. It shows that our aggregate trade, imports and exports, increased 16 per cent.; that our railway mileage increased 119 per cent.; and that the estimated true wealth increased 16 per cent.

But what do these several increases signify? Do they show that the country is more prosperous and the country better off than in 1860? No! There is, indeed, more wealth in the country than there was in

1860, but it is not paid for; it is mortgaged. The country's indebtedness has increased far more largely than its wealth. For example: The national debt has increased 2,000 per cent.; the State debts have increased 300 per cent.; the municipal debts have increased 500 per cent.; the railroad indebtedness has increased 500 per cent.; and the individual indebtedness has quadrupled. In addition to this the taxation has increased 500 per cent.

The most intelligible way of showing how this matter stands is by contrasting the country's aggregate growth in wealth with its aggregate increase of debt. The assessed wealth in 1860 was \$12,084,560,000; in 1870 it was \$14,158,986,000—the increase being \$2,074,426,000. Here is an increase of two thousand million dollars as the total accumulation of ten years. But the New York *Shipping Gazette*, three years ago, made the following estimate of the total indebtedness, public and private, of the country:

National debt.....	\$2,149,727,277
Bonds to Pacific railway companies.....	64,623,512
Interest on bonds.....	18,817,743
Unsettled liabilities, estimated.....	250,000,000
State and municipal.....	1,000,000,000
Loans, etc., by national banks.....	944,233,304
Loans, etc., by state banks.....	514,081,396
Loans, etc., by same in 28 states, etc., estimated.....	1,500,000,000
Individuals to each other, estimated.....	2,000,000,000
Funded, etc., of railroads.....	1,511,518,914
Making a total of.....	\$9,952,802,176

Here is a total indebtedness of nearly ten thousand million dollars—five times as much as the increase of wealth. Is this progress? Is this growing rich? Is the country prospering when its debts increase five times as fast as its wealth? The taxable value of all the property in the country in 1870 was fourteen thousand million dollars, but its aggregate debts are ten thousand million dollars; the wealth of the people, therefore, is actually mortgaged for ten-fourteenths its value—and this is the result of fifteen years of republican rule.—*St. Louis Republican.*

#### Cutting "Camille."

Rose Eytinge and Her "Armand" Create a Sensation.

Rose Eytinge played "Camille" on Saturday evening at National Guard Hall. There was a very fine audience present to see the brilliant actress in her farewell performance, and they were well repaid. All went well up to the close of the fourth act—the ball-room scene—where the heart-broken "Camille" and her protector once more meet "Armand"; where the latter reproaches the wretched girl with what he deems her cruel perfidy toward himself, and ends by calling all the guests around and showering a sackful of tin trade dollars over the fainting form of "Camille." The curtain went down on this impressive scene and the sensitive portion of the audience were sighing and wiping their eyes, when a little act before the curtain took place. Mr. Ashton, the stage manager (who had been playing the part of "Armand"), stepped out from the right hand side of the curtain, and in tones that were crisp, even unto frigidity, remarked:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—As a matter of simple justice to myself and to the other members of the company I wish to say a few words. Miss Eytinge has declared that it is necessary for her to be in Reno tonight in order to catch the overland train in the morning. A carriage is now in waiting to convey her to Reno when the play is finished. For this reason she has found it necessary, she says, to cut out several portions of the play. I only make this statement in order that the audience may know why the play is so much cut—in order that Miss Eytinge may keep engagements elsewhere."

Mr. Ashton retired as he had entered—on the right. Scarcely had he disappeared at that side of the curtain when Miss Eytinge entered from the opposite side. There was a wonderful metamorphosis, so far as her costume is concerned. When the audience had seen her two minutes before, fainting on the stage while "Armand" was declaring his dividend, as it were, she was regally robed in cherry satin and purple velvet; now she was clad merely in snowy-white frilled petticoats, with a homely old woolen shawl around her shoulders. The audience sat in breathless astonish-

ment while the tragedy queen—looking like "Lady Macbeth" in the sleep-walking scene, but moving at a much livelier gait—glided before the footlights, pale with anger, and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am surprised that Mr. Ashton should have so greatly mis-understood my true reasons for having the play cut down. I do not intend to leave for Reno until to-morrow night. But the support which I am given here is entirely inadequate to the proper rendition of the play, so that the cutting out of some portions is unavoidable."

And then, with a queenly bow and a graceful and comprehensive wave of her alabaster arm, she swept off behind the curtain. It was Mr. Ashton's turn now, and he was promptly on hand. Just as the last frill of Miss Eytinge's snowy outside petticoat vanished behind the red curtain (left side, of course) Ashton appeared once more, like a dark avenger, at the right. His handsome face was paler even than Miss Eytinge's, and it was evident that he too was angry—in fact, that it was about the most serious quarrel that had broken out between "Camille" and her beloved "Armand." Two or three long strides brought him to the middle of the stage, with hand uplifted, and in deep and tragic tones thus he broke forth:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I say to you that—that—but no, I will not say it, for (pointing to the side at which Miss Eytinge had made her exit) she is a female. But I wish to say this—"

Here the gallery became tumultuous in demonstrations of dissatisfaction. They were bound to take the woman's side, right or wrong, and a volley of the choicest Comstock slang rained down from the right and left. "Oh, pull down your vest!" "Augh! stash the racket!" "Give us a rest!" and many other invocations of a similar character, drowned the speaker's voice.

"All I ask is a fair hearing," said Mr. Ashton, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the din, and soon the "racket" was "stashed." He said, briefly, that the reasons first assigned by him for "cutting" the play were really those given him by Miss Eytinge, as he could prove by every other member of the company, if the audience desired. No such desire being expressed, Mr. Ashton retired once more, and the auditors were left for a few minutes to indulge in guesses as to how the discordant lovers would get along in the last act—for that was the death scene of "Camille," and she was to be reconciled to "Armand," and die in his arms.

At last the curtain rose, disclosing the poorly-furnished chamber of "Camille," who was reclining on her couch. It is the most touching scene of the play, for though hovering on the threshold of the grave, she knows that "Armand" has learned the truth—that her only reason for leaving him was because his father made her believe that "Armand's" honor and welfare would be imperiled if she remained; she knows that even now her love is flying home from some foreign land, and she begins to speak of life and hope again. "All nature hopes for Spring, and why not I?" In the thrilling earnestness of tone and gesture, the audience soon became so absorbed in the play that all thought of the squabble before the curtain was forgotten, until the part where "Armand" arrives and folds "Camille" to his bosom.

"Camille"—Oh, Armand! you have come, but it is too late!

"Armand"—Oh, Camille! you must not speak of death, but life! Live, oh! live for me!

This is usually one of the most affecting scenes in the play, and as a general thing the laugh does not come in here. But on this particular occasion there was something so indescribably funny about it that the audience burst out into a unanimous guffaw. The short, consumptive coughs of "Camille," which usually bring the handkerchief to the tear dimmed eye of the sympathetic auditor, were unheard in the wild tornado of laughter, and the handkerchiefs, where used at all, were jammed into the mouths of their owners. Miss Eytinge and Mr. Ashton were certainly entitled to credit for the thoroughly artistic mastery which they displayed over their emotions, for although both must certainly have realized the ludicrousness of the situation they proceeded, when the uproar had

subsided, as though nothing unusual had happened.

"Camille"—Armand, it is wise—it is well—it is just! I have been guilty. Living, the memory of that guilt would haunt me like a specter. It would flit between me and your smile. It would stand upon the platform of the past, growing monstrous, hideous with my years, darkening with its fearful shadow my passage to the close. Death's kindly veil will hide it from my sight—the world will bury its resentment in my grave, and remembering my sufferings may forget my faults.

As Miss Eytinge delivered these sentences in fearful quivering tones she brought all her wonderful power into play, and in a minute the audience was again enthralled and all recollection of the lover's quarrel before the curtain was forgotten in the sadness of the dying scene.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle, Sept. 25.*

#### Our Country Contemporaries.

Ogden Junction, Oct. 16—

To correct the absurd rumors which excited people circulate respecting the malady in this city, we will say there are thirty-three cases of small pox, all told, with the exception of the family at the pest house, who are convalescent. Most of these are cases of varioloid, or, the mildest form of the disease.

On Saturday last Charley Brown, who has been working for Mr. Joseph Parry, at Loray, on the C. P. Railroad, was brought home with his left hand badly injured. While sawing wood with a horse power circular saw, he was urging the horse to greater speed, and inadvertently ran his left hand against the saw. Dr. P. L. Anderson was called in to dress the wound, and had to amputate the thumb and first and second fingers. The patient is now doing well.

A terrible accident happened in this city yesterday, which ought to serve as another warning against the imprudent handling of combustible materials. About noon, Mrs. Seeley, who resides on Eighth St., wishing to rekindle the fire in a hurry, took a can containing about a pint of coal oil and commenced pouring some of the fluid into the stove. The flames rushed up suddenly, exploding the can and setting Mrs. Seeley's clothing on fire. She rushed out into the street in her fright, when Mrs. Davis, a sister of Mr. James Brown, with commendable presence of mind, wetted a blanket, ran out of doors and enveloped the unfortunate woman, extinguishing the flames. Mrs. Seeley was badly burned in the back and lower limbs.

Ogden Junction, Oct. 17—

From Mr. Charles Welch we learn that Mr. Thomas Duce and

his mother are still mending, and gradually recovering from the effects of their terrible wounds, received when accidentally shot at the depot.

Mrs. Smout, the old lady on the Bench who recently fell fracturing her hip and breaking two or three ribs, is doing splendidly. She is able to move around, and expects to be well soon.

Marshal Fife is doing good service in helping to corral the smallpox. He is energetic in carrying out the regulations of the Mayor and City Council, and in looking after the wants of the afflicted. Two more cases are reported since our last accounts, making thirty-five in all. Several of those are in a fair way of recovery.

Yesterday Dr. P. L. Anderson was summoned to Hooper to attend to the injuries of Mr. Elijah P. Hardy. In company with Dr. E. G. Williams he repaired to the city by the lake, and found Mr. Hardy suffering from a terrible accident. In company with Mr. Wm. Garner he had been hunting, and when near the mouth of the Weber was preparing to load one barrel of his shot gun, the other barrel of which was already loaded. The gun was cocked and was accidentally discharged, the contents entering Mr. Hardy's right arm just below the elbow, ranging upwards, shattering the bone and coming out just below the shoulder. Dr. Anderson amputated the arm as near the shoulder as possible, being assisted by Dr. Williams. The patient endured the operation splendidly, and he is now in a favorable condition for recovery. Mr. Hardy meets with great sympathy in the neighborhood where he lives.

Last night, about 9 o'clock, just after Mr. Paul Cullen, who lives at the eastern extremity of Third Street, had retired to rest, he was awakened by a disturbance in the house. Some person had secreted himself on the premises, with the evident intention of plunder. Mr. Cullen's boy was seized by the throat, and raising an alarm, the burglar made his escape through the window. Just as Mr. Cullen arose to see what was the matter, a brick came smashing through the window. Mr. Cullen cried "Murder!" and Mr. Keyes, who lives near by, came to their assistance. Mr. Shipp, who was passing but a little distance from the house, heard the alarm and the crashing of the glass, but could not see any person because of the intense darkness. On searching the house, it was found that a trunk had been ransacked, but nothing had been stolen. It is supposed that some tramp, thinking Mr. Cullen, who had a contract on the new Catholic Church, had money to pay his hands, tried his hand at stealing it. He was fooled, as Mr. Cullen had paid the men and the treasury was empty.

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