



GEORGE Q. CANNON.....EDITOR

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## A NEW LINE OF POLICY.

THE New York *World* is a journal of large circulation, considerable ability and strong democratic proclivities. It is no admirer of the present administration. It is bitterly opposed to President Grant and his Cabinet, and would resort to almost any means to bring the Administration into disfavor with the American people.

The *World* for some time has been pursuing a line of policy to accomplish this, that is somewhat unique. A series of communications on the people of Utah, ostensibly written from this City, has been appearing in its columns. It would be no easy matter to find a greater number of outrageous slanders compressed into the same space. Everything that can be tortured into the form of an accusation against the people of this Territory; nearly every calumny that has been invented and published before, is repeated; and the vilest falsehoods given as facts, make the correspondence in the *World* a mass of infamous mendacity such as can scarcely be found in any other journal claiming to be respectable. Having very strong evidence for fathering these communications in the right quarter, and satisfied that a paper as influential as the *World* would not endorse, by publication, such statements on any other subject, coming from a source so utterly irresponsible, the object to be accomplished is clearly revealed.

If the *World*, by the means adopted, can influence the Administration at Washington to adopt measures against the inhabitants of Utah, such as are being urged in several quarters, it knows the odium which would inevitably follow would operate heavily against the party in power, and would be a material point gained for the party of which it is an organ. However much of a popular cry there may be made by unthinking and unreflecting people whose prejudices are roused by interested and cunning individuals against the Latter-day Saints, there is not a doubt that the dragging, driving and wholesale robbing of over a hundred and fifty thousand peaceful, industrious, moral and earnest people would bring down upon the heads of those guilty of it, the condemnation and execration of the civilized world. And this is evidently what the *World* is trying to goad on the Federal authorities to do.

To specify in detail the broad, glaring falsehoods which have lately appeared in its pages would be a work of no little labor; for the vilest allegations that have been made for the last twenty years, and over, are rehearsed and published as having come under the observation of the writer, or as having been received on good authority. Charges that have been refuted and exploded again and again, are resurrected with the air of having been given existence for the first time; and so flagrant are they that their authors could not for a moment have supposed they would mislead anybody but those who were utterly unacquainted with the people of Utah and their history.

That a community should be as vile as the citizens of Utah are represented to be, and yet present so many evidences of honest industry, peace, morality and good citizenship is past belief with any reflecting mind. We are here; our works here for nearly a quarter of a century are before the world; and though no other evidence were produced to rebut the infamous accusations made against us, the condition of our people and Territory is an irrefragable one which can not be buried by any amount of lying. A people as near as

character, had they been the vile, depraved, licentious, murderous crowd they have been represented by such calumniators as the *World* has given space to. The low and the vile can find fit associates in the purlieus of great cities, but rarely in any numbers in the rural districts. Nor are they given to honest industry anywhere. They prefer to live by violence, by plunder, and in riotousness. Had the authors of such falsehoods been engaged in honest labor, as the people of Utah have been, they would have had neither time nor inclination to gather such a mass of purulent verbiage, aimed at the existence of a people whose greatest crime is that they are a thousand fold better, purer and nobler than their defamers.

But suppose the *World* should accomplish its object, does it reflect on the consequences? The blow that would strike down Constitutional liberty would scarcely be confined in its effects to the people of one Territory. And the aiders and abettors in perpetrating the unholy act would have to bear their share of the consequences. No rancor is so bitter as religious rancor. It may seem an easy matter to rob a hundred and fifty thousand people of religious liberty, strip them of the labors of a quarter of a century, and drive them forth homeless wanderers on the earth, for their weary pathway to be again marked by nameless graves and ensanguined foot-steps. But we can assure those who wish and work for such a consummation, that there is a retributive justice; and should such a finale be reached—of which we have no dread—the fierce struggle of conflicting religionists for supremacy, which would follow a successful onslaught on religious liberty; a struggle far more bitter, desperate and deadly than a mere political contest, would work out a retribution more terrible than the evils which our enemies desire to bring upon us.

## A PRICKED BLADDER.

The *Helena Herald* (Montana) of a recent date has an article about one Phelps, who was an errand boy at one time in that city for a banking house, and afterwards a porter or clerk in a small grocery store, from which latter post he was discharged. The *Herald* had heard nothing about said Phelps from the time of his leaving Montana and drifting to Corinne, until the night before the article was written, when, in looking over its exchanges, it found that he had been raising trouble in the "Mormon Camp," "a council of war had been held, and the 'destroying angel' put upon the track of Phelps; that he was waylaid by a band of assassins, succeeds in shooting one, puts the balance to flight, and proves himself a hero."

Then follows a fanciful sketch, clipped from one of its exchanges, of the deeds of this doughty hero.

The *Herald* may well be surprised at the notoriety which the whilom errand boy and porter has achieved. We can assure our contemporary that the whole story with the exception, perhaps, that the fellow was cowed, is purely imaginary. All the dead that Phelps kills he buries under his finger nails!

The fact is, a certain clique here hoped they had found a case to suit them when this Phelps was cowed. They were in search of a victim to "Mormon" violence. Any one of them would have gladly had another member of the clique selected as a victim and killed if a good case could only have been made out against the "Mormons." In the absence of anything better this Phelps case occurred. It was seized with avidity. He was kept guarded, the police were not allowed access to him, and the story was circulated that he had a very narrow escape, but that his bravery had saved him, he having shot one of his assailants. By such a scheme has Phelps emerged from his original insignificance, with which he has again merged. It has been his fortune to get a licking, when something was greatly needed that could be called an outrage, and be used as capital against the "Mormons." He went to bed whipped and woke up temporarily famous.

Died.

MONTPELIER.—Bro. Morris Phelps, of Montpelier, Rich County, writing on the 1st instant, says they are having a favorable winter,—weather clear and cold and snow about four inches deep. The people generally feel well and are trying to live their religion. Day and Sunday schools are well attended; Female Relief Society doing good. No whisky selling in the settlement. On New Year's day the citizens of Montpelier had a merry time sleighing, in procession, headed by President David Kimball's brass band.

## GREAT INDIGNATION MEETING

Of the Ladies of Salt Lake City, to protest against the passage of Cullom's Bill.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Tabernacle was densely packed with ladies of all ages—old, young and middle aged.

The meeting was opened with a very impressive prayer by Mrs. Zina D. Young.

On the motion of Sister Eliza R. Snow, Mrs. Sarah N. Kimball (President of the Female Relief Society of the 15th ward) was elected president of the meeting.

Mrs. Lydia Alder was appointed secretary of the meeting.

The following ladies were proposed, and unanimously sustained, as a committee to draft resolutions:

Mrs. M. T. Smoot, prest.	20th w'd F. M. S.
" M. N. Hyde,	17 "
" Isabella Horn,	14 "
" Mary Leaver,	8 "
" Prisc. Staines,	12 "
" Rachel Grant,	13 "

Mrs. Kimball, in rising to address the meeting, said she desired the prayers of all present, that she might be enabled to express herself in a comprehensive manner. They were there to speak in relation to the Government and institutions under which they lived, and she would ask: Have we transgressed any law of the United States? [Loud "No" from the audience.] Then why are we here to-day? We have been driven from place to place, and why? Simply for believing in and practicing the counsels of God as contained in the Gospel of Heaven. The object of that meeting was to consider the justice of a bill now before the Congress of the United States. She said: "We are not here to advocate woman's rights, but man's rights." The bill in question would not only deprive our fathers, husbands and brothers of enjoying the privileges bequeathed to citizens of the United States, but it would also deprive us, as women, of the privilege of selecting our husbands, and against this we most unqualifiedly protest.

While the Committee on resolutions were absent speeches were made by various ladies, the first, as follows, being delivered by

BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

Beloved Sisters and Friends:—It is with no ordinary feelings that I meet with you on the present occasion. From my early youth I have been identified with the Latter-day Saints; hence I have been an eye and ear witness to many of the scenes that have been inflicted upon our people by a spirit of intolerant persecution.

I watched by the bedside of the first Apostle, David W. Patten, who fell a martyr in the Church. He was a noble soul. He was shot by a mob while defending the Saints in the State of Missouri, Ray County, on the 25th of October, 1838. As Bro. Patten's life blood oozed away, I stood by and heard his dying testimony to the truth of our holy religion, declaring himself to be a friend to all mankind: he sacrificed his life freely to defend the innocent. He had no feelings of hostility to his race, but labored to exalt them. His last words, addressed to his wife, were: "Whatever you do, oh! do not deny the faith." This circumstance made a lasting impression upon my youthful mind. In Missouri, mobs were burning houses and killing the Saints, when an army was sent by Governor Boggs, which we supposed had come to protect us; but, alas! time proved that it came to continue the same dreadful work—reducing the whole people from competence to extreme poverty, sending them forth, under an exterminating order, in mid-winter, 200 miles across bleak prairies, among strangers in a strange State.

men, who labored for the redemption of the human family. For six years I heard their public and private teachings. It was from their lips that I heard taught the principle of celestial marriage, and when I saw their mangled forms cold in death, having been slain for the testimony of Jesus by the hands of cruel bigots, in defence of law, justice and Executive pledges, and although this was a scene of barbarous cruelty, which can never be erased from those who witnessed the heart-rending cries of widows and orphans, and mingled their tears with those of thousands of witnesses of the mournful occasion, the memories of which I hardly feel willing to awaken, yet I realized that they had sealed their ministry with their blood and that their testimony was in force.

On the 9th day of February, 1846—the middle of a cold and bleak winter—my husband, just rising from a bed of sickness, and I, in company with thousands of Saints, were driven again from our comfortable home, the accumulation of six years' industry and prudence, and with two little children, commenced a long and weary journey through a wilderness, over prairies, deserts and mountains, to seek another home, for a wicked mob had decreed we must leave. Governor Ford, of Illinois, said the laws were powerless to protect us. Exposed to the cold of winter and the storms of spring, we continued our journey amid want and exposure, burying by the wayside a dear mother, a son and many kind friends and relatives.

We reached the Missouri River in July. Here our country thought proper to make a requisition upon us for a battalion to defend our national flag in the war pending with Mexico. We responded promptly, many of my kindred stepping forward and performing a journey characterized by their commanding officer as "unparalleled in history." With the most of our youth and middle-aged men gone, we could not proceed, hence we were compelled to make another home, which, though humble, approaching winter, made very desirable. In 1847-8, all who were able, through selling their surplus property, proceeded; we, who remained, were told, by an unfeeling Indian Department, we must vacate our houses and re-cross the Missouri River, as the laws would not permit us to remain on Indian lands! We obeyed, and again made a new home, though only a few miles distant. The latter home we abandoned in 1849, for the purpose of joining our co-religionists in the then far off region, denominated on the maps, "The Great Desert," and by some later geographers as "Eastern Upper California."

In this isolated country we made new homes, and, for a time, contended with the crickets for a scanty subsistence. The rude, ignorant and almost nude Indians were a heavy tax upon us, while struggling again to make comfortable homes and improvements; yet we bore it all without complaint, for we were buoyed up with the happy reflections that we were so distant, and had found an asylum in such an undesirable country, as to strengthen us in the hope that our homes would not be coveted, and that should we, through the blessing of God, succeed in planting our own vine and fig tree, no one could feel heartless enough to withhold from us that religious liberty which we had sought in vain amongst our former neighbors.

Without recapitulating our recent history—the development of a people whose industry and morality have extracted eulogy from their most bitter traducers—I cannot but express my surprise, mingled with regret and indignation at the recent proceedings of ignorant, bigoted, and unfeeling men, headed by the Vice-President, to aid intolerant sectarians and reckless speculators, who seek for proscription and plunder, and who feel willing to rob the inhabitants of these valleys of their hard earned possessions, and what is dearer, the constitutional boon of religious liberty.

The following is a verbatim report of the remarks of the next speaker:

MRS. LEVI RITER.

In rising before this vast assembly my heart is filled with feelings that words cannot express. We have not met here, my beloved sisters, as women of other States and Territories meet, to complete the wrongs and wrongs in