

betting and gambling. They in New-castle used to be proud of their river, and the men who rowed on the Tyne could row with any men in England, or the world. But that was gone, and he should not be far wrong if he said that betting and gambling, which had spoiled the old-fashioned northern game of wrestling, had also spoiled their northern game of rowing. And what it had done to the racecourse, and to wrestling and rowing, it was on the high road to doing in football. They might depend upon it that, whenever betting and gambling entered in on a game, it brought professionalism, and when that entered into a game they might bid good-bye to it as a game. This professional element had entered into football, and was stealing over other games, and was spoiling them."

### THE PLANET MARS:

THE attention of astronomers is at present directed to the planet Mars. On the 5th of August this luminary will be only about thirty-five million miles distant from the earth. This will afford an opportunity for taking observations which it is hoped will throw new light on many subjects about which scientists are still in the dark.

One of these is the so-called canals on Mars, observed by Signor Schiaparelli fifteen years ago. He found the surface of the planet on the northern hemisphere marked with streaks, some of which measured nearly 2000 miles in length and from fifteen to twenty miles in width. They were clearly visible at the end of the winter season, as was natural enough, since the cloudy atmosphere in the winter would hide them partially or totally from our view.

In 1881 this astronomer again directed his attention to these "canals" and found that many of them were double. They had their parallel marks at some distance, although at first he had found only one. This discovery was considered very surprising and seemed at first to upset the theory that these canals are rivers on the planet. It is thought, however, that the duplication must be some optical phenomenon, and it is hoped that light will be shed on this subject during the present favorable opportunity for observation.

New discoveries are also confidently looked for. Mars presents conditions so much analogous to our own planet, that the question of its being inhabited is hardly any longer a matter of doubt. It has an atmosphere, snow-covered poles, it is supposed, volcanic energy, mountain ranges, continents and oceans, mists, rains—in brief, all conditions favorable to life.

The red y hue of Mars, which is a noteworthy characteristic of the planet, Flammarion supposes to be due to the soil, atmosphere and vegetation. Others hold that it is entirely due to the supposed fact that Mars at present is in an age of existence in which red sandstone forms the chief stratum of its continents. The apparent change of color would then be accounted for on the presence, at intervals, of mists and clouds in the atmosphere.

This planet has always been an object of interest to students of the heavenly bodies, and it will become more so as our knowledge increases regarding the nature of the conditions under which it exists.

### LOT SMITH IN LIFE AND DEATH.

THE tragic death of Lot Smith startled and grieved his friends, who are numerous throughout this Territory as well as Arizona. The particulars of the event were quite meagre, the dispatches being very brief and barren of details. We have learned of some incidents in the sad affair which we believe will be interesting to our readers, and therefore print them as related by G. W. Palmer, of Farmington, a son-in-law of Lot Smith, who has recently returned from the scene of the tragedy.

A short time previous to the unfortunate event, a "Gentile" trader came to the neighborhood of Lot Smith's residence, at Tuba, Arizona, to obtain the wool clip from the Navajos' sheep. He ingratiated himself with the Indians, and among other things told them they had as much right to the grazing lands outside their reservation as the white men had, and their sheep were as free to pasturage as the white men's cattle. The Navajos, particularly the young bucks, became very snaky and brought their sheep off the reservation intruding upon the lands taken up by white settlers. This man has the reputation of having incited Indians to drive off a rancher, some time ago, that they might have a good place at which to wash and shear their sheep so that he could get the wool.

On the morning of the day when the shooting occurred, an Indian told a man named D. Claws and others, five miles from Tuba, that "may be pretty soon, Navaj skill and clear out some white men," and that they had "talked about it two days." Claws laughed at him and made fun of his threat, and he said, "we kill one white man, any how." Two hours after this, Lot Smith was shot.

It appears that the Indians had let down the bars of his pasture and turned in their sheep. Lot went on horseback to his grazing grounds and tried to turn the sheep out, but they "hunched" up and he could not succeed. He went back to the house and returned, this time having a revolver in his belt. He got off his horse and tried again to drive them out, but failing again he became angry and drawing his pistol fired twice into the flock, killing six sheep.

In a moment half a dozen Navajos, who had been riding, arose and fired at his cows, shooting five, and other Indians appeared in the hills. Lot started back home on horseback, and had just passed a point where there was a large rock, when an Indian, who had been riding up on the hill with a rifle on his shoulder and had watched for him till he passed this rock, fired from behind it, striking Lot in the back, the ball going through his body in a slanting direction. The wounded man rode on, and seeing a white man at a distance beckoned to him. The blood was running in a stream as he rode rapidly to his house. He alighted, entered, unbuckled his belt and went into another room without a word. The man he beckoned soon arrived, and when he and the family went into the room the stricken man exclaimed, "This is the last of me." His dying words were: "God bless the wives and children!"

The older Navajos greatly deplore

the act, which has taken from them a good friend. They declare to the family that they are sorry and do not want to fight. Squaws have come to the house and cried over the death of Lot Smith and condoled with the bereaved. The deed is charged by the Navajos to the one Indian who fired the fatal shot, and the trespass and shooting of the cows to young and unruly Indians, who think they can defy the United States. But it is believed by many that there was a conspiracy among the Indians to kill Lot Smith, and that much of the feeling of recklessness and lawlessness among them is due to the pernicious influence of the wool trader referred to.

A lieutenant with a squad of soldiers came from Fort Wingate to investigate the matter. He was told by the Navajos that the Indian who did the shooting was hiding, and the soldiers could not find him, but they promised that if the officer would go with them, alone, into the hills he should see and talk with the Indian. This he declined, fearing treachery. However a determination is expressed to track, arrest and try the assassin for murder.

For some weeks before his death, Lot Smith was greatly excited at intervals over small affairs, being very irritable at the slightest provocation and much disturbed over some of his financial complications. However, at other times he was unusually kind and communicative to his family. Many of his neighbors entertain for him the best of feelings, and notwithstanding this infirmity of temper, regard him as a noble man and a friend to all who stood in need. We here append a letter from C. L. Christenson, a Navajo interpreter and a missionary among the Indians for fifteen years, which he earnestly desires to be published for the satisfaction of many good people who recognized in the valiant Lot Smith much to admire and esteem:

*Editor Deseret News:*

As a number of journals have made disparaging reference to Lot Smith, for the consolation of his family and friends I wish to say, there never was a man that held the life and liberty of man more sacred than did Lot Smith. During the Echo Calf war Lot Smith played a brave and noble part, and did it well under the circumstances. He had instructions from President Brigham Young to "shed no blood" and not even to fire a gun unless absolutely in self defence. Lot was so prompt in carrying out this advice that several men in his charge left him and went home, they having a desire of gaining fame otherwise than according to the advice that Lot held and kept most sacred. I am conscientious before God in saying that he shed no blood while he lived, except it may have occurred in fighting the Ute Indians, during the battle near Provo city in an early day, with which all are familiar who read the history of Utah.

Lot served his country in the fear of God and with good will to man in the Mormon Battalion. He has said, "I think I was the youngest man that bore arms, being only sixteen years of age, but as I was large in stature I was accepted." He gave the following account of himself, which I think worth reading: "One day when we had marched a long distance without water, and nearly famished, we beheld a dry lake at a distance, sometimes called a mirage. It looked so much like a lake of water to those who never saw one that we had full assurance of speedy relief. It no doubt had this