

EDITORIALS.

THE election returns from most of the counties in the Territory have now been received, and published in our columns; and, though the returns from some few outlying places may have failed to reach us yet, enough has been received to show that the men of the people's choice have been triumphantly returned, the votes cast for the so-called opposition (!) being so few in number as not to be worth mentioning. This result is the only one that could have been expected among a people as united in politics as well as in religion, as the people of Utah are; and it will be hailed with pleasure, without any exception, by all the people of the Territory who love peace, good order, the triumph and equitable administration of law, light taxation, and the preservation and full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, for the return of the men, whose names were on the "People's Ticket," to fill the important positions of Territorial legislators ensures all these; and the people of Utah have so long enjoyed them to the full, that any attempt, however plausibly made, and however specious the guise in which it may be set forth, will be watched with sleepless jealousy by them, and will most surely be thwarted.

There are a few around who no doubt feel intensely chagrined at the result of the election, for to them it is a very serious disappointment. Their hopes of introducing disunion among the people who settled and have made the Territory of Utah what it is, have met with another blight; but worse, even than that, they are again disappointed in not obtaining control of the people's money bags. Place these harpies in the positions they are so anxious to gain, and soon the proud boast of Utah, that neither a municipal, county nor territorial debt exists within her borders would be no more, for these gentry would fix up nice fat jobs for one another, and the people, from St. George to St. Charles, would, in a very brief period, be oppressed with heavy taxes and a big debt, to pay for the speculation and rascality of the very enlightened and civilized pack who are so eager to obtain office. Like Judas, they want office only for the "plucking" it would enable them to do. But thanks to the good sense of the people, their designs are well understood; and if they have in their eye any place where they have the faintest idea their nefarious schemes would succeed, the best thing they can do is to migrate thither, for the people of Utah know their friends too well, and will unitedly sustain them now and for ever, in the future as in the past, so that they never can succeed here.

We do not suppose that the crew to whom we tender the above kind advice expected any other result in the late election; but they are intensely savage at the immensity of the defeat they have sustained, and the utter hopelessness of their case; and in consequence of that they are giving way to the most doleful howlings and ferocious denunciations. But poor creatures, that is their only consolation; and poor as it is, we hope they will enjoy it to the full. The people of Utah are happy and united in their determination to preserve that which they came here for, namely the fullest measure of civil and religious liberty guaranteed by the Constitution of the country, and they can afford to smile at, and pass unheeded the futile efforts, and the impotent malevolence of those who are so anxious to deprive them thereof.

THE FRENCH nation has scarcely had time to breathe since the cessation of the severest struggle she was ever engaged in, when again a call to arms is heard, to suppress a rising of her rebellious Algerian subjects. The Arabs of Algeria, are a turbulent race, and are seemingly, as averse to their French rulers as the people of Ireland are to their British masters, and like the latter, they take advantage of every opportunity to endeavor to effect their deliverance. But feeble as France proved herself when confronting Prussia, the Arabs are no match for her; and though they may for awhile make a desperate show of fight, they are soon to be put down.

Eighty thousand French soldiers are to be sent to Algeria, for the rising of the malcontents is on a large scale, and the government of Mr. Thiers has resolved to act with vigor. In some of their former campaigns against these colonists, French commanders have been guilty of horrible cruelty, on one

occasion a large number of the Arabs being surrounded in a cave and the latter set fire to; but it is to be hoped that the coming campaign will be characterized by no such barbarity.

While the prospect for a French war in Africa is of the most promising character, another in Europe, in a few months, would not be surprising. Those lamb-like personages the Emperors of Austria and Germany are hobnobbing together,—a pretty sure sign that devilry of some kind is being hatched. The Russian ruler is also making every preparation for war,—marshalling and increasing his hosts, arming with the most improved weapons, laying temporary lines of railway, and to ensure the highest possible efficiency of the troops, sham campaigns, including an attack and defence of St. Petersburg, are to be gone through, to imitate, in every respect, real warfare, minute details of which are to be forwarded by the respective commanders to the war office.

Added to all this, and tending still further to brighten the prospect for an early European conflict, Lord Granville, the English Foreign Minister, and Monsieur Thiers propose, to hold, at an early date another conference on that interesting "Eastern Question."

THE total eclipse of the sun, which takes place next December, is being looked forward to with very great interest by the leading astronomers of the world, and the English Astronomer Royal is already superintending the adaptation of instruments to take the most minute observations possible of the event. The nature and character of the sun's corona is the problem which it is hoped to solve during the progress of this great solar phenomenon, this being the point in celestial physics in which the astronomers of the present day are most deeply interested; and every device known to them, or that science may suggest, will be brought to bear on the 11th of next December with the hope of solving it.

The total obscuration will continue only for two minutes and a quarter; the breadth of the shadow will be about seventy miles. "The central line of the eclipse will first meet the earth's surface in the Arabian gulf, and, entering on the western coast of India, will pass directly across one of the most important and populous parts of Hindostan in a southeastern by eastern direction, where the sun will be about twenty degrees above the horizon at the time of total obscuration. Leaving the eastern coast of the Madras Presidency, the central line crosses Palk's Strait, the northern part of the island of Ceylon, thence continuing its course over the southeastern point of Sumatra and will touch the south-western coast of Java, near its capital city, Batavia. The shadow path will then leave the East Indies, and, crossing over the most uninhabited portions of Australia, will ultimately disappear in the Pacific Ocean."

English astronomers intend visiting the most eligible points for taking observations, and the New York Herald calls upon the astronomers of the United States, to be up and doing, so that they may be second to none in their efforts to increase the sum of human knowledge pertaining to the grand centre of the solar system, and to solve the coronal problem.

THE Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Britain's greatest novelist, Sir Walter Scott, is being celebrated to-day with great honor, by his countrymen, in the principal cities of Scotland.

The following beautiful poem entitled the "Scott Centenary Ode," written by Professor A. Melville Bell, the noted elocutionist, formerly of Edinburgh, now of Ontario, Canada, was presented by him to the St. Andrew Societies and Caledonian Societies, assembled in honor of the great novelist.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Col. D. McKenzie for the copy of the poem, and give it a place in our columns, believing that it will be read with very great interest by all classes of our citizens who are sufficiently acquainted with the works of Sir Walter Scott to appreciate his genius, but especially by those among them who claim him as countryman:

Rejoice, old Scotland! Land of Scott!
This day all Earth's most honored spot!
Sons of St. Andrew, everywhere,
Congratulations loudly share!
For on this Centenary morn
Your mightiest Man of Fame was born.

His marvel-working Patriot-hand,
Draws pilgrim-throng from every land,

To trace the glories he revealed
By lake, and mountain, flood, and field—
Familiar to the Stranger's eye,
As hallowed scenes of infancy,
And loved, because to memory dear,
With warmth of far-off love brought near.

How well we know Loch Katrine's smile,
Embosoming Ellen's leafy isle!
And recognize the Trossachs glen,
Where crouched the stag from hunter's ken!

The spreading skirts of Ben Venue,
Hiding Coir Uriskin from view;
The brave Fitz-James, and by his side—
Reposing both like brothers tried.

Warm in the midnight watchfire's glow—
His hospitable, faithful foe—
The mountain with its warlike birth
Swallowed again by mother-earth:

The fight by Collantogle ford—
The blade that was both shield and sword—
The Minstrel, white-haired Allan Bane,
Soothing the dying Chieftain's pain—
The King in simple Lincoln green—
The centre of the glittering scene—
The trembling maiden's sweet alarms,
Hushed in her father's grateful arms:

The Græme with golden fetters spanned,
Whose clasp lies light in Ellen's hand—
All, though but pictures of the mind,
Have left real memories behind:

And—as in self experience clear—
We know, we feel, we see, we hear!
As fresh remembrances crowd on
Of the adventurous Marmion—
Of Lady Clare—Tantallon Hold—
The noble scorn of Douglas old—
Poor Constance in her dungeon-tomb—
De Wilton, wrapped in Palmer's gloom—
Or, re-installed in rights and name,
Belted for fortune, love, and fame—
The hillock with its cross of stone
Where Clara watched the fight alone;

The mountain streamlet battle dyed;
The fountain pure at length espied—
The Monk supporting Marmion's head—
The dying sinner's gory bed—
The phalanx round the wounded King
Walled in with Death's unbroken ring—
The night that only closed the fray,
Darkening a Nation with Dismay!

With Waverley what wonders rise,
In widening circles of surprise!
Successive in the charmed ring,
The picturesque Guy Mannering;
The Antiquary, rich in mails;
The Landlord, brimming o'er with Tales;
The plodding Old Mortality;
The sullen Dwarf; Rob Roy the free;
Mid-Lothian's Dungeon-Heart, that beat
With pulses at a fever heat;

Myst'rious Lammermoor's wan Bride;
And Ivanhoe in knightly pride—
With many a now familiar name
Running a perfect race for fame!

The Monastery opes its walls,
And Kenilworth its courtly halls,
With Pirate, Nigel, Peveril,
Durward, Crusaders, Ronan's Well,
Red Gauntlet, Woodstock, Talisman
Hiding in light the Wizard man,
Known only as the great Unknown,
Who fills the Literary Throne!

Prolific mind! and magic pen!
When shall we see thy like again?
Enchanting Chronicler! twice vain
To count the offspring of thy brain—
Swarming, in narratives as rife
As teeming Continent with life!
Where first we find the happy tact
Of making fiction picture fact!
Inventor of the "Novel" style
That interests and instructs the while!

A very Shakespeare in thy skill—
Sans precedent—unrivaled still!

The shroud of by-gone years unrolled,
The student sees the Times of Old!
In learned fables he can trace
Realities in time and place.
Surpassing Truth's exactest care,
The Spirit of the Past is there.
Thanks for this Educative plan,
Attracting Youth, delighting man.

Rejoice, Great Scotland, in thy son,
His course of Fame is but begun—
A hundred years are as a day
To Intellect's unending sway.
What riches to all time are given
By one mind thus endowed by Heaven!

Hail, Mighty Scott! with pride we see
Our Nation's noblest traits in thee.

Grandly ambitious, yet, alone,
As means, brave Industry to own.
Trustful in others and when wrecked
Still strong in all good men's respect.
Courageous in adversity,
To stand or fall by Probity!—
Saying, in act, "This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

Girding for more than mortal toil,
To keep thy scutcheon free from soil;
And wondrously succeeding, till
Death only over-mastered will!

Then, leaving on an honored bier
The noble epitaph "All clear!"

Great Minstrel! from thy place of rest—
If spirits can—behold East, West,
North, South, and Central Land of Birth,
Alike do honor to thy worth!

This day, one mighty impulse sways
The World—to celebrate thy praise!

But ye who pay this tribute due,
Remember Living Genius too!
We cannot honor Scott or Burns
By consecration of their urns,
So much as by well-timed regards
For merit in our struggling Bards!

Give kindly aid where need may be,
Encouragement and sympathy.
And for their failings, while they live,
As to the Dead, forget, forgive!

The poorest Nation would not sell,
For all the wealth that tongue can tell,
The fame of her Dead Poet Sons—
Be generous then to living ones!

May Scotland, rich in glorious Dead,
Still keep her Roll of Fame outspread;
And strive, with pride, to recognize
Her Sons of Genius as they rise—
Acknowledging in Intellect
A living title to respect.

So may she hold her envied place—
In Van of Progress of the race!

"Hear, Land o' Cakes, and Brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke, to John o' Groats,"
And thence, wherever Fortune's breeze
Has wafted you o'er distant seas—
Hail with rejoicing shouts this morn
When our great Brother Scott was born
The echoes of our Peal of Fame
Ring in the grateful World's acclaim.

AN insolent, over-bearing young person, who, because his father happened to get an appointment to an office in Utah, thinks that he also is entitled to some dignity, made himself such a nuisance on the day of the recent election that he was ejected from the polls and locked up for a short time. His appearance after his release gave evidence of the benefit of this treatment; for he conducted himself in a manner more in consonance with his age and knowledge. True, he appeared chagrined and dejected; but we hoped that this arose from a feeling of shame at his conduct, and that the lesson would be a salutary and lasting one, and be profitable to him. Had he been left to himself, this might have been the result; but he has the appearance of a young person who can be easily influenced, and he has doubtless fallen into bad hands. We understand that he has made an affidavit in which he has stated that he was detained from his business fifteen minutes, and he asks that he be reimbursed \$25,000 for this, and the disgrace of the incarceration! He wants the court of the third Judicial District to take the case under consideration and award him this amount. Somebody is evidently bent on having him make himself ridiculous by advising him to take this step. His father has learned something, we think since he came to this country. He is more modest and retiring, assumes fewer airs, and has probably learned that this is the best course to fill his position creditably to himself and the Government, and to secure the good feelings of his fellow-citizens. So much has he improved in this respect that, unless there should be some new outbreak on his part, we would much prefer his retaining his present office than to have a stranger appointed. We would say more upon this point were we not aware how dangerous it is to an officeholder in this Territory, as Judge Hawley well understands, to have it known that he is popular with the people. Knowing how great a change has been effected in his conduct by the experience he has gained since he came here, we are surprised that he does not give his son that counsel which, just now, he evidently needs. We can only account for it by imagining that the young man is disobedient, or, for some reason, does not value advice from such a source. A sensible father would urge his son to thank the Judge of Election in that Precinct for checking him in the course of folly which he was pursuing on the day of election, and which, if persisted in on subsequent occasions and among other people, might lead him into serious difficulty. We trust this is the advice which this young person has received from his father.

HOME MANUFACTURE.—We received the following special dispatch last evening, from our agent at Logan:

LOGAN, August 16.
Editor Deseret News:—Messrs. Croft and Affleck turned out, yesterday, 550 pounds of No. 1 castings, varying from one pound to 185 pounds each, in boxings, bearings, couplings, tubes, &c., for different kinds of machinery. They are just completing a circular saw mill, which has many greater improvements than any yet imported, which they can furnish complete for the same price or less than those imported; also shingle mills, water-wheels, or anything in the machine line.

DEAD.
At his residence, in Little Salt Creek, near Levan, on the 30th of July, 1871, of liver complaint, JOSEPH SMITH aged 43 years.

Deceased, who emigrated to this country two years ago, leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. Three of the eldest children are still in England. He died in full faith of the Gospel, and was honored and respected by all who knew him.—COW.