

The following spicy Washington letter, touching the "Mormon question," will be relished by our readers:

I rode to the Capitol yesterday through a fearful world of dust. There was a pulverized continent afloat on every square. To one who has never suffered no words can tell the extent, depth and strength of this curse. The cruel oppressor of the Hebrew children who stood out with hardened heart, after the punishment of frogs and mice, would have incontinently come down before a windy day in Washington. He would have covered his kingly skull with sackcloth and ashes to shield him from the evil, and cried out in a loud voice at the cursed Jews. "Go and be —."

What with the wide, unpaved streets and avenues, the light sandy soil and winds, we have the Capitol on the move most of the time. There are certain rebellious, unreconstructed winds in Virginia that come up every day, and meet certain other loyal winds from Vermont and Connecticut, that rush down to Washington, and there meeting continue in wrath, throwing dirt at each other, very like the vindictive Democrats and gaseous Republican Congress. Standing upon the broad steps that lead to the Senate Chamber, I saw the city enveloped in a gray cloud that rolled and swelled and belled up in wrath, and felt a deep sorrow for the poor people who go to make up the population of this dreadful place.

Entering the Capitol I passed along the wide, beautiful corridor, and for a second glanced at the gorgeous reception-room of the Senate Chamber. It was alive with women, gayly attired—chatting—some merrily, and others earnestly, with the law-makers of the Senatorial Fog-bank. The gilded walls and frescoed ceiling, from which tumbled a multitude of naked babes and half-dressed females; the tall and wide mirrors on every hand; the soft carpets and the stunning upholstery, all seemed to fit and frame in the women who rattled out their small talk to the dignified Senators. To one who has knocked about this world a good deal, the character and pursuits of these women were unmistakable. Some were strangers, gazing curiously at the legislative surrounding, but the majority were the instruments of the rings and lobbies that shape and influence legislation so as to fill their pockets with public plunder.

From the reception-room of the Senate, through the wide and narrow halls and dark passages, through the rotunda to the hall of the House, one passes, or meets in groups or streams, the same material, garnished by creatures of the male gender, carrying in their countenances the same evidences of prostitution.

I noticed all this the more closely, for I was on my way to the reporters' gallery to hear a debate upon the better way to arrest polygamy in Utah, and legislate for the better spread of morals and Christianity. In the reporters' gallery sat the Devil. A quiet, well-dressed gentleman—

"His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
With a nice little hole where the tail came through."

And his Satanic majesty had on his countenance a smile of sardonic satisfaction. He looked down through the softened light upon his children, talking and laughing and moving to and fro. They were the Saints of the Cave legislating for the sinners of Utah. His majesty laughed a quiet laugh, scarcely audible, as he watched the venerable Ben. Butler swing his ponderous belly over his slender legs, and Mephistopheles actually rubbed his delicately gloved hands in glee when Benjamin spoke of the great Republican party being committed to this moral move. The twin relics of barbarism, slavery and polygamy, must die together, cried Benjamin.

His Majesty ceased that he might enjoy for a moment in silence the man of all men who approaches nearer the evil one in his mental, physical and moral nature. He looks like a devil. Over his eventful past one looks in vain for one good and one kind word, one generous emotion. But for his clear, subtle intellect that keeps him in accord with his fellow-men, all humanity would rise up to destroy.

"Ah!" said the Devil again, "there goes my good friend, the Hon. Montezuma Brick. Hear his rounded sentences as he denounces the degradation of polygamy. He does not tell us what I know, and that is of the half-starved, wretched woman he keeps, down a back alley, hid away from his ordinary so-

cial life. Now listen to the earnest eloquence of my excellent friend, the Hon. Wesley Puff. He sold his cadetship so cunningly the committee has not found it out. He sells his vote every day for cash. What a precious fellow he is. His soul is heavy with wrath at the iniquitous Mormons—of course it is. And here they come—mine, all mine. We have turned the national halls of legislation into engines of high moral reform. All the thieves, all the rascals, all the sharpers, all the debauched, soulless hypocrites are here, busy as bees, conning over their wicked designs with a glass of morality. The old shad-bellied, hook nosed fathers of the Government said the foundations of the Republic were based upon the virtue of the citizens, and now the poison welled up from cesspools and drains undermines the fabric, while all that is destructive is done under the name of high morality."

I turned from his Satanic Majesty to watch the work going on below. Mr. Hooper, the delegate from Utah, got the floor and began reading a lengthy appeal in behalf of his constituents. Hooper is a plain, uneducated, honest man, believing in the faith of his people, and very popular among the members of the Cave. I could not but feel sorry for him—standing alone in the face of the House and before the crowds in the galleries, vainly pleading for justice in behalf of a persecuted and abused community. What a pity, I thought, it was that the Mormons were not black. In that case the same crowd that hung breathless upon the utterances of Senator Revels, would have gathered about the booming Hooper and found truth, beauty and eloquence in all that he had to say.

Some of Mr. Hooper's remarks were really eloquent, and there was a good hit in one paragraph I cannot refrain quoting. In reply to the committee's absurd theological report, he said:

"I know, sir, that the report accompanying the bill fetches vast stores of theological information to bear; informs us that polygamy is contrary to the Divine economy, and refers to the marriage of the first human couple, and cites the further testimony of the Bible, and that of the history of the world. Setting aside the last named as slightly too voluminous for critical examination in the present discussion, we will take up, as briefly as possible, the Divine authorities, and the commentaries and discussions thereon by eminent Christian writers, and see how far my people have been misled by clinging to them. As for the illustrious example quoted of our first parents, all that can be said of their marriage is, that it was exhaustive. Adam married all the women in the world, and if we would find teachings by example, we must go among his descendants, where examples can be found among the favored people of God, whose laws were of Divine origin, and whose conduct received sanction or punishment at His hands."

This disposal of the Adam example was quite funny, and created some merriment among the members—as did the amendment offered by the Hon. Mr. Fitch, that the provisions of the bill against polygamy, bigamy and concubinage should extend to all the States and Territories of the Union.

"That leaves out the District of Columbia," cried a member.

"I did that," responded the eloquent Fitch, "to accommodate my friends here."

Sundry amendments were offered, knocking out some of the most abominable and unconstitutional clauses, and then the bill passed. The high moral movement, so far as the committee was concerned, was perfected.

HON. HAMILTON WARD.

It is the misfortune of some people to escape obscurity. In the friendly shades of the unknown they might go down to quiet graves in comfort to themselves and retaining the respect of those unfortunately connected with them, who, from a sense of duty, or from habit, are even attached. Mr. Hamilton Ward, that Divine Providence, through some mysterious design, has permitted to appear as a member of Congress, is an illustrious example of what I assert. After a Russian bath, and clad in clean linen, Mr. Ward might appear at a small tea party without creating unpleasant remark. And in Congress, by making his appearance as seldom as possible, and then only to vote, he might have escaped the attention that is followed always by the exclamation: "Why, how the devil did he get here?"

Mr. Ward, not understanding the philosophy of this sort of escape from contempt, is continually thrusting himself forward. He makes little motions, almost as small as himself. He moves adjournment at inopportune moments. When any prominent member gets the floor, and the ear of the House, and is

engaged earnestly in an argument, the little Ward bounces up and begs the privilege of an interruption to ask if that date can be verified, or to solicit a clearer statement of the facts his honorable friend has just uttered. Some time when the Hon. Ward is at this, some furious Solon will assail him in the back with a Congressional ivory-handled penknife.

I say this in all friendliness to my little Ward. Although he has denounced me and Geo. Alfred T., and others of the press, as Bohemians, and intimated that we are open to the same influences that move the Solons, himself among the rest, I feel only a pity for his feebleness, and would help him back to the comforts of the obscurity nature designed for him. Now let my Ward hide himself incontinently.—D. P. in *Cincinnati Commercial*, March 28.

MR. O. J. HOLLISTER AND THE OMAHA "HERALD."

The following letter from O. J. Hollister, Esq., of this city, appears in the *Omaha Herald* of the 6th inst.:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
April 2nd.

To the Editor of the *Herald*:—In your issue of the 30th ultimo you say that "a dispatch from Utah, emanating from a Colfax-brother-in-law, Mr. Hollister, says: 'If the Senate passes the House bill as it is, the Territory of Utah will be a scene of desolation.'" Further on, you term this "a wall from those who instigated, nay, who penned that infamous bill."

Since you have given these statements the benefit of your circulation, I hope you will allow me to say through your paper that they are both false. No such dispatch as the above ever emanated from Mr. Hollister. He did not pen the Cullom bill, but he is unqualifiedly in favor of trying titles with Brigham Young for the supremacy of that part of the United States called Utah, as his letters in the *Chicago Tribune* over the *nom de plume* of "Douglas," running now nearly a year, will show whether it results in making "Utah a scene of desolation" or not. Some of the Gentiles of Salt Lake City, upon the receipt of the news of the passage of the Cullom bill by the House, were alarmed for the consequences. A meeting was called, and was attended by the leading Godbe schismatics as well, to consider the propriety of memorializing the Senate in favor of the modification of the bill. That committee called on the leaders of the Mormon Church—Taylor and Cannon—and asked them if they would pledge the church to abide the law in future if it should leave the past untouched. They answered "No." Then the committee resolved to fold its arms and let events take their course.

Mr. Hollister was not at that meeting, and although it appointed him on its committee, it was without his knowledge or authorization. He declined to act in a letter to the *Deseret News*, and had nothing to do with the project of remonstrating against the Cullom bill at any stage of it. Failing, something better, which it is not perhaps impossible to get, yet he is in favor of the Cullom bill. He believes, with you, that "vast interests are involved in the passage of that bill," and that is why he favors it. For, vast as they are, they are infinitesimal compared with what they will be twenty, fifty or a hundred years from now. Sometime, the question of title to this country, as between the Americans and the Mormons, must be tried, unless time, with its disintegrating agencies, shall do for the latter. And how time has effected Mormonism may be read in the brief history of forty years. From that only can we justly infer the future influence of time.

Very respectfully,

O. J. HOLLISTER.

In reply to the above the *Herald*, of the same date, offers the following editorial comments, under the caption:

A WORD WITH MR. HOLLISTER.

Mr. Hollister's response to recent *Herald* criticisms has free access to these columns, and we are glad to give him an opportunity to correct statements which went to the country in a telegraphic dispatch, which he claims to have misrepresented him. We were not the author of the telegram upon which the comments to which he replies were based. We took it as we found it, and discussed it with freedom. The word "false" does not apply to the *Herald*, for it was not the author of the dispatch, neither did it say that Mr. Hollister penned the Cullom bill. The word "those" in our article, as he correctly quotes it, referred to his less sensible, if not less malignant, confederates in this Cullom business. We mean to say, and did say, in effect, that that infamous bill was of Salt Lake coinage and authorship, and this he is careful not to deny. Since Mr. Hollister was appointed on the committee by the

meeting called to petition for the defeat of the Cullom bill, the dispatch, after all, was true, to the extent that he was known to be in sympathy with its object, could only have been appointed for that reason, and was, whether without his knowledge or not few but himself could know, fully identified with its action.

Mr. Hollister does the public a service in virtually admitting the infamy of the Cullom bill. On such authority we take increased pleasure in denouncing it. What he says in justification of it, it is only just to say, raises the question of expediency, and lodges it upon the only ground on which it can rest even a shadow of defence. The lateness of the hour at which Mr. Hollister's letter reached us, and our wish to avoid delay in its publication, precludes present answer to the confession that the Cullom bill means war and bloodshed. Mr. Hollister's language admits of no other construction than that he expects that result if it shall become a law, and that he is in favor of war and bloodshed.

MORE GOLD DISCOVERIES.—A recent number of the *White Pine News* says: "Another and perhaps important gold discovery has been made about 215 miles from this city. In a granite belt of a mountain range vast fields of quartz are found and nearly every piece of float rock, from the size of an egg up to boulders weighing tons, shows free gold. The gentleman who discovered it is now in this city, and will quietly slide away with a select party of his friends in a few days. The gold is in what might be termed an unexplored region (although there are settlements within fifty miles of the place), and was discovered by a man who wandered from his course in attempting to cross a trackless desert. The belt runs northeast and southwest; quartz of the purest quality may be traced along it for fifteen miles, the whole mountain sides appearing to be a mass of quartz, and free gold is abundant both in the rock *in situ* and the float as far as explored—about four miles. We are "in" with the new discovery, and therefore the locality is nameless for the present."

THOUGHTS ON THE DEMISE OF BESSIE HOWARD.

INSCRIBED TO HER MOTHER.

Yes! thou art gone! and I will shed no tear,
Though thou hast passed away in life's young prime.

The springs of life were "Marah" unto thee,

And shadows sat upon that heart of thine!
Dear palpitating heart, 'tis now at rest!

Dear aching brain, 'tis now in calm repose.
Why was thy soul so charged with grief and woe?

Why did thy young eyes pine in death to close?

Oh! who can tell the sufferings some endure?

Why does a chastening hand seem ever near?

Why seem their souls forbidden to rejoice?

Why does their sun in sombre clouds appear?

Oh! who can tell the mysteries of a life?

The thousand sorrows some are called to bear.

An unseen Cause produces woeful strife,
And makes life's portion all a bitter shore.

Beloved girl! I knew and loved thee well—
Thou oft hast drawn the sympathetic tear:

Thou oft hast caused my yearning heart to swell—
But flowers now I strew upon thy bier.

No tear shall fall—unless it be for joy
That thy enfranchised soul feels no more pain;

I give thee joy, my love, without alloy,
That no more grief will wound thy soul again.

My mental eye recalls thy broad, calm brow,
And feels thou wert not formed long life to see!

Angelic spirit! hover near me now,
Come in my dreams, in whispered love to me.

All's well! I feel that we shall meet again
In the Eternities that before us lie.

I have no sorrow, and I feel no pain
To say, Bessie, my loved and youthful friend,
Good-bye!

HANNAH T. KING.

S. L. City, Mar. 28, 1870.