

EDITORIALS.

MORALITY OF THE MORMONS.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 1.

I was walking yesterday up City Creek when I became aware of an aged man seated on a stone by the roadside. His trousers were turned up to his knees and he was nursing one of his legs as if he felt a great pity for it. As I approached I perceived that he was in trouble—(I perceived this by his oaths)—and getting still nearer I ventured to inquire what annoyed him. "Aged person," said I, "what aileth thee?"—or words to that effect. But there was no response, at least not worth mentioning. He only bent further over his leg, and I noticed that his coat had split down the back seam. His cursing accounted for that; it was sufficient to make any coat split. And then his hat fell off his head into the dust, in judgment upon him. At this he swore again, horribly. By this time I guessed that he had been bitten by red ants (and they are the shrewdest reptiles at biting that I know of), so I said, "Bitten by red ants, eh?" At this he exploded with wrath, and looked up. And such a face! He had a countenance on him like the ragged edge of despair. His appearance was a calamity. "Red ants," said he; "red Indians, red devils, red hell!" and they relapsing into the vernacular, became unintelligible, but he ended up with "this damned Mormon city."

Now here was a man, fairly advanced in years, fairly clothed, fairly uneducated. As I had never seen him before, he may have been for all I know, "the average American." I so often see referred to. Anyhow, there he was, cursing the Mormons because he had been bitten by red ants! Of his own stupidity he had gone and stood upon an ant's nest, thrust his hippopotamus feet into their domicile, overwhelming the nurseries and the parlors in a common catastrophe, crushing with the same heel the grand sire ant and sucking babe at its mother's breast, mashing up the infirm and the feeble with the eggs in the cells and the household provisions laid up in the larder—ruining in fact an industrious community simply by his weight in butcher's meat. Some of the survivors promptly charged the intruding boot, and running up what the old man was pleased to call "his blasted pants," had bitten the legs they had found concealed in them. And for this "the average American" cursed the Mormons and their city!

The incident interested me, for apart from my sympathy with the ants, I couldn't help thinking what a powerful adversary to Mormonism this trifling mishap might have created. That man went back to his hotel—for he was evidently a "visitor"—a confirmed anti-Mormon. His darkest suspicions about polygamy were confirmed. His detestation of the bestial licentiousness of the Saints was increased a hundred-fold. He saw at a glance that all he had ever heard about the Danites was quite true, and much more too that he had never heard, but could now easily invent for himself. There was no need for any one to tell him, after the way he had been treated within a mile of the Tabernacle, of the infamous debaucheries of Brigham Young with his "Cyprusian brides" and his "cloistered wives." Wasn't it as plain as the sun at noonday that the Mormons were in league with the red Indians, and went halves in the proceeds of each other's murders? In fact, to drop "the average American" and quote the editor of the Salt Lake Tribune, cannot anyone who is not a fool see that "Mormonism is simply a legalized system of prostitution, based upon perjury and fraud?"

The ant-bitten man was a very typical "Mormon-eater," for such is the local name of those who revile Mormonism root and branch, because they find intelligent men opposed to polygamy. They are under the impression, seeing and talking to nobody but each other, that the United States in a mass, that the whole world, entertain an unreasonable, fanatical abhorrence of the inhabitants of the Territory, and share with them their mean parochial jealousy of the Mormon tradesmen and Mormon farmers who are more thriving than they are themselves. Here in Salt Lake City there is the most extraordinary ignorance of Mormonism that can be imagined. I have actually been assured by "Gentiles" that the Saints do not believe in the God of

the Bible—that adultery among them is winked at by husbands under a tacit understanding of reciprocity—that the Mormon—as a class are profane and drunken, and so forth. Now, if they knew anything whatever of the Mormons such statements would be impossible (unless of course made in wilful malice), for even my slight acquaintance with them has shown me that in all classes alike the reverence for the God of the Bible is formulated not only in their morning and evening prayer, but in their glad before every meal; that so far from there being any exceptional familiarity between families, the very reverse is conspicuous; for so strict is the Mormon etiquette of social courtesies, that households which in England would be on the most intimate terms, maintain here a distant formality which impresses the stranger as being cold; that instead of the Mormons being as a class profane, they are as a class singularly sober in their language, and indeed in this respect resemble the Quakers. Now my opinions are founded upon facts of personal knowledge and experience. What, then, can I think or assertions to the contrary? I have only the alternative of excusing them as being ignorant or accusing them as being wilfully false. In charity I have done the former.

Of course it may be said of me here that as I am a "guest" of Mormons I am "bound" to speak well of them; that as I am so much among them; I am hoodwinked and "show the best side of everything," etc., etc. Against such argument, I have the last resource of the silly, common sense is useless. "Against stipendiary the gods themselves are powerless." But this I can say—that I will defy any really impure household, monogamous or not, to hoodwink me in the same way—to keep up from morning to night the same unchanging profession of piety, to make believe from week to week with such consummate hypocrisy that they are godfearing and pure in their lives, and to wear a mask of sobriety with such uniform success. And I am not speaking of one household only, but of several to which I have been admitted simply as being a stranger from whom they need not fear calumny. I do not believe that acting exists anywhere in such perfection that a whole community can assume, at a few hours' notice and for the benefit of a passing stranger, the characters of honest, kindhearted, simple men and women, and set themselves patiently to a three weeks' comedy of pretended purity. Such imposters do not exist, and it is only want of intelligence, therefore, that can permit any one to say that a visitor can be made the victim of a gigantic conspiracy of fifteen thousand souls counterfeiting all together. The very absurdity of such a supposition squashes it.

Women are impulsive—all the world says so, and "all the world," I suppose, must be right—and they are, therefore, it will be allowed, less susceptible of sustaining a very protracted imposture than men. But the only betrayals of themselves that I have yet detected in this widely laid scheme of deceit tend to show a "simplicity" that is very ludicrous to a new-comer from a more advanced community. For instance I happened to say that in England great numbers of babies were "brought up on the bottle." "Yes," said a mother at the table, "but they say they all die." Or, again, I mentioned the fact that in England most ladies take a glass of wine or beer at luncheon. "Then," I suppose, was the comment of a lady, "they always sleep a little after it."

Now these two remarks prove at any rate that Mormon ladies are not familiar with either feeding-bottles or strong drink, as a rule—and to the intelligent mind they prove a great deal more besides. Children perhaps are even more liable to be taken off their guard than women. I would say in passing that even the Gentiles admit that the Mormon children ("poor things!") are exceptionally pretty "as a class," and I for one confess that they are delightful in many other ways. But this is by the way. My only object in introducing them here was to say this: I was sitting at a family dinner-table soon after I arrived, and to the remark of my host apologizing that they never had any beer, spirit or wine in the house I had said, "In England I used to drink beer twice a day regularly, at luncheon and dinner. But in America Bass's ale is too expensive an indulgence for me, and I am gradually becoming a teetotaler."

"And I should think," said a child of eleven or twelve, "you are very thankful, aren't you?" Quit apart from the ludicrousness of such a comment, the solemnity of the child's "thankful" was enough to upset any one's gravity.

Such trifles as these perpetually recurring every day have convinced me, and I believe will go some way towards assuring those who read my letters, that the charges brought by non-Mormons against Mormons are grossly false. What, for instance, can be the conclusion of any honest thinker from this fact—that though I have mixed conversation with Mormons, all of them anxious to show me every hospitality and courtesy, I have never yet been asked by one of them to go into a bar or to take a glass of strong drink? If I want a horse to ride or drive, I have a choice at once off red me. If I want some one to go with me to some point of interest, their time is mine. Yet it never occurs to them to show a courtesy by suggesting any of those (I must confess it) delightful but improper drinks which endear New York to the memory of every Britisher. Imagine a city full of people who have never intibed the seductive cock ail—a whole people sitting in darkness as to John Collins! Surely there is an opening here for philanthropy. Where is G. A. Sala with his admirable science in ravishing his blendings of delights? Where is Mr. Sam Ward with his divine secret of the real purposes for which the gods brew yellow Chartreuse? What a "Revelation" indeed that would be to this benighted people!

But, seriously, how can any one have respect for the literature of the men who, without knowing anything of the lives of Mormon, stigmatize them as profane, adulterous and drunken? As a community I know them, from personal advantages of observation such a non-Mormon writer has ever previously possessed, to be at any rate exceptionally careful in maintaining the appearance of piety, purity and sobriety, and I leave it to my readers to judge whether such solid hypocrisy as this, that tries to abolish all swearing and all strong drink, both by precept from the pulpit and example in the household, is not, after all, nearly as admirable as the real thing itself. This, at all events is beyond doubt—that the Mormons have always struggled hard to prevent the sale of liquor in their town, except under strict regulations and supervision. But the fight has gone against them. The courts uphold the rights of publicans to sell when and what they choose, and the Mormons, who could at one time boast—and visitors without number have borne evidence to the fact—that a drunkard was never to be seen, an oath never to be heard in the streets of their city, have now to confess that they have both drunkards and profane men among them. But the general attitude of the Church towards these delinquents and the sorrow that their weakness causes in the family circle, are in themselves proofs of the sincerity in sobriety which distinguishes the Mormons. Nor is it any secret that if the Mormons had the power they would tomorrow close all the saloons and bars except those under Church regulation, and then, they say, "we might hope to see the old days back when we never thought of locking our doors at night, and when our wives and girls, let them be out never so late, needed no escort in the streets."—N. Y. World, May 9.

CAN THE INDIAN BE RECLAIMED?

"The only good Indian is a dead Indian," and "the best use you can make of an Indian is to shoot him," are aphorisms in vogue among people called "Christians" in that part of the United States known as "The West." They were both founded on ignorance of Indian character and built upon the worst kind of motive material. The idea that the Indians are irreclaimable and unimprovable is entirely erroneous. Degraded, bloodthirsty, dishonest, and under some circumstances treacherous, crafty and cruel, as they are, as a branch of the human family there is within them a trace of the divine, and under proper influences that can be cultivated and developed until in many instances it will overcome the evil and make the good predominate.

This has been demonstrated in the work which has been accomplished by "Mormon" missionaries when they have been permitted to labor undisturbed among the red men, teach them the arts and habits of industry, and impart to them the principles and spirit of the gospel of Christ. Similar results have been achieved by other laborers for the welfare of the Indians, and we have taken pleasure on several occasions on drawing attention to the success attending the efforts of training schools at other agencies employed for the levation of the race supposed to bear the brand of total depravity.

The New York Graphic of a recent date, publishes an illustrated article on the Indian training school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It is very interesting and proves conclusively that the Indian character is not all bad but may be trained so as to shine out in all the better lights of civilized humanity.

The Carlisle school, it appears, is three years old, and from a doubtful experiment has grown to a satisfactory certainty. It now contains 295 Indian children, among whom are the sons and daughters of White Eagle, head chief of the Pouceas; and of Black Crow, American Horse and White Thunder, noted chiefs of the Sioux. Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Pueblos, Apaches, Menomanees, etc., ten different tribes in all, which aggregate a population of 70,000.

The education is industrial as well as literary. The boys are taught to be shoemakers, tailors, tanners, bakers, printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, wagon makers, saddlers, etc.; the girls to do all kinds of housework, sewing, etc., and all receive a good English education. During nine months just past the following articles made by the pupils have been shipped to various Indian agencies, viz., 8,929 tin cups, coffee bottles, pails and pans; 183 sets of double harness; 161 riding saddles; 10 halters; 9 wagons and 2 carriages; of the total value of \$6,333.46. Many of the scholars have made profession of the Christian religion; they are apt to learn, and have considerable money in the savings bank, and there can be little doubt that when they grow to maturity the influence they will exercise will be of a salutary effect.

We have previously made mention of the Hampton Institution. Since 1878 there have been 166 pupils received, from many different tribes, who are instructed in the same manner as the children at Carlisle, and with similar results. Gen. S. C. Armstrong who is in charge says:

"Indian students have good mental capacities, and as a rule have bright, clear minds and excellent memories. They have earnest purpose, but are fickle as to the means of pursuing it. They have a strong sense of truth and honesty. They appreciate fair and reasonable treatment, yet have shown no marked signs of a revengeful spirit. They are apt at the trades, and lack in perseverance and endurance. As a manual incentive they are paid a small sum for their labor, but they are expected to buy all their clothing except that which they wear when on school duty and at work."

A number of persons were taken to the Hampton Institute from St. Augustine, Florida, in 1878. They nearly all turned out well, becoming interpreters, carpenters or laborers, and exercising a good influence among other tribes. Last October thirty students, after being three years at Hampton, were sent back to their homes in Dakota. Twenty-five of them were young men and five young women. Places had been secured for them in advance, and on arriving there they immediately went to work. Their conduct since then has been closely watched through agents and missionaries, and correspondence with them has been sedulously encouraged by their former teachers at Hampton. After the lapse of nearly eight months the result reported to General Armstrong appeared to him to be entirely satisfactory. They show that the students retain the impressions received at the institution and endeavor to impart them to others. The report from a missionary near the Yankton Agency in regard to six of them is similar to that received from others and may be considered indicative of all. He says:

"So far they have all done well. They are all teaching at something—the boys at teaching school, shoemaking and clerking, and the girls

at home. Perhaps the girls might do something more, but it is difficult here to find employment for such girls, and if they really improve their homes that is the first and greatest step towards civilization."

From the Crow Creek Agency, where three of the boys and one girl were sent, an excellent report was received. Two of them roomed together, and as a guide to visitors made out and posted up in their room a placard, of which this is an exact copy:

NOTICE.

- No. 1. No play here.
No. 2. No sit down in the bed.
No. 3. No chew here.
No. 4. No spit the floor here.

Just smoking here.
Please be careful here in this room.
Sit down like man and talk like man.
FRANK PAMANI ANDREW F. SMITH.

Letters received from the students themselves after returning to their tribes, are a good indication of the effect of training and education upon them, and we here append one or two. This is from Otogo, a Blue Sioux, who has a school of thirty Indian boys and girls:

I am going to write to you all friends. I went to Hampton school to learn something that which is better for all my people and now I get it so I must teach them same as they did to me at Hampton I mean all the good things that I learn I am teaching the children now I pray the Bible and say the Lord's prayer with all the boys and the girls, and then sing one hymn. I am going to do best I can to all the children and to the Indian people and now I am not going to discourage about anything, yet I want to learn more so I am going to try to go up and not going down, but I am going to stand up like a man. I want to be industrious man; I am going to learn more just as same as I did at Hampton. I like to talk to my poor friends and teach them all what I know. I am not going to keep inside what I know, but I am going to let every thing come out of from my thought, and learn, and tell them about God, and about the people at East and about things I see out East, and about the very good people that kind to us and teach us with your own money. * * * I am Indian I got to live same as they live but my taught is different, now I am going to live somewhere out East and be a good man, so I want help. I think I can live somewhere because I am trying to be a good so you all know, but I want to get through this that I am doing now to teach and have take care of the boys in the government school. I can go through all this just as well as anybody else; after I am done the best thing I am doing now I want to learn more about the Bible and natural philosophy and some other thing that the good people learn.

This is from an Indian girl:

Fort Berthold, Oct., 1881.

My ever dear Teacher.—

I thought I would write to you a few lines, that you know I am getting along very pleasant indeed. Dear Friend I want to be a good girl and to help those Indian getting along very indeed, makes me feel so bad. I want to keep try help all I can. Those white people who live with Indian, never helping Indian, never give any work, nothing to do Indian. I teach Indian children now. I study my books too. I stay Mr. C. L. Hall house. I never go home my father's house. When I see Indian house makes me feel so bad. Oh! dear me what shall I do with those Indian? I am going try hard to help to them, I hope God will help me. * * * If I am not going East again I shall forget soon, that is reason I want young again keep learn more when I am strong. I like have come back again I think that best way. * * * Good by. I send my love to yourself. I hope I hear from you; please write to me as soon as you can.

JOSEPHINE MALNOUR E.

We consider these degraded Indian evidences that the degraded Indian has capabilities for something better than the uses to which not a few Western "Christians" would consign him. No one with common humanity and common sense will find fault with the endeavors made at the Hampton and Carlisle institutions for the redemption of the red man, but it is certain that if they were under "Mormon" direction the management would be at once denounced for "tampering with the Indians."