

per hundred pounds. Steel, iron, nails and other materials used in the construction were obtained at enormously high prices, freight across the plains alone costing, at times, 60 cents per pound. In consequence of the high price of provisions wages were correspondingly high, all of which added to the cost of the building.

All of the outside walls and most of the inside are of solid granite blocks hewn to the square, with the outside courses worked to a very smooth surface. The ornamental parts, representing the sun, moon and stars, the finials and stones for all of the towers, the 500 solid granite steps (6 feet in width), extending from the bottom to the top of the four corners, were hewn at great expense, many a single stone costing more than \$100 each to cut.

A careful estimate of the cost from 1853 to 1888 places the average amount expended per year at \$75,000, a total, for thirty-four years, of \$2,550,000; for the years 1888-89-90, it cost \$256,146; the last three years, 1891-92-93, cost \$662,972, making a total cost of building and grounds, \$3,469,118.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEORGE REYNOLDS,
Secretary.

A MANLY DISCLAIMER.

The editor of the NEWS received some two weeks ago the following manly letter:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 2, 1895.

My Dear Sir:—I have been much annoyed by suggestions and insinuations to the effect that I either wrote or in some way aided in the recent publication in the New York Times reflecting upon Mr. Geo. Q. Cannon. I seldom deny matters of this kind, and, in fact, in the present instance, opportunity for denial has not been presented.

I wish, if the opportunity arises, that you will convey to Mr. Cannon the statement that I make, that I had nothing to do with the publication, and knew nothing about the same until it appeared. I am trying to strictly mind my own business. I make no anonymous attacks. What I say, I say publicly. Whatever I write appears over my own signature.

Very truly yours,

O. W. POWERS.

In replying to this letter, which was marked "confidential," the editor of the NEWS asked that any injunction against its publication be removed—the desire was expressed that the communication might be printed. In a second letter of recent date this request is complied with, Judge Powers saying: "In view of recent publications in the New York Times, and continued suggestions that I am in some way responsible therefor, you may act your pleasure in regard to printing my letter."

Our pleasure is to give the letter all the publicity possible—not indeed because in the minds of those most interested there was any suspicion that the gentleman was the author of the anonymous slanders, but because others have perhaps done him injustice by such suspicion, and principally because he asserts the courage that every man who assails another in print ought to possess—the manhood to accept public responsibility for his attack. It is our further pleasure to state that whatever differences the

editor of the NEWS or any one else may have had with Judge Powers, we have never deemed him and have never heard it said of him that he was either a coward or a sneak; we believe it will be generally conceded that his methods as an antagonist are not those of the masked midnight assassin or the skulking traitor, but rather those of the known, avowed enemy, who fights hard but open, and as such is always deserving of respect.

His second letter concludes with a sentiment that is pretty well recognized as sound and sensible—one that may explain to a good many shallow and suspicious intellects why those most affected by the New York Times's falsehoods are content to treat them with silent contempt. After withdrawing the injunction of "confidential" from the letter which we have above quoted in full, Judge Powers says: "At the same time I feel that it rarely pays one to attempt to meet all that is said against him in any other way than to let his life speak for the truth, which in the end prevails."

We approve and applaud this most cordially; and commend it, and the whole correspondence as quoted, to two or three groveling things that crawl and mouthe around among decent people without so much decency and courage as belong to an earthworm.

SETTLEMENT OF OREGON.

In the latest number of *The Advance*, a paper published in the interests of Congregationalism, an interesting account is given of the career of Marcus Whitman, one of the pioneers of the great Northwest, of whom but little is generally known.

In the year 1832 the Nez Perces Indians of northern Idaho sent a delegation to St. Louis to learn something about the "white man's Book of Heaven," rumors of which had reached them by means now entirely unknown. The seekers after truth traveled two thousand miles across the desert and were kindly received, but they were sadly disappointed in their mission. One of the Indians gave vent to this feeling in his pathetic farewell address delivered in the office of General Clark. He said:

I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back with both eyes closed? How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I may carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the book was not there; you showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land.

You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the book was not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

The report of this was sent to people interested in missionary enterprises and in 1835 Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman started for Oregon. On reaching Green river the missionaries met some of the Nez Perces Indians, and Whitman, being impressed by the magnitude of the work before them, returned for reinforcements. In 1836 the enthusiastic missionary and his young wife, Narcisse Prentiss, in company with another couple, began their long journey across the country. On the 20th of September they drove the first wagon that ever crossed the continent to the gates of Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia river. The perils and difficulties encountered were innumerable, but they were all overcome.

Three years later the Whitman mission station was visited by an American traveler. He found about two hundred and fifty acres enclosed, two hundred of which were under good cultivation. There were two buildings and one in course of erection, and a small grist mill. Forty or fifty Indian children attended the school and a good work was carried on among the natives.

Oregon territory, where the mission station was located, was at the time under the control of the Hudson Bay company and the purpose was to redeem the country for Great Britain. Whitman learned that British settlers were making their way down from the Saskatchewan to take possession of the country. He started for Washington, well knowing that the value of this region was unknown to all American statesmen. Winter was coming on, but nothing could prevent him from attempting the perilous journey. When Whitman and his companions, consisting of an Indian guide and a young white man, reached Fort Hall on the Snake river, Idaho, they found that the usual trail was impassable. They then struck for the Santa Fe trail, to the south, through an unbroken wilderness. On they pushed through snow and ice, over mountains and rivers and the 3rd of January, 1843, they reached Bent's ford, on the Arkansas river. Whitman's face and feet were badly frozen, but he rode on, telling the settlers of the wonders of the new country and announcing his intention of leading a company of colonists there on his return back. He reached Washington, March 2, but Mr. Webster, then secretary of state, received him with indifference. Oregon was not worth anything at that time. President Tyler, however, promised that if it could be proven that the country was accessible for settlement it would not be ceded to Great Britain.

The mission thus fulfilled in Washington, Whitman returned and in the