

On the other hand, inferring from the tenor of the decision, the judges were not, by any means, ignorant of—what outside of judicial quarters, might pass for a related circumstance—that, infesting a region somewhere between the Mississippi and the Pacific, there is a band of miscreants, wicked beyond all who dwell elsewhere within the boundaries of Christendom. Also that these interlopers, squatters upon the public domain—which they have the insolence to turn into fields and gardens, and to satisfy their unhalloved appetites with the produce of the same—have a religion, which is neither Methodism nor Presbyterianism, nor Episcopalianism, nor Baptism, nor Congregationalism, nor Lutheranism, nor Quakerism, nor any other of the isms or sub-isms which prevail in other States and Territories; and which, therefore, is beyond description corrupt, ungodly and infamous, and must have been adopted through the direct instigation of the arch-enemy of mankind. Furthermore that these reprobates, in order that they might practice their unholy rites, without interruption by the good and pious—who constitute the remainder of the citizens of the republic—retired into the wilderness, a thousand miles from the abodes of civilization and christianity, and thereby became obnoxious, of evil example and a pregnant source of infidelity, misbelief and corruption to the people at large and to Christians in particular; by these means implanting and instituting a national sin to the intense disgust of the Almighty, who may, any day, be expected, in punishment thereof, to descend in person, without notice, to wipe out and eradicate, without discrimination, old and young, righteous and wicked, not sparing even Congress, the President nor the Judiciary.

To fill to overflowing the cup of their abominations, these reprobates, it is understood, have malignantly taken to imitating the example of holy Jacob and David and Solomon, and multiplying their marriages. This proves them—as it did the said holy Jacob and David and Solomon and the saints and patriarchs of the elder dispensation—beyond hope vile and incorrigible. The notion—which is one of theirs—that every woman is entitled to the privilege of bearing legitimate children, is proof of their inherent licentiousness. The practice which they pursue of absorbing all the females of the community, so that none shall be left over for prostitution, demonstrates how utterly they are depraved. The idea which they entertain that the fraction of a husband with a home, is more wholesome for a woman than neither husband nor home, shows how destitute they are of all the finer feelings of humanity.

It is not to be wondered at, considering the circumstances, that every sentimental virgin of mature age in the land, no matter how distant from the scene of operations, feels her own virtue imperiled so long as such depravity is allowed to go unextinguished. It is not surprising that strait-laced members of Congress, who, at once, console themselves for the absence of wives left at home and set a laudable example of economy to their children, by having a mistress, who keeps herself, in each of the departments, should feel the urgent need of doing something signal, as well to drag the nation from the verge of the abyss into which it is preparing to plunge, as to demonstrate their own domestic loyalty, and their indelible hatred of every form of luxurious indulgence. The people of the United States do not appreciate how highly rectified their legislators are—how unsullied in mind and irreproachable in conduct; and it is well, perhaps, that they do not; for, if by any means, a view of such quantities of purity should come upon them unawares, a hasty demand for the services of a legion of coroners might be the result."

WHO ARE THE FANATICS AND BIGOTS?

UNDER the above heading the Territorial Expositor, published weekly at Phoenix, Arizona, and which by the way is a large, handsome and able sheet, has the following in relation to the "Mormon" colonists in Arizona, and the attempt made by a Prescott journal

to prejudice the people of that Territory against them:

"We have with sincere regret read in an Arizona newspaper an article which has been copied in several exchanges, reflecting in the most bitter and illiberal spirit on the Mormon settlers of Arizona. In the article in question, the Mormons are styled 'superstitious,' 'bigots,' 'fanatics,' and the hope is expressed that 'they will, ere long, be driven from our Territory, and their places supplied by an industrious, reasonable and law-abiding people,' and concludes, 'the Mormons should be compelled to go; we don't want them in Arizona.' In the name of freedom we ask, can there be found half a dozen men in Arizona, pretending to be civilized, who will re-echo this fanatic, dangerous and most abhorrent sentiment? and if so, how will they justify themselves?"

Is it not a fact beyond question, that the Mormons generally have been a most industrious, self-sustaining, law-abiding people, and have reclaimed more desert than any other people of equal number? Will they justify themselves by reference to the abuses practised under Mormon sway in Utah at a time and in a place where Mormonism was all-powerful? If so, then we reply, neither do we want in Arizona Presbyterians, Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists nor, in fact, men who profess and practice any other religious creed, for the same objections apply with equal force to each and all of these religious denominations, and, in fact, to each and every religious sect of which history gives us sufficient data.

We do not admire nor will we advocate the practice of polygamy, in fact, we are strongly opposed to it; but we have no authority for believing that a majority of the Mormons of Arizona either preach or practice polygamy.

"We should not condemn and ostracise a people on account of their religious opinions, for the reason that bad men have made these same opinions the pretext for bad deeds, for if we did, we know, not one religious creed that would escape execration. We want industrious, intelligent and honest citizens in Arizona; nor do we care a straw what may be their religious opinions. And we don't want men who will use the public press to excite the demon of fanaticism, and to cause men to hate and persecute each other in the name of religion. We sincerely hope the day for that has passed, never to return."

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the Rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and the rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said yes, but I did; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared his pale face, and his low, pleading voice, would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or perhaps it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but anyhow I said yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault, I either would not or could not love him; I

accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it; and I am sure he had found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked, carelessly, when he would start.

He replied, the next day, if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning, I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him; as the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he followed me, whining into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had teased myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me, standing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed, the room was full of little remembrances of me. I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he had treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Every thing I attempted, every thing I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not reach the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew that I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero, appeared to think so, too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate, for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning, frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully, if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself, and go and visit some of the poor people of the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks, I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn-out, no one to get me wine and soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest as he would have done had he been there. O, how I missed him! What a fool I had been! Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Was there ever friend so ungrateful? O! why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he would never come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind

words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought almost maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting by his side, loving and caressing him as I had the best right to love and caress him; I pictured her receiving tenderly the little acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself, on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"Why, Nelly," said Maud, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband very properly, as mamma says, objected."

"So I did," I answered; "but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way, or of course I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nelly, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maud.

"Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it," I replied rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right, after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was, deprived of his company? Was this the reason that I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love, as she called it.

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty; for I could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home, and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the post-man, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for, or so pleased with, her first love-letter as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health, begged me to write to him a few lines every day; but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent short note, cool and with no allusions to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and

declared she would write and summon my husband home, and tell him I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey, they seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house where I arrived at about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the little drawing room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor he escaped into another room; so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he was writing, lying upon it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear! Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look? What is it," she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking on to a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I felt sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few minutes with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! what is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"O, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth; and when at length he let me go, there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears, and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth. We went back to the rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.

Negotiations are proceeding for a commercial treaty between Germany and Japan on the model of the Japanese treaty with the United States.

Another fishing vessel of Gloucester, Mass., the schooner *William Thompson*, is lost, with a crew of 14 men. They leave seven widows and twelve orphans.