

NEW YORK CITY AND THE POLITICIANS.

A COTEMPORARY says that the people of New York City are taxed annually to the amount of twenty million dollars, which is about twenty dollars per head for every man, woman and child it contains. This is an immense sum of money, and being so much governed, and having a standing army of two thousand policemen amongst them, the people there ought to be very orderly and well-behaved. But the records of the city are about as redolent of vice and crime as they could well be if no government existed and no taxation was assessed; in fact so prevalent is crime there that the present Mayor wants the police force increased by the addition of one thousand men, which will also increase the municipal expenses one million six hundred thousand annually.

This is a very bad showing for the metropolis of the greatest and freest nation under the sun, and shows the necessity of inaugurating a new system; none could be worse than the present, and a change might be for the better.

The administration of justice is notoriously lax in New York, and to this fact may be attributed the necessity for an increased police force; but that might not prove a remedy, for the demoralization, corruption and depravity which prevail are said to be the result of misgovernment and the reckless expenditure and misappropriation, by the politicians, of the people's money. New York city, it is said, is infested with the most corrupt class of politicians in the world, and to the fact of its affairs being controlled by them and their pimps and allies is attributed the present wretched condition of things.

The statement sounds very probable. Politicians, not statesmen, but the miserable class of unprincipled, broken down, third-rate lawyers and pettifoggers, who, after every other means have failed, turn politicians, are without doubt the meanest class of men under heaven. Judas, after obtaining the blood money, it is said hanged himself, showing, if the statement be true, that there was some vestige of conscience left; but journeymen statesmen, *alias* jobbing politicians, as a class, care for nothing but self, and would remorselessly sacrifice the interests of country and friends to further their own. Unfortunately, as a class, they are very numerous, and there is, probably no place in the Union free from their presence. This city and Territory are badly tormented and infested, with them and they are wire-working, wiggling, lying and having recourse to every expedient with which their great antetype, the father of lies, can inspire them, to obtain the control of affairs here, that they may manipulate the people's money at pleasure. Their little tricks are known and pretty well understood; but as failure on their side is sure, little notice is taken of them. One of the gifts of the gospel is the power to cast out devils; it is possessed by the whole of the elders of Israel, and if there was any danger of such schemes being accomplished, the elders of Israel would assuredly exercise the power of their priesthood, and the devils would be exorcised and the politicians cast out.

But it is otherwise in the city of New York: the devil and the politicians seem to have full sway there, and are having a profitable time, the people being fleeced most beautifully, and the rule and ruin system fully established.

Seeing that such is the case one might naturally suppose that some of the tribe, wiggling here, on moderate rations, with no prospect for an increase of pay in the future, would migrate to fields which promise better things. We do not think that they who are here would succeed in New York City; they are mean enough, but not smart enough; but having served a kind of apprenticeship on the frontiers, they might, by dint of perseverance, eventually prove themselves sufficiently expert to come in for a share of such magnificent spoils as those offered there. It must be mortifying to them to spend their time for years, as they have done here, with such small returns. Their presence is not desired, their efforts are hopeless; the whole people scorn and despise them, and we drop them a few hints, believing that if they are half as wise as they are mean and vile, they will adopt them in the friendly spirit in which they are given.

"CHAMPION FUNERALISTS."

Burying the dead, in this country is assuming such importance in public

estimation, that it bids fair soon to rank among the fine arts. The American people undoubtedly take the lead of almost all nations in every art and science, and they like, above all things, to be acknowledged as champions in everything they undertake. Accordingly we have champion "talkists," "walkists," "runists," and champions in almost all the "lets" that can be thought of. There is one department of human affairs, rather a melancholy one too, in which if we are not already champions we certainly shall be ere long, and that is in the art of burying. "Champion funeralists" sounds rather oddly to the ear; but to be acknowledged as such by the world, seems to be a point which the folks east are anxious to reach. This naturally follows and is an outgrowth of the hero-worshipping spirit of the nation. But there is little that is laudable or praiseworthy in *worshiping* living heroes or great ones; it is still less so to spend thousands of dollars and to be occupied for months in burying them, as is the case sometimes now. These funeral shows no doubt pay some parties engaged therein very well, and, as the old saying is, "there is no accounting for taste;" they may be pleasant pastime for some of the members of the committees under whose management they are conducted. But to see hundreds of thousands of the people of a great nation interested in and making a fuss about the burial of a deceased fellow mortal is simply ridiculous!

The funeral mania seems to be supplanting, to some extent, the monument fever, which raged so fiercely some year or two since. The death of Mr. Peabody, the banker and philanthropist, seemed to call it into existence or to give it a great impetus. There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of any person that Mr. Peabody was a very good man; his works prove that, and hundreds are now experiencing the benefits of his munificence. But the way that man's mortal remains were served! Buried and exhumed in Great Britain, transported across the Atlantic in a man-of-war provided expressly for the occasion, and then packed around and made a show of for weeks in this country before being committed to their final resting place, was as great an absurdity as could well be conceived!

Since then there has been another instance, which was also seized upon with avidity, for a similar display. We allude to the funeral of the late Admiral Farragut. It took several weeks to bury him, and before the task could be accomplished, the highest ability and talent which the nation possessed had to be called into requisition. The death of General Lee furnishes another chance in this direction; whether the people of Virginia will require several weeks to accomplish the task, and will vie with their northern brethren for the "championship" in this peculiar line of American enterprise and genius remains to be seen; for the sake of common sense it is to be hoped they will not.

We are universally noted for being a peculiarly live people; and this fuss and parade about the mortal remains of our departed great is not consistent with the reputation of the nation for hard, common sense. "Honor to whom honor is due" is a motto whose observance is praiseworthy; but the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars, and the display of national enthusiasm over the interment of an individual, whose deeds in life may have rendered him famous, and who, while living, has received very high rewards therefor, is a most childish display; and in view of the fact that the names and memories of the departed great might be honored much more effectually, and strictly according to the dictates of common sense, this lavish expenditure of time, means and enthusiasm is too high a price to pay, to secure for the nation the appellation of the world's Champion Funeralists!

JUDGE C. M. HAWLEY AT BEAVER.

By reference to another column it will be found that Judge Hawley has been holding Court at Beaver in his district—the second Judicial District. This is a noticeable fact, not only because such visits of the Judge are so remarkably rare, but because of the extraordinary character of his proceedings while there. The people of the Second Judicial District have reasons for recollecting the Judge's visit; it will doubtless long be associated in their minds with the attempt upon his part to impress them with the importance of his position, and with the turning loose in

their midst of a criminal, whose acts mark him as a dangerous desperado.

It might be supposed that the Judges were sent here to execute the law, not to thwart its operations—to maintain order, not to promote disorder—to make life and property more secure, not to render them insecure.

But if this was the business for which Judge Hawley was sent, he has altogether forgotten it; for a greater blunderer in this respect this Territory has seldom contained. He says the Probate Court had no jurisdiction in the case of Peden; then what Court had? Had the District Court? We suppose he would not question the jurisdiction of his own Court. But how long would murderers, thieves and other scoundrels have to be kept before they could be tried and punished in the District Court? There are Districts in this Territory to which Judges have been assigned in which District Courts have not been held for many years. How many Courts has Judge Hawley himself held in his District? He has never resided there. For him to say, therefore, that the Probate Court had no jurisdiction in such a case as that of Peden's, if it were not so serious a matter, would be farcical in the extreme. Let his decision be sustained, and it would be equivalent to saying to murderers, thieves and villains of every degree: You are at liberty to murder, rob and commit every imaginable crime in Utah Territory, for the Probate Courts cannot punish you, and other Courts in many Districts are scarcely, if ever, held.

We dare not use the language that rise in our mind—it would be deemed intemperate—as we reflect upon the diabolical results that would follow the unchecked exercise of power by such men as the Judge of the Second Judicial District of this Territory. If his decisions are not intended as a bid for the commission of crime, what is their object? Can anyone think a course that would be more likely to result in bloodshed, anarchy and a reign of terror than the one he has appeared to have adopted? If his decisions were to prevail crime must run riot, and criminals pursue their careers without any fear of consequences, or the people must rise and organize vigilance committees and obtain the protection for themselves which the sworn administrators of the law fail to give them.

The dispatch states that the Court said that all appeals from Justices of the Peace must be made to the District and not to the Probate Courts. What right had Judge Hawley to make such a statement or ruling? Was there a case coming before him from a Justice of the Peace? If there was, then such a ruling might be proper. But if there was not, and we should so infer from the dispatch, and he so ruled, then his ruling was what lawyers call *obiter dictum*. The Territorial laws are plain and emphatic upon the subject of appeals. In criminal suits the law plainly says:

"Upon the affidavit being filed, in which the alleged error of the proceedings is stated, and that the affiant verily believes injustice has been done, the Justice shall grant an appeal to the court of Probate of the county."

In civil suits the civil code says:

"Any party dissatisfied with a judgment rendered in a Justice's Court, may appeal therefrom to the Probate Court for the County, any time within thirty days after the rendition of Judgment."

Does Judge Hawley intend that his *obiter dicta* shall take the place of our laws? If he is in Utah Territory, he must not imagine that his power is absolute, and that his loose sayings have the force of law, or will be regarded as such. Utah is the last place in the world where a man can succeed in the role of Jeffreys; and Judge Hawley is the last man in the world who should assume it. It is clear that Nature never intended him for the part.

THE YALE EXPLORING PARTY.

We had a call from and an interesting conversation this morning with Prof. O. C. Marsh, Professor of Paleontology at Yale College, and head of the geological exploring party, to which we have made occasional allusions recently in our columns.

The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the party: Prof. O. C. Marsh, Yale College; Eli Whitney, Junr., New Haven, Conn.; J. W. Griswold, Troy, N. Y.; C. W. Betts, N. Y.; A. H. Ewing, Chicago, Ill.; George B. Grinnell, New York City; J. M. Russell, Ky.; Charles F. Ballard, Louisville, Ky.; John R. Nicholson, Dover, Del.; Henry B. Sargent, New Haven, Conn.; Harry D. Ziegler, Philadelphia, Pa.; all of Yale College.

They left Yale about the last of June, and are now *en route* to California, where they will spend a week or two, and then return through Colorado and Kansas, to make further explorations there. They expect to reach Yale by the first of December.

The object of the party has been to explore Nebraska, Colorado and Eastern Utah, to find extinct animal remains. Their investigations have been most successful. A very interesting discovery, of what was once a fresh water lake, was made in Eastern Utah. Abundant remains of serpents, turtles, crocodiles, rhinoceros and numerous other animals of tropical regions, and belonging to what the geologists term the tertiary period, were found. A fresh water lake was also discovered this side of Sherman.

There were three expeditionary parties, one starting from Fort McPherson, for the examination of the Loup Fork country, one from Fort D. A. Russell, to explore the geological formations of the country lying between the two forks of the Platte River; the third party started from Fort Bridger, to explore the East Uintah mountains and the country in the vicinity of the Green and White Rivers.

Probably two tons of animal remains have been collected, which will be forwarded to Yale, and it may safely be predicted that the result of the labors of these gentlemen will be a highly increased interest, throughout the country in paleontological researches and investigations in the great West.

This is the first expedition of the kind that has ever been out into this Western country, but their success will no doubt stimulate the formation of similar expeditions in future.

Professor Marsh and his *compagnons du voyage*, have been exceedingly interested and delighted with all they have seen here. The Professor expresses himself as being charmed with a two hours visit to the Museum in this city; he considered that the time passed there was very profitably spent.

The party leave the city this afternoon.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

What legions of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored and gay.
But oh! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set—then how quickly they frown,
And cry out in tones of severity,
'Kick the man! don't you see he is down?'

What though when you knew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends," when they wanted to borrow,
You'd oblige, and ne'er ask them to pay.
What though not a soul your e'er slighted,
As you meandered about through the town,
Your "friends" become very near-sighted
And don't seem to see you when down.

When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise;
When you're "down" you have greatly defaulted,
And they really 'don't fancy your ways.'
Your style was "tip-top" when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown;
But now 'tis exceedingly funny—
Things are altered because you are down.

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high, noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust;
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's down.

Died.

In this city, yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Anna Caroline, daughter of Carl and Caroline S. Hostmark; aged 19 months and 21 days.

In the 19th Ward, Salt Lake City, to-day, (October 14th, 1870) at half past ten o'clock, a. m., Mrs. Eliza (Smith) Lucas, aged about 24 years. Funeral services will be attended at the residence of Orson Pratt, Sen., in the 19th Ward, on Saturday at 10 a. m. Friends are respectfully invited to attend.

At Kanosh, Millard County, Oct. 9th, 1870, in child bed, N. Caroline Penney, aged 43 years, 2 months and 29 days. She joined the Church in the early days of Nauvoo, and died as she had lived, testifying to the truth of the gospel. She leaves a husband and ten children to mourn her loss.

Special Notices.

TWENTY COAL MINERS Wanted at once, by the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company, Evanston, W. T. Good wages, prompt pay and steady work.