

EDITORIALS.

THE *Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia, Nev.) in an editorial article, "Legislation for Utah," alludes to several bills relating to Utah which have been introduced into Congress during the present session. These bills, it very sapiently says, have evidently been introduced at the instigation of the "Mormon" Church authorities, for the purpose of regaining the supremacy which is now, it says, passing from the grasp of President Young. It adds that Congress is beginning to understand this, and nothing will probably be done with the bills.

The article concludes with the following extraordinary proposition:

"If the Mormon authorities are anxious that these measures shall pass, they must submit gracefully to the only means by which they can become laws—they must acquiesce in the annexation of Utah Territory to Nevada. Does the arrangement suit them?"

Are we to understand from this that Nevada, her Representatives, editors and people are for sale? That they are willing to sell their influence with Congress to have, what the *Enterprise* views as, unjust bills passed by that body, if the "Mormon" authorities will only lend them their influence in adding Utah Territory to Nevada? Or does the *Enterprise* wish to convey the idea that Congress can be bought? We have heard of political bribery and jobbery, of men selling their influence and their votes; but we never recollect seeing so barefaced and open an offer to sell out principle made public as this, which appears in the editorial columns of the *Territorial Enterprise*, of the 27th instant. If the bills be of a proper and a legitimate character, why hesitate to pass them? Why ask a *quid pro quo* for making them laws? If they be improper, and not for the public good, as the *Enterprise* affects to believe, why offer to pass them upon any terms? Or, does the *Enterprise* have a plan prepared by which, if the "Mormon authorities" consent to its scheme of annexation, and the bills should be passed, it can swindle or defraud the "Mormon" people out of all advantages or supposed advantages that would be likely to follow the passage of the bills in question?

The impudence of the *Enterprise* proposition is only equalled by its arrogance. To read its article one might conclude that it had both branches of Congress and the President under its entire control. As to the question which it asks about whether the arrangement to annex suits the "Mormon authorities," or not, we cannot answer for them, but we can say for ourselves that we are decidedly in favor of annexation when the proper time comes; that is the annexation of Nevada to Utah. It is very well for a debt-oppressed, poverty-stricken, sparsely-populated region to propose to a thrifty, prosperous, industrious, and free-from-debt Territory to have it annexed to it, much as an old beggarly spendthrift who had squandered life, health and fortune would propose to marry a young, likely, wealthy heiress, with the expectation that when she was his, he could take her fortune, pay his debts and enter upon another career of extravagance; but what has it to offer on its side as an inducement for us to go into partnership with it? We are called hard names and are unpopular. Nevada proposes an alliance with us, with the hope, doubtless, that our means, energy, vitality and new blood, would pay her debts, redeem her from bankruptcy and infuse new life into her veins, and thereby save her from extinction; but is her name and credit so good that ours would be made popular and sanctified by the association? We think not, even with the bills thrown in to boot which the *Enterprise* promises to have passed for us. If Nevada will pay her debts, and then propose annexation, we may think about it; or if she will acknowledge that she is bankrupt and must have help from us, we may consider her case. But if neither of these will suit, and she have the influence with Congress that the *Enterprise* would have us believe she has, and annexation is determined upon and carried out, we will do the best with her under the circumstances that we can; we will try and elect a sensible and economical Governor, Legislature and other officers, have light taxes, husband the resources of the State, cut down salaries, fees and other expenses, and live within the income collected. It might take time to bring all these results about; but we have not a doubt about accomplishing them; for despite the act of 1862, and the

proposed Cullom bill, the women of Utah still bear children, and in the course of human events it is extremely probable that these children will become men and women.

SOME of the readers of the NEWS may probably remember reading, some time last Fall an account in the telegrams, of a burglary committed at a store in Binghamton, N. Y., and the murder, by the burglars, of one of the clerks in charge of the store and the wounding of another. The burglars were three in number, and in making their escape they swam a river, and two of the scoundrels were drowned, the third made his escape. The matter was taken in hand by the detectives, and they kept on the track until the missing burglar was arrested. His trial was brought to a close at Binghamton, on the 11th inst., and he was sentenced to be hanged on the 3rd of March.

This man's name is Edward Ruloff, he is sixty-five years of age, and is without doubt, one of the most extraordinary criminals of this or any other age or country. He seems to have been a natural born scoundrel, and to have taken to crime simply for the love of it. He was born in the town of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and received an excellent education; and now, although tried and condemned to death as a felon, he is master of seven languages, an efficient stenographer, is well versed in the law, and in fact is, said to be, thoroughly accomplished and a man of pleasing address and fascinating manners. For nearly thirty years he has carried on his career of murder and robbery.

Compelled to leave his native place for some petty theft, he made his appearance, in 1842, at Dryden, Tompkins county, N. Y., as a teacher, and soon after induced one of his pupils, a Miss Schutt, a lady whose family moved in the most respectable circles in the town, to become his wife. In 1845, having removed from Dryden to near Lansing, he, according to a subsequent confession of his own, murdered his wife and infant child, the latter nine months old, and sunk them in the lake near Ithaca. The friends of the lady, missing her, made inquiries and were informed by Ruloff that she had gone on a visit, but as they could gain no clue of her whereabouts, her family had Ruloff arrested, and he was tried for abducting his wife and sentenced to Auburn Prison for ten years. He served out the term, spending his time in acquiring knowledge, and became very proficient in drawing patterns for carpets, some of the most beautiful in the country being accredited to his genius.

At the end of his term, as his wife and child had never been heard of, he was re-arrested, charged with their murder. He was tried at Delhi, and condemned to death, but through some legal defect, the judgment was finally reversed in a higher court, and his release was ordered. Public feeling was so intense against him that the citizens in that part of the country banded together, resolved to break open the prison and lynch him. The sheriff got wind of the scheme and quietly removed him to Cayuga County jail. This was in 1859. He was finally released, and since that period, in various parts of the country, and passing under several assumed names, he has continued his career of crime.

While serving a term in the Ithaca jail, from 1856 to 1859 he studied criminal law, and also taught mixed classes in various branches of education. Among his pupils was the jailor's son, then quite a youth, and over him he gained such an influence, that he induced him finally to adopt the "profession" of a robber and burglar. This young man's name was Jarvis, and he and another, named Dexter, and Ruloff worked together for years, and were accomplices in the robbery at Binghamton, and it was the two former who were drowned while crossing the Chenango river. This one crime, it seems likely now, will be the means of ridding the world of this trio of villains; for it terminated their career and promises to do the same for Ruloff, though, as he has had the best of counsel to defend him, it is not altogether improbable that some means of averting the doom now hanging over him may be found.

Before the sentence of death was pronounced, he was asked if he had any reason to offer why it should not be; he replied that it was not deemed desirable to say anything at present. He heard the sentence without manifesting any concern whatever, talking quite cheerfully with his counsel and those around him.

Such a man would furnish an inter-

esting subject for the experiments of the phrenologist; for being so highly educated his evil disposition must, according to their theories, be owing solely to a bad cerebral organization and development.

THE people of Paris were reduced to curious shifts for food during the siege. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that a lover could not better commend himself to his dulcinea than by sending her a few tons of coke or a few hundred logs of wood. A Yorkshire ham or a side of Wiltshire bacon would plead more eloquently than the most impassioned stanza that Lamartine or Alfred de Musset or Victor Hugo ever wrote.

He says he knows an English lady who received shortly before the siege a large consignment of potted meats from England. The cold Australian corned beef is excellent, and the canned legs of mutton put one out of conceit with everything served up at a restaurant. This lady has given a few small dinners to her friends, and she says the punctuality with which they render their *visites de digestion*, in the hope of receiving future favors, is quite touching. Castor and Pollux, the two elephants lately installed at the Jardin d'Acclimation, and upon the backs of which, in happier times, so many children of all ages and sexes used to take a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, had been killed. The description which the *Gaulois* gives of their slaughter is in the highest degree epic. It was anticipated that, following the example of their wild brethren, whose fury, when wounded, is terrible, Castor and Pollux, if not instantly killed, would burst loose from their prison-house and scatter destruction far and wide. But the poor beasts showed no more fight than an expiring sheep. Pollux was the first to fall, done to death by an explosive bullet, the triumph of the great gunmaker's (M. Devism's) skill. The ball struck behind the right shoulder, and bursting internally, produced a terrible hemorrhage in the bowels. The huge beast bore the wound patiently, and after flooding his cage with blood, expired without a struggle. Castor was slain by a young Englishman, Mr. Milne Edwards, who aimed at the head in preference to the heart. The first ball struck on the right temple, and Castor, after a shrill cry of surprise and pain, sank upon his knees. The second bullet struck him in the centre of the little hollow cavern, sunk into the forehead, and upon receiving the third, he fell dead instantly. To-night the restaurant at Peter's, in the Passage des Princes, is crowded with French *consommateurs*, eager to taste the flesh of a new animal. I have just met an English friend who dined there, and who says that eaten with, or rather concealed by, *sauce Maderie*, "Castor" was delicious. With this sauce the old French proverb says "one could eat his grandfather." "Yesterday," says the *Figaro*, "there was a crowd before the butcher's shop at the corner of the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Neuve St. Augustin. The two poor bears of the Jardin des Plantes—old favorites of the Parisian population one white and the other brown, were being offered for sale at fourteen francs per pound.

THE coming Spring, it is rumored, is to witness the recommencement of arctic explorations. Captain Hall of Cincinnati, in recent lectures in the East, has announced his intention to renew his labors in the frozen regions. Congress has made an appropriation to assist the Captain, and he has avowed a determination not to return from this voyage until he has planted the stars and stripes in 90° of north latitude.

The Captain has already spent five years in the arctic regions, and he is confident of success. He understands the nature of the country he is going to explore; and knows how to preserve health while residing there. Subsisting on raw meat and train oil, he regards as the secret of health in those regions. He has eaten, he says, in one day, fifteen pounds of raw meat, and drunk two and a half pints of train oil. If men will feed on such rations as this while there they may defy King Cold. A whale in those regions, the Captain considers a godsend; it is equal to 600 oxen and is the best eating he ever had. The taste for raw meat once acquired is hard to overcome; he often has a longing, even now, for it, which is so strong that he sometimes gets into a place alone that he may have an opportunity to indulge it.

Other portions of the Captain's experience sounded most strangely to the ears

of his auditors. Speaking of snow-houses, as they are built by the Esquimaux, he said they were palatial residences, and to sleep in one naked, as they usually do and as he had done, was, the very perfection of bliss.

The length of his voyage he could not conjecture, it might be thirty months, and it might be five years, but he would not return until he had accomplished his purpose. One thing would trouble him when he reached the Pole,—namely the regulation of his chronometers. He will not be able to tell whether they gain or lose; every direction there will be south,—there will be neither east, west nor north. The North Star will be exactly overhead, or nearly so, and on the 1st day of March the sun will just appear above the horizon and go round and round, day by day, never rising or setting, but gradually attaining a greater altitude, until finally it will get to a height of 23½ degrees, and the gradually get lower and lower, until on the 23d of September it will disappear, to be seen no more for six months. What object can he sight to regulate his chronometers? He has asked the question of the best talent in the country, and no man can answer him.

The Captain designs to leave about May. He will go to Newfoundland and there obtain some sealers to complete his party. Thence to the western coast of Greenland and lay in a supply of stockfish and skins. He will then cross Davis' Straits to the land of the Esquimaux and procure about fifty dogs. These dogs are the best for sleighing purposes in the arctic regions; they are bred to it, and, at a pinch can go without food for a fortnight. He will next cross Baffin's Bay, go to Smith's Island, and westward to Jones' Sound, and thence north as far as practicable before the winter sets in, and stay at whatever point that may be for the winter.

In the spring of 1872 he will start on a grand sledge journey for the Pole, which he thinks will occupy ninety or a hundred days. He will rely for support on provisions obtained by the way. He will take only half his party with him, leaving the rest behind to subsist as they can on whales, seals, walruses &c. His party will all be picked men, able to subsist on raw meat and train oil. His sailing master has had twenty years arctic experience, and his first and second officers ten years each. He will make the voyage in a steamer, brig-rigged, strengthened by beams and cross-beams, and her bow entirely solid for at least ten feet, so that she will be a ram; the propeller will be so arranged that it can be lifted out of the water immediately.

This event may again inaugurate a race among the nations for the discovery of the Pole. Since the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew was finally settled the excitement about the Pole has seemed to subside, but the declaration of Captain Hall and his departure may again fan into a blaze.

The field of arctic exploration is one of the most perilous it is possible to embark in, and scores of brave men have been sacrificed, and hundreds of thousands of treasure spent to little or no purpose. The last arctic expedition sailed from a German port in the Fall of 1869. It consists of a steamer and sailing vessel, the former of which was wrecked on the eastern coast of Greenland in the early part of the cruise. The steamer continued, and though the entire voyage was only a few months in duration, discoveries were made which eclipsed many made by far more imposing expeditions. It planted the German flag on a previously unoccupied portion of the coast of Greenland, extending from latitude 75° to 77° Large deposits of brown coal were discovered; but stranger than all, the steamer came within a very short distance of extensive tracts of green meadow land, spangled with flowers among which bees and butterflies were humming and flying. There were herds of reindeer and muck oxen in the same vicinity.

An open polar sea was discovered some years ago by Dr. Kane; meadows with flowers, bees and butterflies by the Germans last year; and, if the time has come in which the words of the ancient prophet shall be fulfilled which says the South shall give up and the North shall not keep back, it may be that Captain Hall will be the instrument in the hands of Providence of removing the veil which for ages has enveloped the most northern point of the arctic regions in impenetrable mystery.

"Well," says Jones, "I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens." "Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing; I tell my wife lots of things that never happen."