

Two Cities—San Francisco and Salt Lake.

There are two American cities which, certainly in their origin and possibly in their destiny, have no counterparts in any country or any age. One is San Francisco, the offspring of the lowest of human passions—the love of wealth; the other is Salt Lake, the offspring of the highest human passion—the love of religion.

Singularly enough, however, the first white men who settled permanently on the spot where San Francisco now stands were ministers of religion. Just a century ago, in 1776, two Spanish monks of the order of St. Francis came to this then unknown frontier of the western hemisphere and planted the ensign of a faith whose vital force, having survived in undiminished vigor all the revolutions of creeds and civilizations, promises to resist the processes of disintegration and decay as long as the soul of man looks upward toward its Maker. The old church of the Mission Dolores, built of sun-dried bricks, still preserves the memory of these spiritual pioneers; and the gigantic cross which, from the summit of Lone mountain, looks down upon a reality that far outstrips their wildest dreams, tells the stranger that the cause for which they labored has lost nothing by its transfer to later hands. But something more than pious zeal was needed to lift the lonely mission station from obscurity into fame. In 1847, the total population of San Francisco was only 450; in 1848, the influence which has since wrought such a magical growth left the place almost deserted; but in 1849, the advance began, whose astonishing results we now see, and whose consummation none may dare to measure. How strange from a purely intellectual point of view, that the finding of a few bits of yellow metal in Capt. Sutter's mill-race should have made California the Holy Land of a new crusade; should have covered the beach along which Richard Henry Dana—then a common sailor in the brig *Pilgrim*—carried dry hides on his head, with wharves and warehouses; should have converted piles of drifting sand, the washings-up of the restless Pacific, into streets whose rush and roar remind one of the heart of London; should have crowned these desolate hill-tops with copies of Italian villas and French palaces; should have transformed a wide waste, peopled only by roving Indians and Mexican cattle-herders, into a flourishing Anglo-Saxon commonwealth, and raised the village of 450 inhabitants to a city of 275,000. And all in twenty-seven years! What other power save the power of gold could have done so much in so short a period? The home of the prophets and kings of Israel, the scene of Calvary's tremendous tragedy, where the temple of Solomon stood, and the bleeding body of Christ was buried—is a mass of mingled ruin and filth, the temporary resort of a crowd of dirty pilgrims, the property of the meanest race that claims the credit of civilization. The Mission Dolores, with no nobler stimulant than that afforded by the blundering discovery of Captain Sutter, has flowered out into a metropolis whose present prosperity and future prospects are the world's wonder. Suggestive and significant is the contrast between Jerusalem and San Francisco; between the city where, as it is believed, the presence of God was specially manifested for thousands of years, and the city where, only twenty-seven years ago, Mammon set up his throne. The one desolate, degraded, sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, ignorance, and oppression, the bruised and battered relic of the sacred glories of the past; the other standing erect and elate in the flush of youth, thronged with eager devotees from every quarter of the globe, filled to overflowing with that marvellous energy which is the consequence as well as the cause of vast and successful industrial and financial enterprise, drawing an exhaustless stream of wealth from a broad domain literally paved with precious ore—already the commercial mistress of half a continent, and stretching her hands through the Golden Gate to grasp the trade of India, China and Japan.

It is curious, to say the least, that those who would find, in the nineteenth century, the religious principle working as actively and as effectively as the pecuniary prin-

ciple, must turn to a sect which popular opinion brands as the least Christian of any in Christendom. The intelligent traveller who climbs to the roof of the principal hotel in Salt Lake City just as the sun is setting, will witness a sight he never can forget. To the west, flashing like burnished steel in the rays of the descending orb, lies that inland sea, which is the puzzle of physical geographers; to the north and south is spread out the long narrow valley that tempted the band of hunted exiles to pitch their wandering tents here; to the east, and sweeping round toward the right and left, are the Wasatch mountains, their tops flecked with snow; their ragged breasts packed with gold. Through yonder deep gorge—still known as "Emigration Cañon"—Orson Pratt and his companions looked for the first time upon the untrodden territory which was to be the refuge of the persecuted "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Nearer is the little river, on whose banks they camped, and with whose water they dedicated the then sterile soil to the service of Jehovah, and the furtherance of the creed proclaimed by Joseph Smith and consecrated by his blood. Beneath the eye is the product of that dedication, a city of thirty thousand souls; a city embosomed in trees and fragrant with fruits and flowers; a city whose streets sparkle with the clear, cool streams springing from fountains hidden in the adjacent hills; a city with all the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries demanded by modern culture and refinement; a city with a house of worship capable of holding an audience of thirteen thousand, and having in process of construction a temple which will vie in size and splendor with the cathedrals of Europe; a city one among whose many stores is large enough to contain any two in St. Louis; a city evidently prosperous much above the average, and whose women and children—in spite of all said to the contrary—are apparently in the enjoyment of as much health and happiness as fall to the lot of humanity. Thirty years ago the place was a desert; now it is a garden. Thirty years ago the nearest habitation of civilized man was a thousand miles away; now it is the centre and distributing depot of a thriving community scattered through the immense region between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains; thirty years ago the shores of Salt Lake had been visited only by occasional exploring parties, and a few hunters who were willing to risk their scalps in search of game; now no foreigner who comes to America is satisfied until he has been here, and every steamer that leaves Liverpool brings reinforcements to its permanent residents. Laugh as we may of Joseph Smith and his strange theology; condemn as we may the social system which the fanaticism or the lust of Brigham Young has reared upon that theology; pity as we may the willing victims of theocratical despotism—there is no escaping from the invincible logic of facts. The Mormons have revived, in this most practical and sceptical age, the religious enthusiasm which prevailed during the earlier centuries of the Christian era. They have exhibited a religious faith seldom equalled and never surpassed. They have, on account of that faith, endured ridicule, abuse, outrage and persecution, and never flinched in all the long and terrible ordeal. Whatever we may think of their principles and practices, the moral courage they have displayed is not inferior to that of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth, and the sufferings they have undergone dwarf into insignificance the much-vaunted trials of the New England fathers. Whether Mormonism can continue to grow in its present shape and with the hostile agencies, legal and social, brought to bear against it, is a question we do not propose to discuss. Enough to know that the church which, fifty years since, numbered seven members, now has, at the very least, 300,000, and shows no sign of decreasing vitality. Enough to say that, under the auspices of this church and in the face of vindictive assaults disgraceful to the American name and nation, a society has been formed and a city built which are well worth the careful study of the philosopher, the political economist and the orthodox clergyman. The first will find abundant material for scientific examination and reflection; the second may discover that there is a

higher and stronger law than the one expounded by Adam Smith, and the third may ascertain, to his surprise and possibly to his disgust, that the thing he calls a vile and fatal error has achieved victories which, if less renowned, are certainly not less remarkable than those won by truth.—*St. Louis Republican*, Sept. 10.

THE INDIAN WAR.

TERRY'S CAMP,
Near Glendive Creek,
September 2nd, 1876.

There is no doubt but that the want of success of the present campaign has been caused in great part by the absence of a frank co-operation among the higher officers. It is openly stated that rivalries and jealousies have in great part contributed to the want of success and have been directly the cause of the Little Big Horn massacre. It would be well if Congress would investigate the whole matter. Some curious and important light would be thrown on the sinister events of the campaign, and the responsibility of the gross mismanagement and blundering that has marked the operations from the beginning to the present day would be fixed on the proper parties.

The campaign, so far as General Terry's column is considered, is generally regarded among the officers as at an end, and all hope of achieving anything this year is over.

It is needless to say that the reports published in some of the eastern papers of a great battle between Terry's column and the Indians is wholly unfounded, and we have not seen half a dozen hostile Indians since we left camp at the mouth of the Rosebud three weeks ago.

When Major Reno went on his last scout he was furnished with positive orders not to engage the Indians in case he should discover their trail, but to report immediately to General Terry.

If we fail to meet with the Indians by the time we strike the Little Missouri the Twenty-second regiment will be sent back to Tongue River in order to enable them to build their quarters before the arrival of the cold weather. The Montana troops will also be sent away so that they may be under shelter for the winter. They are sadly in need of rest and food. Their cavalry horses are in a very poor condition.—*N. Y. Herald*.

TERRY'S CAMP, near
Glendive Creek, Sept. 4, 1876.

General Crook reports having encountered severe weather. There is a great deal of sickness among his troops and he will be compelled to come in with sick men. This is a natural consequence of the scandalous manner in which the troops are fed in the field and of the policy which compels them to march without shelter tents or cooking utensils. Men cannot live for six months on hard tack, fat pork and bad coffee and remain in good health. Bergh ought to be sent after Crook and the Commissary Department.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
Sept. 11th, 1876.

William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," telegraphs to his wife here, that he is en route home. He says his services are no longer needed, as the Indians are tired of fighting and are anxious for peace on any terms.

TERRY'S CAMP,
Near Mouth of Powder River,
Aug. 24th, 1876.

The health of the troops has suffered severely since the union of Terry's and Crook's columns, owing in part to the severity of the weather, but chiefly to the inauguration of a theatrical campaign, attributed to the influence and advice of Gen. Crook. This "distinguished Indian fighter" has a theory that if we want to fight Indians we must live like Indians. He does not permit his soldiers to carry their shelter tents, which are the most useful and important part of their equipment, and, in order to cap the climax of absurdity, he compels the men of his command to leave their cooking utensils behind, except one small tin cup. The result of this patent humbug campaigning is that the soldiers, exposed to the rapid atmospheric changes of this climate, and unable to cook properly the miserably insufficient food

supplied to them by a generous government, are rendered incapable of supporting the fatigues of an Indian campaign in these deserts. Gen. Terry unfortunately allowed Crook to influence him on this point and issued similar orders to his column. Fortunately the old Indian campaigners found means to partially evade the ill considered order, much to the satisfaction of the good-natured General who, desirous of showing a good example, left his tent equipage at the Rosebud with the train, and as a result enjoyed sleeping in terrestrial rains for six nights. In the future operations this absurd order will be quietly disregarded and general and soldiers, abandoning theatrical campaigning, will sleep under canvas and cook their food, convinced that sound health and a well ordered stomach are no obstacles to the rapid marching of an army. If the generals showed more common sense and went less after sensational effects the campaign would have been far more successful. Only that Crook happened to meet General Terry he would long since have been compelled to turn back to Goose Creek, where he left his wagon train in accordance with the clever system of campaigning adopted on the Plains, which resembles nothing so much as a Chinese stage battle, where the combatants are constantly rushing in an excited manner after invisible enemies they never seem to catch, but who now and then manage to catch the pursuers.

To illustrate the system it is only necessary to suppose that General Crook left Goose Creek with twenty days' rations. This would enable him to march in pursuit of the Indians for ten days. At the end of that time Crook would have been compelled to march ten days back in order not to die of starvation, for this country is absolutely incapable of furnishing food to an army of white men. Having reached his supply train and refitted the General would have to march ten days to reach the point from which he first retreated, having thus lost twenty days, tired out his men and horses, accomplished nothing, and given the Indians twenty days to rest themselves and graze their ponies. It requires no special military education to know that a campaign conducted on such principles is little more than a farce, even if the General does sleep without a tent and grows fat on hard tack and alkali water.

That a man possesses an exceptional constitution and an ostrich-like stomach does not constitute him a great general, and the mere fact that soldiers sleep in the rain and get dysentery and rheumatism will not make them better Indian fighters. The sooner this sensational campaigning is put an end to the better it will be for the health of the army and the purse of the nation. If we cannot fight Indians as civilized men, let us adopt the essentials of Indian warfare, not the theatrical effects merely. If it is necessary to take away the soldier's tent why not take away his overcoat and blanket, which are less useful, and give him merely a breech-clout and war paint; but at the same time give him two or three ponies to ride, give him fresh buffalo meat and game to eat, but above all discharge the Brumagem Indian chiefs, and give the command to real savages, who will not spend their time marching up hill and then down again, but will establish their supply camps or *caches* where it is possible to pick them up conveniently, while the chiefs go after their enemies with real and not simulated war-whoops.—*New York Herald*.

Five Hundred Beautiful Girls Looking For Husbands.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 30.

The marriage market, for which the "Spa" once was so noted, is now a by-gone and thing of the past. Anxious mammas and papas look in their faces the very picture of despair. Why I actually overheard a conversation on the Grand Union piazza not many evenings ago between a middle-aged couple, who have three daughters, and in which I heard the male parent complain that the fashionable outfits for his family and their expenses this season at Saratoga would spoil \$7,500, and that it was too expensive for him if his daughters never got married; not another dress or a dollar would his girls or

his wife get this year, and that he was going home to-morrow, where he could take off his coat and be comfortable down stairs. To which the loving wife replied that a wealthy young man was very attentive to Laura, their youngest girl, and she wanted to stay a few weeks longer, and she reasoned to him how much less expenses would be if one of their girls were only married, and how much better chances it would give the other two, etc. But no, he said he was going to square up, and leave, as, if he would stay here long enough, they would bankrupt him, and on her telling him she felt faint, into the house they went. But I saw them still here and out riding this morning, and so infer she carried her point and they will remain longer. There are five hundred beautiful girls here in quest of husbands, and oh! what a field for a young man who is also matrimonially inclined. And these pretty young maidens are so pretty and gushing that really to a lover of beauty and sentimental nonsense they have an irresistible look. Young men, bachelors, this is the field for you in summer. Gamblers' wives are cut here by the choice society, while those of the Wall street brokers and speculators are not. Where next will the world draw the line, I wonder?—*Spray*, in *Cleveland Herald*.

SWINDLING THE SIOUX.

If one individual were to offer to make a purchase of land of another, and the proposed transaction were to fail by reason of non-agreement, no man in his senses would imagine for a moment that either party had the least claim upon the other. But if the would-be seller were to become hostile to the proposed purchaser because of the failure of the bargain, that man would be crazy who supposed that hostility gave the attempted buyer any claim whatever to the property. Strange as it may be, however, an act that in an individual would be regarded as egregious folly, in a nation becomes political shrewdness, and a claim that if made by one man would not for a moment be allowed, when made by a nation of men is believed in, advocated and sustained.

This is exactly the case of the Sioux and ourselves. Last summer the Indians demanded a price for the Black Hills that the government considered exorbitant, and therefore the purchase was declined, since the Indians refused to sell for the sum offered. If the Black Hills country is worth anything, it is surely worth more than was tendered by the Commissioners; and if it is as rich in gold as has been claimed, the price demanded by the Sioux is much too small. Setting aside, however, the question of price, the failure of the attempt to purchase left the title to the country exactly where it was before, vested in the Sioux nation, and so it would rightfully remain until changed by a legal purchase. The hostility of the Sioux in no manner alters the legal or moral aspect of the question; the government has no more right to the Sioux land than it has to Mexico, and has violated its own treaty solemnly made, by which it covenanted to keep whites out of the Indian country, and preserve the latter exclusively for the use of the Sioux.

After a summer's campaign, marked by the greatest defeat our army has ever received from an Indian foe, a commission has gone out to the Sioux agencies to persuade the Indians to peace. It might be supposed, after the Sioux have proved themselves so well capable of carrying on offensive operations, that the Commissioners would be empowered to compromise the existing difficulty by offering the Indians fair terms for the Black Hills. It is true the settlement of the trouble would be even more difficult now than last summer, because of the Indian victory, but by judicious management, by a conciliatory course of conduct, and by a liberal payment made in regular installments, future fighting might be averted and the Sioux completely pacified.

But, in the published demands made by the Commissioners of the Indians, there appears not the slightest effort at mitigating the rudeness of the illegal claim presented. The Indians are told that they must leave their country and live in the Indian Territory, but for the land they leave they are not offered the smallest compensation,