

every man for himself, this individualism in regard to property? No, never, never while the world stands. If you would have these revelations fulfilled you must comply with the conditions thereof. The Lord said, concerning the building up of Zion when we do return, "Except Zion be built according to the law of the celestial kingdom I can not receive her unto myself." If we should be permitted, this present year, 1874, to go back to that country and should undertake to build up a city of Zion upon the consecrated spot, after the order that we have been living in during the last forty years, we should be cast out again, the Lord would not acknowledge us as his people, neither would he acknowledge the works of our hands in the building of a city. If we would go back then, we must comply with the celestial law, the law of consecration, the law of oneness, which the Lord has spoken of from the beginning. Except you are one you are not mine. Query: If we are not the Lord's who in the world or out of the world do we belong to? Here is a question for us all to consider. There is no other way for us to become one but by keeping the law of heaven, and when we do this we shall become sanctified before God, and never before.

Talk about sanctification, we do not believe in the kind of sanctification taught by the sectarian religion—that they were sanctified at such a minute and such an hour and at such a place while they were praying in secret. We believe in the sanctification that comes by continued obedience to the law of heaven. I do not know of any other sanctification that the Scriptures tell about, the consideration of rational beings. If we would be sanctified then, we must begin to-day, or whenever the Lord points out, to obey his laws just as far as we possibly can; and by obedience to these laws we continually gain more and more favor from heaven, more and more of the Spirit of God, and thus will be fulfilled a revelation, given in 1834, which says that before Zion is redeemed, let the armies of Israel become very great, let them become sanctified before me, that they may be as fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and that their banners may be terrible unto all the nations of the earth. Not terrible by reason of numbers, but terrible because of the sanctification they will receive through obedience to the law of God. Why was Enoch, and why were the inhabitants of the Zion built up before the flood terrible to all the nations around about? It was because, through a long number of years, they observed the law of God, and when their enemies came up to fight against them, Enoch, being filled with the power of the Holy Ghost, and speaking the word of God in power and in faith, the very heavens trembled and shook, and the earth quaked, and mountains were thrown down, rivers of water were turned out of their course, and all nations feared greatly because of the power of God, and the terror of his might that were up in his people.

We have this account of ancient Zion in one of the revelations that God has given. What was it that made their banners terrible to the nations? It was not their numbers. If, then, Zion must become great it will be because of her sanctification. When shall we begin, Latter-day Saints, to carry out the law of God, and enter upon the process necessary to our sanctification? We are told by the highest authority that God has upon the earth that now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation, so far as entering into this order which God has pointed out is concerned. Shall we do it? Or shall we say no? Shall there be division among the people, those who are on the Lord's side come out and those who are against the law of God come out? I hope this division will not be at present. I hope that we shall take hold with one heart and with one mind. The time of the division will come soon enough. It will be in the great day of the Lord's power, when his face shall be unveiled in yonder heavens, and when he shall come in his glory and in his might. Then the heavens will be shaken and the earth will reel to and fro like a drunken man. "Then," saith the Lord, "I will send forth mine angels to gather out of my kingdom all things that offend and that do iniquity." That will be time enough for this great division. Let us not be divided now, Latter-day Saints, but let us manifest our willingness to comply with the word and law of the Most High, and be prepared for the blessings which he has in store for us.

A MORMON HOME.

SCIPIO.

Round Valley, or Scipio, is the poorest and newest of the settlements we stopped at, and has been much troubled with the Indians. The Mormons say "troubled with Indians" as we might say "troubled with mosquitoes." No one had been killed for four years back, though cattle had been driven off that year, we were told.

The bishop came riding out to meet us, a handsome, kindly-faced man, mounted on a horse that moved T.'s admiration. We were taken to the house of his second wife, a little, one-roomed log cabin, with a lean-to behind, in which the cooking was done. The living room was given up to us. Its main glory consisted in a wide chimney-place, on whose hearth a fire of great pine logs blazed, that sent a ruddy glow over the white-washed logs of the wall and the canvas ceiling, and penetrated every corner of the room with delicious light and warmth. There was a substantial bedstead in one corner, and curtains of old-fashioned chintz were tacked from the ceiling around it as if it had been a four-poster, and a neat patchwork counterpane covered the soft feather-bed. A good rag carpet was on the floor, clean white curtains hung at the windows, and clean white covers, edged with knitted lace, covered the various bracket shelves that supported the house-wife's Bible, Book of Mormon, work-basket, looking-glass and a few simple ornaments. Two or three pretty good colored prints hung on the walls. Then there was a mahogany bureau, a washstand, a rocking chair and half a dozen wooden ones, with a large chest on which the owner's name was painted, (oddly enough it was the same as that of the notorious blonde leader of a hameless troupe.) The small, round table was already spread for our supper with plates, preserves and pies, and the fair Lydia was busily engaged in bringing in hot rolls, meat, tea and other good things,

while a miniature of herself, still fairer and rosier, about two years old, trotted beside her, now endeavoring to re-arrange the table by upsetting plates, and now making shy overtures of friendship to my boys, with the assistance of a blue-ribbed yellow kitten.

After our tea was over, the husband-bishop came in from his other dwelling, and with wife and baby withdrew to "go to meeting," leaving us in sole possession of the house. We heard no sound of their re-entering till morning, when the host came in to rouse up the smoldering fire.

I have given this minute description of the furniture of the mansion of which I was housekeeper for twelve hours, because it was a fair specimen of many of the humbler homes I visited in Utah. I have already remarked upon their unusual cleanliness, and have now only to note the absence of the colored prints of "Polly," "Nourmahal," &c., in "half dress" common elsewhere.

The next time I visited Scipio was just at the breaking up of winter. Snow lay deep on the heights and in the narrow canons, and Round Valley was an almost impassable quagmire of half-frozen mud. Again and again the horses stopped and stood with drooping heads, and an air that said, "I really have taken the last step I can make. Now I'm going to lie down;" and again and again they were coaxed forward at a slower than funeral pace, before we finally halted in front of Bishop Thompson's.

Our pretty hostess, "Aunt Lydia," was sick, a little girl said, opening the gate into the enclosure in which both houses stood, "and mother expected us this time."

The door was opened to admit us by a slender, elegantly dressed young lady.

"Mrs. Thompson?" I inquired, hesitatingly.

"No," she answered, smiling and blushing. "I am only a guest like yourself. Mrs. Thompson will be here in a moment; Sister Lydia is sick, and Mrs. Thompson thought some biscuits she had been baking would tempt her appetite, so she has run across with them. Here she is!"

Sister Loraina Thompson looked like an elder sister of Mrs. Lydia's, but was no relation. She had a large family of children, but seemed not in the least disconcerted by the addition to her household of our fellow-guest, her husband and baby, although she had to entertain Mr. Staines and young Kimball also, and to care for the invalid next door.

My husband now entered with Mr. Joseph A. Young and his brother Mahonri, who had joined us the day before; and taking a wee baby from the arms of the lady who had opened the door, and whom he introduced as his wife, Mr. Young presented the infant to T. as his namesake.

They had come across from the Sanpete country to see us, and the baby was taking its first journey in the open air. It was a bright, lively little thing, and lay on my knee basking in the warmth of the fire as the elders sat talking in one room, while Mrs. Thompson prepared supper in the other. She had a young girl to help her, but more than all she had "faculty," and her meals were served with as much heat in them and coolness in herself as if she had not both her rooms filled with guests and children.

When I recollected how many bowls and pans and plates I use when I try to make cake, and what a mess of sticky things I leave the cook to clear away, I could not but express my wonder at her deft ways. She came in after her tea-things were washed up and sat beside me with her knitting. She laughed when I praised her, saying that it was no wonder—she had "had a girl to help her these three weeks!"—but she never found the children in her way; they were a help. And so they were, the little eldest unrobing the younger ones for bed, or waiting at table without needing directions. They were well trained as well as healthy, rosy children, and a little creature, who could scarcely speak plainly, sat on my knee and cooed like a lark, "Up in the morning early" and "Put me in my little bed;" a still younger baby nodding an accompaniment with quite a good notion of the measure.

This Mrs. Thompson had grown up in the Mormon faith, our friend P. told me. Her mother died during the exodus, and she then a mere child, had taken care of her younger brothers and sisters, and managed her father's house—"wagon-hold," I suppose one should call it—without aid from any one. Indeed, she continued to be her father's right hand until her marriage. Perhaps the rigorous training of circumstances in her youth made her consider what I thought such hard work, easy when it was done in her own home, working for her own children and her pleasant-faced husband.

Ought I to despise that woman? She certainly came up to S. Jonon's ideal of a virtuous wife. You would have despised her less if you had felt the difference between her household and that of another woman at whose stronghold of freedom I halted the day afterwards. Above her house was exalted a pole bearing a candle-box lid, on which was painted,

"Old Boor—
—hun. Segars."

Upon the roof lay old boots and shoes reluctant to be reduced to the rank of fertilizers, but giving token of what was to be seen inside. Entering the cabin, I found that the dirt-begrimed window prevented the household from needing a curtain, and the smoke-blackened logs of wall and ceiling were in keeping with the unmade bed and its tattered hangings. There was a very pretty baby here, too, which lay in its cradle and looked at me in silent wonder. The mother did no more. She never offered me a seat, nor the draught of water I had to ask for and help myself to, merely remarking that she "made the kind of a place for folks to come into." Her girl had left the place three weeks ago,

and she wasn't going to stay among the Mormons if she could get her husband to quit, and go among Christian folks."

She supposed, of course, that she was rude to a Mormon woman in me, and I confess that I did not claim her as a Christian sister.

Of course it would be as unfair to select such a wife as a specimen of "Gentile" pioneer females, as the energetic and active Mrs. Thompson of the average of Mormon women. Ill-health or indolence and cheerful activity are peculiar to neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy. But a religious faith that animates the whole being, enabling a woman to be cheerful in spite of adverse circumstances, industrious in spite of sickness, loving God and her neighbor, and showing it by charity in word and deed; this faith above doctrine I have found quite as often among Mormon as among other Christian women. —*Twelve Mormon Homes. By a Lady.*

CONTESTED ELECTION. TERRITORY OF UTAH.

Geo. R. Maxwell vs. Geo. Q. Cannon.

Argument of Halbert E. Paine,
Counsel for Sitting Member.

(Before the Committee on Elections of the
House of Representatives of the United
States, Washington, D. C., 1874.)

(CONTINUED.)

But this is not the whole of the counsel's extraordinary demand. There being no evidence in this case as to the number of votes returned for either of the parties from any particular precincts, no evidence at all as to the number of votes except the Governor's certificate, which constitutes the credentials of the sitting member, and shows that he received 20,959 and the contestant only 1,942 votes, the counsel demands that you shall cast this certificate aside, as based on fraud and wholly void. But that leaves the contestant himself hanging by the eyelids. For that destroys the only proof in the case that the contestant received a single vote. So the learned counsel reverses his guns, and demands that you shall pick up this cast-off void certificate, and read from it the contestant's votes, and his votes only. Like the Texas hunter, he brings his long-range rifle to bear, with aim so exquisite as to kill the buck, if when the bullet reaches him, he proves to be a buck, but miss him if he proves to be a mule.

The counsel for the contestant makes another and a very violent demonstration against the legality and validity of the contestee's vote. He has unearthed what he calls "stupendous fraud" in certain Indian reservations in Utah. He declares this fraud to be "notorious" throughout the entire Territory. He says that the Uinta Valley, Sanpete, Corn Creek, Spanish Fork, and Deep Creek Indian reservations were located and surveyed by the Indian agent in Utah Territory; that this was done under the direction of the Department of the Interior, and under authority of the first section of the act of March 3, 1853, to be found on page 238 of the 10th volume of the Statutes at large. He asserts, further, that nothing has been done under the statute of May 5th, 1864, to vacate these reservations; but that all of these five reservations remain Indian reservations, closed by law against the occupation of the whites. He says that, under the decisions of the courts, these reservations can neither be used as places of residence nor of voting. And he lays it down as a legal proposition that persons residing within these reservations have no political rights, and cannot exercise the elective franchise. He asserts that two of these reservations, the Corn Creek and Sanpete, are occupied by white inhabitants in violation of law; that inhabitants of Corn Creek reservation voted for the sitting member at the last election, and have voted at former elections; and that the inhabitants of the Sanpete reservation have heretofore voted like other residents of the Territory. And he earnestly and solemnly declares, to use his own words, that every "vote cast for George Q. Cannon, the contestee, by persons, male and female, residing on and within either of the said five reservations, is a fraud so pervading that it taints the whole vote cast for him throughout the whole Territory. For it is a fraud that the judges of the election and the county canvassers participated in, and which the Governor, by his certificate, permitted and sanctioned, thereby making his election void."

Certainly this charge against Governor Wood, a federal officer, ought not to have been lightly

made, however innocent and proper it may be to malign and slander a mere Mormon. But, gentlemen, on this subject the mistakes of the counsel well nigh outnumber his propositions. To begin with, I demand proof that specific returns from voting places on these reservations were received and canvassed by the Governor, as a part of the vote on which he predicated the returns of the sitting member. Until he brings that, he can exclude no returns. But there is no such proof in the record. I demand again that he shall point out in the notice of contest the words which embrace this charge. That he cannot do. On this point the pleadings and proofs are absolutely silent. I might, then, justly and properly refuse to be put on my defense against a charge which makes its first and only appearance in the unsworn and uncorroborated assertions of the counsel. But the errors are so palpable, and the corrections so easy, that I will go out of my way to answer these attacks of the counsel upon the validity of the contestee's title to his seat. In the first place, I ask the attention of the committee to that which the counsel omitted, as well as that which he stated, respecting the act of May 5, 1864, vacating all of these reservations excepting that of Uinta Valley. He gives what purports to be the text of the first part of that act, but he omits two most important words. The language of the act, as he gives it, is—

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby, authorized to cause the several Indian reservations heretofore made, or occupied as such, in the Territory of Utah, excepting Uinta Valley, to be surveyed into tracts or lots, not exceeding eighty acres each, under the direction of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and upon the completion of such surveys shall cause said tracts or lots to be sold," &c. (See 13 U. S. Stats. at Large, p. 63.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PILGRIMS FROM UTAH.—Last evening two gentlemen of Salt Lake City, who are on a visit to this State for the purpose of endeavoring to select a suitable spot whereon to locate permanent homes for themselves and many others who prefer republicanism to theocracy and free schools to the "Order of Enoch," called at the *Chronicle* office. If successful in effecting sufficiently advantageous arrangements, it is probable that several hundred families will join them in forming a colony, or locate near one already established. These gentlemen intend visiting the southern portion of our State, with a view to enlisting the attention and interest of some of the large land owners in that section. Among those they represent are men of the highest respectability—physicians, editors, artists and mechanics—some of whom have never been connected with the Mormon church, and others who have become wearied with the rule of the "Prophet." If sufficient inducements are offered, these gentlemen are prepared to take with them a complete printing office, and to commence at once the publication of a paper to advocate the interests of the section where they may locate in particular, and of the State in general.—*San Francisco Chronicle* July 15.

THE PULPIT YELL.—The habit of shouting so loud as to offend the ear is perhaps equally objectionable, while a sudden transition from one extreme to the other is sufficiently artificial to comprehend the evils of both. But there is another and growing fashion so vicious, so offensive to good taste, so destructive to spiritual emotions, and so repellant to serious contemplations, that a public speaker has need only to hear himself as others hear him to feel conscience-smitten for disturbing public worship. It is the abrupt transition from low to high—not mere hallooing—that expression is quite too tame, but an instantaneous startling yell, which would drown the sound of a savage war-whoop. Let no one think this is a caricature of what is sometimes witnessed in public speakers. It would be difficult to select language forcible enough to make the description hyperbolic. If there be any who not having witnessed an instance of this mis-called oratory, are unable to recognize this photograph, let him im-

agine himself seated in a house of worship in devout frame of mind, listening, with absorbed attention to an instructive discourse, in harmony with his serious contemplations, delivered in a tone of voice adapted to the sentiment and to the awakened feelings of the congregation, when instantly, as with an electric shock, the speaker utters a yell, that falls painfully on the dulled ear. The rupture of a water-spout would not more surely discharge its contents, than such an explosion would empty the mind of all serious thoughts.—*Evangelist.*

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