

MOUND-BUILDERS.

I see by copies of your paper that much interest is manifested in regard to the prehistoric people of this continent, known as the Mound-Builders. After spending several years on the frontier of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, in search of precious metals, I have reached civilization for the winter, and will give you an insight into my travels relating to the peculiar people on the borders of the Territories above named. I have had uncommon advantages for studying what I consider the historic people of this continent—the Zimms and Moquis—who are undoubtedly the last of a once powerful and enlightened race, who were once the Mound-Builders, Aztecs, and Toltecs. Their language is peculiar, so are their habits, and they are totally unlike either the Indians or Mexicans. They have feast days, and worship the Sun, but not a deity, but as the central power of a deity for distribution of divine favor. They have knowledge of pottery, weaving, and several kinds of ornamental work, and are very industrious and thrifty. Their pictorial representation of their history, of which they are very choice and jealous, is certainly wonderful, and is done and painted on something resembling parchment. I was permitted to see what, as near as I could judge, was a history of the travels of this people from some country to their present home, and the various prominent scenes that have taken place up to a late period, all of which is very strange and wonderful, and I take pleasure in giving to the public, as near as I can, a description of the figures and the interpretations of them. I could understand but a few words and some signs made by a principal chief among them, but the pictures speak rather plain.

The first picture represents the people armed with bow and arrow and spears, some on horseback and some in chariots, and a people armed the same who oppose them. The countenances of the people are Asiatic, and they are dressed with mantles and sandals, and this people seem to be defeated and inclined to flee. The next scene is a body of women and children approaching a mountain with sheep, horses and other animals, the horses laden; also camels laden, and a body of armed men in the rear. They seem to be leaving the country and traveling over the mountains. Then come what appears an encampment, and the animals feeding around, and these people dressed in blue. There seems to be several head men, one who has something on his head resembling a crown, and probably a king. They are met by a people who wear baggy trousers and turbans on their heads. Next is another procession as before, and they travel down beside a large river. Many are riding different kinds of animals, and many animals are being driven. Then is represented the same leading men treating with one another, and a peculiar looking people resembling Chinamen. They have long queues and the head partially shaved. The next picture represents ships with square sails, and on board of ships can be seen different kinds of animals and people; the sun is sinking in the west, and they are steering northeasterly. The next represents the ships near shore, with distant mountains and many trees, and animals resembling deer. The men appear to be dressed in heavy garments, indicating cold weather.

The next picture represents the same ships; the sun is now rising above the mountains at the east, and the ships are sailing southward along the shore, and birds, probably gulls, in the air near the ships. Next, the ships are in the cove nearly surrounded by land, and the climate is apparently tropical, as the surroundings are green, the people and animals are landing, and the important personage with the crown on is in the centre of the group. Then comes another procession of the people with animals, &c., some climbing the mountains, and great plains, with the wild animals viewing them with wonder; by the position of the setting sun on the waters they are traveling eastward. Next comes a large river with trees on each side. Here, for the first time, we see houses and mounds, some of them round and some of them with square base, and in form of pyramid; cattle and sheep are feeding on the plain, and this means settlement. Now comes another battle, but no chariots; they seem to be fighting a large

and dark race of men, who have feathers in their heads and down the back, and are armed mostly with spears, and nearly naked. The next is another procession, traveling toward the setting sun, and they are followed by the feathered warriors. There were several other pictures I could not explain. That these people are the degenerate descendants of a once powerful race, who once occupied the continent, cannot be denied.

As near as I can interpret these pictures, they are a history of this peculiar people, and the meaning is quite plain. There is some written language connected with the picture that I cannot decipher, but represents something similar to what I have seen of the Sanskrit and Egyptian. No. 1 is the battle in their own country—probably Eastern Asia—and they were defeated and driven out, and the first procession is their leaving with their families and their flocks and herds. They travel through some part of India or Arabia, where the turbaned people are, and the leading men are treating for a passage through the country. The next people are the Chinese, with whom they treat for land or ships, and the ships leave the coast of China, and take a course northeast, that will bring them into the cold northwest, and they sail southward to a warm climate, and the land is on the Pacific, where they leave their ships.

They then travel in procession as before, over the mountains and plains, and come to some of our large Western rivers, where they settle and build mounds and houses, and the battle represented in the last picture is with the present Indians, who probably came in from Northern Asia, and overrun the country, and drove out this people, who retreated west and built the remains that are so thickly found in New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. The people probably are the same who settled Mexico, and South and Central America, and the life and civilization was crushed out of a noble race of men by the merciless savage, aided by the no less merciless and relentless Catholic Spaniards, and all that remains to tell of the once powerful and noble race of this continent is the few remnants of Zimas and Moquis, who have degenerated for countless ages, and know but little of those gone before, and the few arts of weaving and pottery are all that is left them of all the knowledge that was brought from the most enlightened portions of the old world.

That the discoveries made in this and other parts of the continent are bound at last to unravel the mystery of the mounds and mound-builders is undoubted, and when that is done we will find that Young America is the historic ground, and that we are but following in the footsteps of a nation whose knowledge of arts and science was second to none, and that they had attained a high civilization. — *Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

The Poncas Dissatisfied With the Indian Territory.

Meshaal Sara, chief of the Ponca tribe of Indians in Dakota Territory; Charles Leclair, half brother to Sara and interpreter; James Lawrence, Indian agent, and John Kimball, Indian commissioner, all arrived in Council Bluffs, Sunday morning, and left for their home in Dakota in the afternoon, as we learn from the Council Bluffs Globe.

They have been down into the Indian Nation, or Territory, to look at the Osage country, where the government proposes to settle several tribes of the more civilized bands of Indians. Meshaal Sara says he don't like the country—it is too stony, and game is too scarce; besides the climate is too hot. He says the Indians like a colder country. Another objection to the Indian Nation is the want of good, pure water, such as they find in the northern territories. The Osage country is not healthy, he thinks. He states that the Pawnees are all dying off—several hundred of them died within a very short time after their removal into that country. There are 743 Indians belonging to the Ponca tribe, of which Meshaal Sara is chief. He says he is going to tell his people what he thinks of the country selected by the government for their location and settlement, and will advise no opposition

to the Government's proposition, but on the contrary will prepare to emigrate to their new home about the middle of April or the first of May. He thinks there will be trouble in the Black Hills country the coming summer. The Indians very much dislike the way they have been treated by the whites, and many of them will resist encroachment on what they term their natural rights, until such resistance is no longer possible and profitable.

Meshaal Sara is a quarter blood—one-fourth American and three-fourths French. He speaks French fluently, and English quite well. There were eight or ten other chiefs and interpreters in the company, who had been down to look at their new homes, but they were so thoroughly disgusted with the location that they refused to come through civilization with Meshaal Sara and his company, and deserted them at Kansas City, and struck across the country on foot. — *Ottawa Bee, March 7.*

Zoarites Forty Years Since.

A friend has shown us a letter written from Zoar, in Tuscarawas County, about forty years ago. It gives a general view of the community of Zoarites as it was then, and, probably, as it is now. We condense it somewhat, giving the substance in fewer words, as a fair and interesting representation of a remarkable people.

Their town is situated on the Ohio Canal, eighty-two miles from Cleveland. It is on a pleasant site on the eastern shore of the Tuscarawas river, the streets at right angles and broad, the houses neat, with ample gardens and pots of flowers.

In 1817 a number of indigent Germans landed at Philadelphia. They remained there some time trying to purchase land. A merchant of that city offered them several hundred acres of wild land, where the village is now, at a very low price, on long time. Mr. J. M. Bimeler and others came as a committee to view the place, on whose report the purchase was made. The ground was parceled out in lots among the purchasers, but they could not earn money enough to pay for it. Bimeler, who was a natural sage, recommended the plan of a community where all the property should be held and managed by three trustees elected by the proprietors.

They at first used nothing which they did not produce, and sold the balance for the common benefit. Bimeler soon became the supreme ruler, which included not temporal matters only, but moral and religious affairs. They paid for their land and had money to buy more, in all 6,000 acres, which fortunately included mines of iron ore and coal. They built two furnaces, the products of which were sold at Cleveland. During fifteen years no one left the community. If any one proposed to join them he underwent a long probation to prove his industry, honesty, and morality. When received, all his property was conveyed to the community. They were then about two hundred in number. Every lot had its little vineyard of grapes of the best varieties. About five barrels of wine were made, which the keeper of their hotel dispensed to such as called for it in limited quantities, charging them with it at cost. Strangers could have a bottle of it at a high price.

Each Sunday Bimeler officiated as their preacher, the day being observed with religious services. They have no creed or sacrament, but are scrupulous as to conduct, requiring, as they say, not so much the form as the substance of religion. At the age of twenty-one their sons or daughters are at liberty to leave the community, but carry with them only their necessary clothing. The men are courteous and robust; the women stout and wear a blue tunic with coarse, heavy shoes, and they labor in the field with the men. Flour is made in their mills from their own wheat, and manufactories of almost all articles of domestic use are in the surrounding country. Money accumulates so fast that as individual stockholders they are all rich if the proceeds could be divided. Thus far they are content with a comfortable living in return for the light labor they are required to perform. No drunken, vicious, or idle person can remain in the community. — *Cleveland Herald, March 2.*

"Augers That Won't Bore."

Among the apt comparisons of President Lincoln none had more pungency than his description of incompetent army officers as "augers that won't bore." It is the standing reproach of our city government that it consists of a whole chest of tools as worthless as Mr. Lincoln's augers that would not bore. We have planes that won't take off a smooth shaving, chisels that will not cut, screwdrivers that can't be made to turn a screw, screws that can't be worried through a pine board; and it seems like a ludicrous insult to public intelligence to be haggling and dickering over the price of such a chest of worthless tools when the grand necessity is to replace them with a better set. Our people don't mind paying handsomely for good work. Their chief ground of complaint is that they are compelled to pay dearly for inefficiency and neglect. We have an expensive street cleaning arrangement that does not clean the streets; a Health Department that leaves all sorts of stench—diffusing and pestilence-breeding nuisances to poison the air in the summer months; a police department which leaves life insecure, murderers and burglars uncaught, and dens of gambling and pollution undisturbed; a common council that permits the street railroad companies to pack people like herrings in filthy cars and to swindle the city out of the taxes due from these roads, and other departments, which give us the filthiest markets, the shabbiest docks, and the worst paved streets in the world. It is a very idle and petty employment to be disputing over a ten per cent. reduction in salaries when the whole municipal service is so scurvy, picketty, rotten and scandalous. If our policemen did their whole duty with vigilance and energy the city would not grudge them their salaries. If our streets were kept clean and wholesome the people would not grumble at the cost. If our health officers promptly abated all nuisances and kept the atmosphere of our dwellings sweet and untainted we should save enough in doctor's bills, funeral expenses and loss of employment by disease, to pay the expenses of their department thrice over. Moreover, the annoyance, discontent, ill-temper, and sense of outrage inflicted on us by the set of imbeciles and incapables which we dignify with the title of a city government would be cheaply got rid of by adding ten per cent. to salaries if we could not secure efficiency at a lesser rate. Whatever else is done or left undone, let us have augers that will bore, a city government that will discharge its proper functions. — *New York Herald, Jan. 22.*

FORESTS AND CLIMATE.—In former times, as late as twenty years ago, there was but one tree of any size in the city of Honolulu, and from the month of November till February the town used to be visited by three or four southern storms, while during eight or nine months a fall of rain was something unheard of in the city of Honolulu and its near environs; but fresh trade winds came sweeping down from the mountains, raising a tremendous dust in the dry, unpaved streets, but keeping the atmosphere pure and clear from miasma. Honolulu, in those days, was the resort of people suffering from lung diseases, and many found relief, while others in quest of health found a grave. Honolulu is at present changed from the former hot, dry city into a beautiful park of perhaps a thousand acres in extent, where trees that rise above the tops of houses spread their shadows far over the streets and house-lots, and permit but little circulation of air; while the valley, formerly a luxuriant forest with its creepers, vines and fern thickets, the home of frequent rain showers, has changed places with Honolulu, and has become as dry and parched as Honolulu used to be. What the consequence of this great change in climate will be in a few years hence in a city lying under the meridian, nearly, of New Orleans, Savannah or Mobile, we must await in patience—not however, without forebodings. — *Honolulu Corres. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Juggernaut troubles the people of the far east, but an exchange suggests that it is Jug-or-not that troubles the people of the far west.

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