

### Fatally Killed by a Mule.

GOSHEN, Utah Co.,  
August 18th, 1875.

#### Editor Deseret News:

A sad accident occurred in this place on Sunday evening. David H. Rouse, son of John Rouse, had been feeding grain to his father's mules, when one of them kicked him in the groin, from the effects of which he died on Monday evening about six o'clock.

He was in the sixteenth year of his age, was a dutiful son, and a very promising and exemplary youth; his sudden death has cast a gloom over the minds of every person in this settlement.

His funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was numerously attended. WM. PRICE.

### NEW BOOKS.

*Native Races of the Pacific States.* This is the title of a work published by D. Appleton & Company, of New York, and the first of a series, on the western half of North America, by Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, of Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. The *Native Races of the Pacific* will contain five volumes, three of which have been received from the publishers, containing an aggregate of about twenty-four hundred pages. The books are handsomely printed on fine paper, illustrated with excellent maps, and very strongly bound in sheep.

By "Native Races of the Pacific," Mr. Bancroft says he means the aborigines of the immense territory bordering on the western ocean, from Alaska to Darien, and including the whole of Mexico and Central America, formerly peopled by hundreds of nations, "from the reptile eating cave dwellers of the great basin, to the Aztec and Maya Quicha civilizations of the southern table land, which was wantonly destroyed by Spain." The author says that—"To gather and arrange in systematic, compact form all that is known of these people; to rescue some facts, perhaps, from oblivion; to bring others from inaccessible nooks, and to render all available to science and to the general reader, is the object of this work."

How far and satisfactorily he has accomplished his herculean task time and the verdict of the public only can determine; but the evidence is before us that he has labored most indefatigably to attain that end, and that neither time nor means have been spared in its accomplishment.

Mr. Bancroft says that he commenced collecting his materials in 1859, and continued for ten years, spending four years out of the ten in England and on the continent of Europe; that he purchased about three thousand volumes, formerly contained in the Imperial Library of Mexico; and that, finally, in the year 1869, being then in possession of about sixteen thousand books, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, &c., he commenced the labor of compiling and composing the present work, in the course of which twelve hundred authors are quoted.

Few subjects are more attractive to the archaeologist and antiquarian than the origin and history of the aborigines of America; and the interest felt in the amelioration of their condition has been widespread among the various sects of Christendom; and during late years large sums have been expended by the U. S. government in attempting to effect their conversion and regeneration. But no people in modern times have felt or do feel such an interest in the American Indians as do the people of Utah—the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the simple reason that they know more about them, their origin and their future destiny, than any other people in Christendom, this knowledge having been imparted to them, as a church, by divine revelation. Hence a work like Mr. Bancroft's, which undoubtedly embodies much more than any other single literary production of the history of the American aborigines, can hardly fail to be attractive to and to find numerous readers among the Latter-day Saints.

Volume one of "Native Races" is devoted to the "Wild Tribes," chapter one being an ethnological introduction, reviewing the theories propounded by various well-known scientific men respecting the origin, unity and diversity of

races, spontaneous generation, origin and distinction of animals and plants, classification of species, etc., etc.

Chapter two treats of the hyperboreans—these tribes living north of the fifty-fifth parallel, namely the Eskimos, Koniagas, Aleuts, Thlinkets and the Tinnah—the physical characteristics of the country and people, also the social condition of the latter, their government, weapons, food, diseases, burial, etc., etc.

Chapter three furnishes a rare fund of information concerning the aborigines of the Columbian group—the Haidahs, Nootkas, the Sound Nations, Chinooks, Shushwaps, Salish and Sahaptins, their physical peculiarities, clothing, sustenance, implements, manufactures, arts, property, laws, slavery, women, customs, medicine, death, etc., etc.

In chapter four the reader will find much that is interesting about the aboriginal Californians, including the Klamaths, Modocs, Pitt River Indians, Snakes or Shoshones Proper, Utahs, Bannocks, Washoes and very many others.

The aboriginal tribes of New Mexico—the Apaches, Comanches, Navajos and many others, are the subjects of chapter five.

Chapter six is devoted to the "Wild Tribes of New Mexico," and chapter seven, and last of the volume, to the "Wild Tribes of Central America—namely of Yucatan, Guatemala, Salvador, Western Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and of the Isthmus of Panama, the whole forming a cyclopedia of information about the aborigines of the Pacific such as can be found in no other single work, and written in an attractive and entertaining style, sometimes bordering on elegance of diction, an attraction by no means insignificant in a ponderous historic work like "Native Races of the Pacific."

Our space will not permit very lengthy extracts, but the following, will no doubt be interesting to our readers, and will enable them to judge of the style of the author. Of the country of the Eskimos he says—

"The linear extent of their occupancy, all or it a narrow seaboard averaging scarcely one hundred miles in width, is estimated at not less than five thousand miles. Before them is a vast unknown icy ocean, upon which they scarcely dare venture beyond sight of land; behind them hostile moun- tain- ever ready to dispute encroachment. Their very mother-earth, upon whose cold bosom they have been borne, age after age through countless generations, is almost impenetrable, thawless ice. Their days and nights, and seasons and years, are not like those of other men. Six months of day succeed six months of night. Three months of sunless winter; three months of nightless summer; six months of glimmering twilight.

"About the middle of October commences the long night of winter. The earth and sea put on an icy covering; beasts and birds depart for regions where red or more congenial; humanity huddles in subterranean dens; all nature sinks into repose. The little heat left by the retreating sun soon radiates out into the deep blue realms of space; the temperature sinks rapidly to forty or fifty degrees below freezing; the air is hushed, the ocean calm, the sky cloudless. An awful, painful stillness pervades the dreary solitude. Not a sound is heard; the distant din of busy man, and the noiseless hum of the wilderness alike are wanting. Whispers become audible at a considerable distance, and an insupportable sense of loneliness oppresses the inexperienced visitor."

The following brief passage contains a beautiful description of the gradual dying away of the winter and the return of summer in the land of the Eskimos—

"In January, the brilliancy of the stars is dimmed perceptibly at noon; in February, a golden tint rests upon the horizon at the same hour; in March the incipient dawn broods; in April the dawning Eskimo rubs his eyes and crawls forth; in May, the snow begins to melt, the impatient grass and flowers arrive at its departure. In June the summer has fairly come. Under the incessant rays of the over-setting sun, the snow speedily disappears, the ice breaks up, the glacial earth softens for a depth of one, two or three feet; circulation is restored to vegetation, which during winter had been stopped;—even we may believe Sir John Richardson, the latest traveler freezing to the heart. Sea and plain, and rolling steppe, as a whole, their seamless shroud of white, and a brilliant tint of emerald over-spreads the landscape. All nature, with one resounding cry, leaps up and claps her hands for joy. Flocks of birds, lured from their winter homes, fill the air with their melody; myriads of wild fowls send forth their shrill cries; the moose and the reindeer flock down from the forests; from the resonant sea comes the noise of spouting whale and barking seals; and this so lately dismal, cheerless region, blooms with an exuberance of life equalled only by the shortness of its duration. And in token of a just appreciation of the Creator's goodness, this animated medley—man, and beasts, and birds, and fishes—rises up, divides, falls to, and ends in eating or in being eaten."

Speaking of the Eskimos, themselves our author says—

"They have a fair complexion, the skin when free from dirt and paint being almost white; a medium stature, well proportioned, thick-set, muscular, robust, active,

with small and beautifully shaped hands and feet." Some of the women "introduce false hair among their own, wearing the whole in two immense bows at the back of the head." During childhood and youth their skin is kept saturated with grease and filth, but with "the age of puberty the work of improvement begins. \* \* \* pigments of various dyes are applied, both painted outwardly and pricked into the skin; holes are cut in the face, and plugs or labrets are inserted." Both men and women tattoo and paint; some of the women paint the eyebrows, but the amount of ornamentation is determined to some extent by the wealth of the parties, the ladies of the richer classes being privileged to have a greater number of perforations in their cheeks, lips or chin, into which labrets of bone, ivory, glass, shell, &c., are inserted, than their sisters of the poorer classes.

For clothing they use the skins of all beasts and birds that come within their reach; and "the costume for both sexes consists of long stockings or drawers, over which are breeches extending from the shoulders to below the knees; and a frock or jacket, somewhat shorter than the breeches, with sleeves and hood. \* \* \* The tail of some animal graces the hinder part of the male frock; the woman's has a large hood, in which she carries her infant."

Hyperborean architecture has its peculiarities. "For his winter residence, or *yurt*, the Eskimo digs a hole large enough to accommodate his family, and about six feet deep. Within this excavation a framework of wood or whalebone is erected, rising two or three feet above the ground, and then covered with a dome-shaped roof of poles or whalebone, and finally turfed and earthed over. In the centre of the roof a hole is left for the admission of light and the emission of smoke. For ingress to or egress from this Eskimo winter retreat a similar hole is dug at some distance from the first, and the two are connected by a subterranean passage way. The second excavation is covered with a shed, and the occupants pass from one room to the other on hands and knees, and out of or into their ante-room by means of a ladder. Among the wealthier classes the sides and floors of these *yurts* are boarded.

During their seal hunting expeditions they provide themselves with a shelter or dwelling as follows—

"On the frozen river or sea a spot is chosen free from irregularities, and a circle of ten or fifteen feet in diameter is drawn on the snow. he snow within the circle is then cut into slabs from three to four inches in thickness; their length being the depth of the snow; and these slabs are formed into a wall enclosing the circle, and carried up in courses similar to those of brick or stone, terminating in a dome-shaped roof. Loose snow is then thrown into the crevices, which quickly congeals; an aperture is cut in the side for a door; and if the thin wall is not sufficiently translucent, a piece of ice is fitted into the side for a window. Seats, tables, couches, and even fire places are made with frozen snow. \* \* \* These houses are comfortable and durable, resisting alike the wind and the thaw until late in the season."

The Eskimos have not dainty palates, and anything and everything which can be used to sustain life is food for them. The following are said to be among their favorite dishes—

"Coagulated blood, mashed cranberries with rancid train oil, whortleberries and walrus blubber, alternate streaks of putrid black and white whale's fat; venison steeped in seal oil, raw deer's liver cut in small pieces and mixed with the warm half-digested contents of the animal's stomach; bowls of live maggots and a draught of warm blood from a newly-killed animal. \* \* \* They prefer their food cooked, but do not object to it raw or rotten. They are no lovers of salt. There is no native intoxicating liquor, but in eating they get gluttonously stupid."

The following is one of the methods adopted by the Eskimos in killing the polar bear:

"Pieces of bent whalebone are encased in balls of blubber, and the latter being frozen holds firm the bent whalebone. "Armed with these frozen blubber balls, the natives approach their victim, and, with a discharge of arrows, open the engagement. The bear, smarting with pain, turns upon his tormentors, who, taking to their heels, drop now and then a blubber ball. Bruin, as fond of food as of revenge, pauses for a moment, hastily swallows one, then another, and another. Soon a strange sensation is felt within. The thawing blubber, melted by the heat of the animal's stomach, releases the pent-up whalebone, which, springing into place, plays havoc with the intestines, and brings the bear to a painful and ignominious end."

Swimming matches have broken out with alarming frequency this summer, on both sides of the ocean, and athletes are taking to water as naturally as to anything else.

### NEWS NOTES.

Milkmen are spending their leisure hours at watering places.

One of the lady teachers in a Detroit school is named Mecca, but she has a pilgrim who worships at her shrine, and is presently expected to Mecca change her name.

The steamship *Germanic*, from Liverpool, arrived at New York, Aug. 7, with Barry Sullivan on board, having made the fastest time on record—seven days and seventeen hours.

A dependent old man in New Orleans, upon hearing his son say that work was scarce and poorly paid, went out of the house and shot himself, so as to remove one burden.

*Figaro* writes severely against the use of the cat on the backs of criminals in England, and Miss Alice S., of London, answers that this punishment is more merciful than the treatment of girls in French boarding schools.

Gilmore wants, at the Centennial at Philadelphia, next summer, the One Hundredth Psalm sung by 100,000 voices on the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He says he can organize such a chorus.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* declares that it exists in a dreadfully corrupt community, or, as another California paper says, "it is continually engaged in efforts to demonstrate that the people of San Francisco are hopelessly corrupt and depraved; not the lower classes only, but the upper also."

During the recent epidemic of measles in the Feejee Islands the natives became imbued with the terrible idea that now the *Papalagi* (English people) had become possessed of their land, they desired to get rid of them. In many instances it was impossible to dispel the idea that the King had been taken to Sydney for the purpose of communicating to him a fatal poison, with which utterly to destroy all his people. Sick men and women would look you fairly in the face, as though convinced of their inexorable fate, and say, "I am going to die," and at once settle down to inevitable death. To tell a Feejeean he looked sick was as certain destruction to him, in many instances, as a bullet through his heart would be.

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