



ALBERT CARRINGTON.....EDITOR.

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OUR RELATIONS WITH OUR PATRONS.

A plain, simple, easily understood talk between men in business is always the safest and most profitable to both parties. There has been a time in the history of Utah Territory when it was somewhat difficult for business men to please both themselves and their patrons, on account of the scarcity of a currency medium; but that day is not the present. Gold was ever keenly sought after, and when got hold of was always "salted down;" but nobody, to-day, cares to lock up a "green-back." They are a kind of present "necessity" only, and everybody that handles them has very little compunction of conscience in passing them freely around, and the love for the preservation of that kind of pictures is not likely to soon increase, to any very dangerous extent. When, therefore, money is at a very low marketable value, there can be little selfishness in saying that we want some of that kind of thing—as much of it as we can possibly get that is due us from our patrons. We have some reason to speak well of many who have paid promptly their arrearages and some who have owed largely, and for a very long time, this office have manifested latterly a disposition to claim again our confidence, and we are in hopes that all who linger on our black list will soon rub out the stain.

We do not on our part what we could wish to do, and probably what many now wish us to do, for we are hampered by the multitude of trifling accounts on our books which in the aggregate reach to the useful sum of \$41,000, and an addition of \$10,000 against our agents. Readers, do you wonder that at times we feel sore? With that amount at our disposal, cannot our readers see what we could do? We can see much that is needed, much that would benefit both us and our patrons; but without it, we have to drag slowly, clumsily and not very neatly along, as well as we can. We have, notwithstanding these hindrances, a growing faith that better efforts on our part will be seconded by our patrons, and that we shall yet have to thank them for not only what is properly our own; but for helping aid. We have sent for a power press to the eastern States, and an entire new and full equipment of every thing necessary to make a first class newspaper and, connected therewith an extended book bindery establishment. If favored, as we hope to be, we shall import in connection with the power press a steam engine for driving the press. Patrons who are in any way indebted will you pay us now? and those who are not under obligation we shall count upon them for aid in any way that they see they can contribute.

One thing is most certain, the commercial standing of the News office is rapidly rising. There was once a time, when we have heard of tradesmen, whom we do not think necessary to name here, refusing this and that on a News order if not accompanied by a portion of money—while their names are on the debtor side of the ledger. We have no threats to make—that is a business we leave to other folks—but we want to say here that no tradesman, no merchant, no person is charged in this office for anything but on a cash basis: hereafter, then, let it be understood that if our order upon any person does not command what with that debtor is purchasable for money, we shall understand that that closes our business relationship. Any person with claims against us can get any thing we possess that they want—we ask no more of others.

A cooper cannot furnish an iron hooped vessel without the money to replace the iron; a blacksmith is in the same position; a tailor has to import his buttons, thread, needles, trimmings and wax; a shoemaker has his

furnishings to import, a hatter has something else, a painter his colors, oils, turpentine and brushes, in fact there is hardly a tradesman or mechanic of any class who has not to import.

We can readily understand that tradesmen want to keep up their stock of imported material—but we are unfortunately in the same position.

We have ink, types, presses and furnishings to import, and if we make paper here, there are a multitude of materials connected with the manufacture of that article which require the money. We want to encourage our tradesmen and mechanics of every class and are ever ready to lend them a helping hand and hope to see them flourish, for men who labor by the sweat of their brow deserve it. We regard labor as the wealth of a nation, and industry the highest virtue in man or woman; but we really do not like the folly of that kind of business that might find illustration in a nurseryman saying: I cannot give you trees without money; but I will give you currants in their season. Now, we hope that we will understand each other hereafter.

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT.

In the obituary column of to-day's paper will be found the notice of a boy's death, at American Fork, by the explosion of a bomb-shell. We had hoped that the publication of fatal accidents to children from playing with firearms and with the missiles of death would long ere this have taught parents valuable lessons in prudence, and led to greater watchfulness; but, with it all, we are again called upon to chronicle a most distressing and fatal accident, resulting in the death of the oldest boy of a respected citizen, and with the knowledge of the circumstances before us, we are thankful that the accident was attended with no more serious results.

From a communication received from Mr. Olsen, the father of the boy, it seems that an old bombshell, had been lying in a neighboring lot which his youngest boy—a little over three years of age—had rolled over to his home and, with other boys during the afternoon of the accident, used it in play. Mrs. Olsen observing them with it called the boys away, but about dusk, the eldest boy brought it into the house and placed it on the hearth. The mother was undressing the youngest boy at the fireside, baby was in the cradle, and another boy was sitting by it rocking him. The father had just returned home fatigued from his labor, and had only sat down a few minutes to rest when by some means, unmentioned in the letter to us, the shell exploded right in the midst of the family grouped around the fireside. The father writes that he was bewildered and stunned—and well he might be, for he had no knowledge of such a deadly missile being near them—the house caught fire, the eldest boy screamed with agony, and every thing was in fearful uproar. When the terror had in a manner subsided, the eldest boy was found mortally wounded. Dr. Tait was immediately in attendance and extracted a piece of the shell from the boy's thigh about a pound and a-half in weight, the effects of which, and the bruises of his head and body, he died in about four hours afterwards. A fragment of the shell struck the chair on which Mr. Olsen was seated, another fragment struck the cradle, a third piece cut off half of the sole of the other boy's shoe, and the bulk of the shell passed through the window, smashing everything in its way.

Br. Olsen concludes his letter to us with an expression of thankfulness for the miraculous escape of his family, a sentiment in which many will share. We should suppose that brother and sister Olsen had no knowledge of the shell being loaded; but we cannot think that every person feels as free from responsibility. How any person—the first that handled the shell—could be ignorant of its condition we are at a loss to comprehend, and how it could be, after that, left anywhere lying around is still as problematical.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA ON THE WAR.

The recent election in Louisiana called to the Gubernatorial chair Colonel Henry W. Allen, of West Baton Rouge, who promises to make a big mark in these stormy times. Allen has been a fighting Colonel, was at Shiloh, in Virginia, at Baton Rouge and in other warm places, and carried from every engagement evidences of his being "under fire." The

lead in his body seemingly keeps up his warm blood, and he opens his gubernatorial career with the heaviest stock of bitterness against the north that we have ever met with. His message to the legislature is the cheeriest document that has issued from the Confederate press for a long time, and is perfectly withering in historical reminiscences against the Federal military magnates. General Ben Butler, of course, comes in for a Benjamin's share of the Southern's ire and the "rank and file" in general are waltzed through at an alarming rate. On the document we have placed the scissors several times for a rich quotation; but before we could make the incision of the paper, our eyes caught some thing else as rich, and richer, and finally we concluded we could not touch it. For pluck, bitterness and hopefulness, the message is inimitable, and breathes in every sentence southern independence or annihilation. The hoped for end of the "rebellion," according to Governor Allen, "is not yet."

THEATRICAL.—"Satan in Paris" was played on Wednesday and Saturday of last week; but created no furor. There is vastly too little in such a play for any but one or two characters, and not much for them. It was thoroughly French and so far as exhibiting phases of life in "the centre of civilization" it was tolerably good enough. A people who have no word in all their language to represent home and fireside—with all the sacred endearments of a family circle, and in a country where husband and wife board out at separate establishments, where folks in general pass the best hours of their lives in restaurants and cafes—can, we expect, get along with the imaginative wanderings of any writer of the calibre of the author of Satan in Paris; but an appreciative English or American audience is not there. We can readily get along with moderate doses of eccentricities in a love struck maiden, and can comprehend the daring deeds of inspired gratitude when the averting of terrible evils calls it into action; but we have yet to learn a few things before we can get at any thing like the tuition of that aimable, noble souled and devoted young lady, (Satan) who exhibits in a very brief space of human life, "A Gentleman of Fashion," "An Elegant Parisian Lady," "A Fast Young Frenchman," "A Polish Princess," "A Young Officer" and "A Bright Angel," and each and all of them with an ease, a grace, and a familiarity with high and low life in Paris that is not expected within the education of a Demoiselle of her virtue, and social standing in society. By way of change, plays of that class are bearable now and again; but the simple truth is—however much we may admire and appreciate the lady who has the ability to assume and to carry through such a diversity of characters with skill and versatility—the people have not forgot the genius of Shakespeare, Racine, Moliere, Schiller and writers of that class, and would infinitely prefer to see her "hold the mirror up to nature" instead of following the vague fancies of the idlest of dramatists. We are cosmopolitan in every thing—we should be—and have no preferences for any nation, and can sit as easily under the tuition of Moliere the Frenchman, as we can under Scot the Scotchman; can listen as comfortably to the truths of German Schiller as to those from the lips of English Shakespeare, and we think the people are much of a muchness in their tastes. That's enough.

On Monday evening, the occasion of "Mr. Irwin's complimentary Benefit," we had "the sensation play—the Angel of Midnight." "The Management" ever exhibiting the cosmopolitan disposition we claim, after giving us the "Sunny side of Life" and niggerism in the Octobron "Yankee north" in Cuba, "Jesse Brown" in India, His Sombre Highness in Paris, brings us in the Angel of Midnight to an unmistakable piece of the modern German school. As is now proverbial, Mrs. Irwin played well "the Angel," and was well supported; and "the Management" deserves the highest credit for the "put on" of the piece and the tableaux. The tableaux alone should fill the house again this evening. Of the character of the play, we need say nothing more than it is of the modern German school—"fried froth," Barons, philosophy, wine cellar. At the close of the play, there was a call for Mrs. Irwin from every part of the house, and after the lady had got down from the clouds she was led before the curtain by her liege lord and delivered with much grace, good taste and feeling the following:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to return my thanks for your kind and liberal patronage, this high testimonial of your appreciation of my humble efforts.

During my stay in Salt Lake, my endeavor has been to please and to amuse you and if I have succeeded, I am happy, and believe me, it will always be my proudest ambition to merit the approbation of my friends.

In a few weeks I shall leave your city, but into whatever quarter of the globe I may go, I shall always bear with me a pleasing remembrance of the many pleasant hours I have passed, and of the true friends I have found, in Utah.

I would take this occasion to return my thanks to the Proprietor, to the Managers and Company of this establishment for the able manner in which we have been supported in our pieces, and again to the Company and Orchestra for their voluntary services on this occasion. Hoping to appear before you at some future time, allow me to wish you all, ladies and gentlemen, the fullest happiness this world affords.

Mr. Irwin had also the honor of a call and made a facetious extempore speech which was acknowledged with rapturous applause. "Master Harry" spoke his Piece and the Farce followed—both were excellent.

PASSING THROUGH.—We had a very pleasant interview with the Hon. James Tufts, of Virginia City, Idaho, during his recent visit to this city. Mr. Tufts had been attending the legislature at Lewiston, the seat of government of that Territory, and had the honor of being elected the first Speaker of the House. He arrived here on Thursday evening on his way back again to Virginia City, having taken the niggest route to that place via Walla Walla, Washington; Portland, Oregon; San Francisco, California; and Salt Lake City, Utah. A better argument, by-the-bye, for the division of that Territory would be hard to find. Mr. T. speaks with great confidence of the riches of Idaho, and looks forward to a bright page of American history being written at the head waters of the Missouri. The immigration from the Pacific States to Idaho this spring is expected to be as large as from the Eastern States. They are already rushing onward and the excitement is on the increase. Mr. T. left on Monday by Oliver and Co's Express—we wish him a prosperous journey.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—The rich prospect of mining in Idaho seem to be attracting largely the attention of moneyed men in the East, and from all we hear, there will be no lack of facilities for making our neighbor the El Dorado of the age. In addition to the facilities of travel which may be expected with the mail service of Contractor Alvord, after the 1st of July, and the Oliver Express Company, Ben Holladay is expected to establish a daily line of stages between this and Virginia City. On Monday forenoon, Mr. Bromley, a Division Agent on the Eastern mail line, started north for the purpose of selecting the best route and places for stations favorable for Mr. Holladay's enterprise. From all appearances, Idaho will shortly be divided into two Territories, and both the eastern and western divisions of that country will be teeming with miners.

THE SIDE-WALKS.—While buildings are in course of erection, the public must consent to be a little accommodating to the enterprising, and not exact a too strict enforcement of police penalties for obstructing the highways. Massive Stores cannot be erected without temporarily incommoding passers-by—that is all right enough. There is no reason, however, for so many great cobbles on the side-walks of Main Street where there are no buildings being erected. We like to see gravel dumped down in holes that before time, in bad weather made the places resemble more a dismal swamp than any thing else; but after a time the application of a little labor would save a great deal of grumbling and sprained ankles. Those loose cobbles should be taken away.

QUALIFIED.—Mr. B. B. Messenger informs us that the office at Fairfield (Camp Floyd) is now open for business. Mails close at the Salt Lake office for that place every Monday and Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, and mail returns from there to this place every Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

SELLING WHISKEY TO INDIANS.—From the police report we learn that Mayor Smoot, on Monday last fined a man named Burrows \$75, and a boy named Cuthbert \$25 for selling liquor to Indians. The Mayor has but one rule—the fine, or public labor on the streets with the chain and ball. It works well.