

THE DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NO. 7.

SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1869.

VOL. XVIII.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

THE DESERET NEWS, WEEKLY.

One copy, one year, \$5.00

The Deseret News, Semi-Weekly,

One copy, one year, \$8.00

THE DESERET EVENING NEWS,

One copy, one year, \$10.00.

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Editor and Publisher,

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

Bishop WILLIAM BUDGE is authorized to act as GENERAL AGENT for the DESERET NEWS throughout Cache County.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.—The Haulers can receive their pay. Office—General Tithing Store, B. Young Junr. W73-5

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

The Inman Steamer *City of Paris* and the Cunard Steamer *Russia* have lately had a trial of speed from New York to Liverpool, though it is stated that it was not a pre-arranged race.

The *City of Paris* left New York at 1:45 p. m., on the 10th of February, and arrived at Liverpool at 5 a. m., on the 19th, thus making the run in the remarkably short time of 8 days, 15 hours and 15 minutes. The *Russia* left forty-five minutes later, and arrived at Liverpool an hour and thirty minutes later.

The *City of Paris*, it will be seen, made the trip in forty-five minutes less time than her rival the *Russia*. Not much difference, but sufficient to make the Inman feel jubilant and to endanger the well-earned laurels of the Cunard Company. There has been a feeling of rivalry between the two lines for some years; but the advantages were so clearly on the side of the Cunard that the latter affected a feeling of disdain for the Inman. But of late the Inman steamers have been competing, and successfully too, with the Cunard, and the two lines are now not far from being equal.

A Mrs. Noble, formerly one of the Fox girls who gained notoriety at Rochester, N. Y., in the first development of Spiritualism, gave a seance at Omaha lately. She professed to be able to present manifestations similar to those of the Davenport brothers. When the time for the performance had arrived, the first thing done was to make a collection to defray the expenses of the hall and to pay the medium for her trouble. For this purpose seventy-five cents per head was paid by the spectators, of whom there was a large number present.

Mrs. Noble was then introduced to the assembled sign seekers, and made some lengthy remarks, after which the show commenced.

The first part of the exhibition consisted in tying the lady's wrists, apparently close together, the ends of the cord being then tied around a leg of a table close to which she sat, and upon which were placed a guitar, tamborine, and some horns and bells. The light in the room was extinguished, leaving the medium and the audience in total darkness. The extinguishing of the light, it was stated, was one of the indispensable requisites to the success of the exhibition; another one was that all present must join hands, and that if the circle thus formed was broken, the instruments upon which the spirits would operate, would fall. Soon after the jugglery commenced one of the gentlemen present, evidently of the "Didymus" stripe, broke the circle and moved about in the space between the table and the first line of seats occupied by the audience; but, did not in the least affect the spiritual manifestations, consisting of vibrations from the guitar on the table, as had been predicted. The doubts of the unbeliever were thus strengthened, and having on a pair of very soft rubbers, he made his way noiselessly to the table and stood at the end opposite the medium. After waiting for a moment or two, he reached out his hand cautiously and discovered that the guitar was not lying on the table, but that it was being moved about in one hand of the medium, and in her movements he touched the sleeve of her dress. Being now more than ever convinced of the imposture of the affair he clutched at and caught the strings of the guitar, when the medium instantly dropped the instrument

and called out that the circle was broken, and asked for a light.

When the light was procured the guitar lay on the floor a few inches from the bottom of her dress with the finger-board pointed toward her. The unbeliever had reached his seat before the light was procured, which baffled the attempt to discover him. The medium was indignant at the violation of the rules, and declared that she would not have given the seance had she not been assured that good order would be observed; she declared, moreover, that if the rules were again violated she would break it up *sans ceremonie*.

Before continuing the show the medium so arranged some of her immediate friends between herself and the audience that none of the latter could get to the table without being detected. Having done this the lights were again extinguished and the seance continued. The lady announced that the spirit of an Indian had possession of her and that she was ready to converse with any one in Chippewaw. One of the audience inquired if the spirit knew Spotted Tail. The medium gave some very irrelevant reply, but vouchsafed no intelligence in relation to the departed brave. Much bell ringing, tying and untying of knots followed and finished the show.

When a light was again procured the circle breaker went up to the lady and felt the material of her dress, and satisfied himself that it was the same he had touched in the dark. He then told her that he was the one who had "broken the circle." A prayer closed the exhibition which disgusted the greater part of the audience. The medium intimated that she was prepared to give private seances. The writer of the article in the Omaha Herald, from which the above is summarised, thinks she unquestionably should give them in private only hereafter.

The High Church party in England have, by means of the confessional, arrived at a knowledge of the condition of society that their ministers never imagined until lately existed in that much lauded Christian land. *McMillan's Magazine* for February—a very temperate authority—says that among ladies

"The affectation of school-boy slang, which was in vogue ten years ago, is fast being superseded by conversation of a far more dangerous type, and she who would earn the reputation for being fashionably 'fast,' must stifle every feeling of delicacy and amuse herself by making good men blush while bad men laugh. Worse still, horrid stories creep about, hinting at deeds worse than words, and scandal, which no one seems able to contradict, caps every story with a worse."

The High Church party say that this state of things can only be coped with by a return to the ancient Catholic usage of having the people confess their acts, words and even thoughts to the priests. But, on the other hand, their opponents, with a yell of execration, declare that priestcraft has undermined the national morals, and has created the evils which it pretends to have discovered.

GATH, the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:

"To read the daily news and criticisms thereupon from Washington must often make the cheerful nature sad. So much scandal, if all be not true; so much evil if half be real, seem enough to attach to the State the despair of men and the vengeance of God."

Yet he thinks he may say that the United States is altogether the purest, fairest, freest fabric of a State known to Christendom. If this is so, how about "the despair of men and the vengeance of God" towards the rest of Christendom?

The Washington Evening Star gives an elaborate description of the Inauguration Reception Ball on the 4th instant in that city. The confusion that existed in the cloak rooms is described as something fearful. The arrangements for checking and delivering hats, overcoats, &c., were very defective, many having to go home without their hats or overcoats, and others having to wait for hours to get theirs. Horace Greeley was at the Ball, and he was a conspicuous object wherever he moved, though somewhat, it is said, like a cat in a strange garret. Slow in motion, he was continually being scrouged and hustled and crushed by the pretty women revolving about him but this he rather liked. He had, however, to go into the cloak rooms in quest of his white overcoat and was jolted and jammed

for two hours there, and while there "Jenkins" says he swore a good deal in the oddest and most miscellaneous style. He adds that one would as soon expect a bullet from a rose-bud as an oath from Horace Greeley, but he certainly did curse most ferociously, on that occasion.

There was one point about this affair that is worthy of notice. The ball was held in the Treasury building, and the dancing was to be in four different rooms and on different floors. As a single programme was to be observed in the order of dancing and selections of music, it became a question how to secure uniformity of time, etc. To accomplish this, telegraph wires were introduced into the several ball rooms, and the master of ceremonies communicated his orders simultaneously to each by electricity, and by this means prevented confusion. This is a new and novel use of lightning.

A young white man, by the name of Jas. Ingle, was killed in a boarding house at Washington City by a colored woman on the 5th instant, by hitting him on the head with an axe as he lay on a sofa. After committing the deed she took a street car and went to the Police Station, where she told what she had done, and gave herself up. Her statement was that he had seduced her, she was *eniente*, and he had threatened to kill her. If her statement be true she served him right.

Original Poetry.

[For the "Deseret Evening News."] THE NATION'S JUBILEE.

The Nation's jubilee's at hand; a World Will now rejoice, for victory achieved. But not on the gore stained battle-field, where Thousands of noble forms lay mutilated; Or by cities, villages, and homes made Desolate, by the devastating power Of rapine's flaming torch.

No! a greater theme is ours; A nobler deed is done, we celebrate The victory of mind, o'er time and space; For both are vanquished, and earth's remotest Bounds are being measured by a span, while Obstacles, once deemed insurmountable, Are now o'ercome by a magic wand. The wave wash'd shores of two great oceans bound

In union, and Nature's bulwarks, which Have stood impregnable through the lapse of Ages, at the command of the God given Power of man, now open their granite Veins, and through them proudly moves the offspring

Of his Heaven born genius, while to His lordly will the elements are made Subservient, and all things do his bidding. The Wasatch snow-capped mountains, around which

Scarce any sound awoke the solemn stillness. Save the Indian's war whoop, the growl of The bear, or the flap of the eagle's wings, Will now reverberate with the rushing sound Of cars, bearing their living freight from East And West, and the rich produce of Oriental Climes, shipped to the "Golden State," for this, and

Other lands. The children of the forest Look with mute awe, and marvel at this power Of the white race, and its inroad on their Once famed hunting grounds and verdant glades, in

Which their fathers' bones repose in peace. 'Tis said by demagogues, that we in Utah Fear the consummation of the Nation's Enterprise, and dread its future workings; But this is falsely said; have not Utah's Sons nobly borne a portion of the toil, Through scenes most wild and rugged on the track?

Have they not bared their brawny arms and deined In the stubborn soil, cut through the flinty Rocks, and bridged o'er chasms, through which runs the

River's turbulent stream? Yea! all this they Have done, and more! why should we fear that which God has given to benefit mankind?

We hail all gifts from Heaven with joy, nor This we least of all; for through this precious Boon, which has seemed to us too long deferred, Friend will commune with friend, visits will be Exchanged—minds disabused of error, and Prejudice give up its baneful sway. We Fear not contact with enlightened minds; if They are good and virtuous, we bid them Welcome, and all the truths they can impart We will receive; but the counterfeits, and All we deem corrupt, we will indeed reject. We fear not man, nor anything but the Displeasure of our God, in falling to Abide His sacred laws.

The stranger, As he is borne along through our lovely Valleys, will mark the signs of industry Abounding on every hand; our well-tilled Farms dotting the landscape o'er; our smiling Orchards, and our limpid streams; and will be Not see our thriving cities, our towns and Villages, and exclaim, "A people, who could, without the Nation's fostering care, Make this once dreary waste to 'Blossom as The rose,' must have the elements of greatness And goodness incorporated in their Nature, and God must be their friend." We hail the completion of the "World's great Highway" with gladness, for the blessings it Will confer upon our goodly land. We Wish it well; we also wish our Nation's West, and that her glory may shine as a Beacon light o'er the troubled waves of kingly Despotism, until all the noble spirits Who groan under priestly bondage, and the Rule of tyrants, are made free and happy By "the Constitution of our glorious Country."

J. K. HALL.

[For the Deseret News.]

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH!

Throughout God's infinite domain Life reigns perennial, all around, And every pang, or pulse of pain Leads but to higher vantage ground.

Where Autumn's leaves by myriads droop, They wake to higher forms of life; And every shower, exhaled, doth stoop To earth again with beauty rife.

Disintegrate, earth's granite base Brings untold wealth from fertile fields, And in the circling smoke we trace Those elements which beauty yields.

So, where on sloping hillsides dwell, The generations of the past, Doth not their resurrections swell In forms unknown, or known, as vast?

Systems and suns, replete with change, With wandering orbs, or earths or moons, In resurrections have their range, In morn, or night, or cycling noons!

Nothing destroyed, naught can be lost, No particle but finds its place, Now here, now there, at rest or tossed, Each process adds to form, to grace!

By rigid law, eternal moves In higher planes, refined at last, What art of man—from God; but proves That change, not death; hath powers so vast!

Little we know, and that is vain, Compared with element advanced; We only feel the backward stain, We hope for being, life, enhanced.

Nay more; that inspiration most have had (A drop from life's great fountain head,) Assures, though reason, college mad, May scorn such moods by spirit fed.

There's no such thing as death, we feel Instinctive, in the realms of space, But change, with noiseless step doth tread Where'er Omnipotence can trace!

Thus feeble man, and fallen earth, Aspire, and feel their pulses thrill, The one to be as Gods in worth The last celestialized by will!

Will, that hath worked, will work, unspent, Till past eternities shall fall, As single drops to ocean sent, Till God shall be the all, in all!

S. L. City,

N.

MORMONISM.

Some Congressional tinkers have lately been trying to patch up and scrape together a bill which they supposed would indirectly work to the detriment of Mormonism. The bill, as a whole, shows petty imbecility and a dwarfed and selfish statemanship on the part of its authors that deny either them or their acts the credit of being blessed with common sense. If Mormonism is wrong, why is it not boldly met by the representatives of the people, and a quietus put to its existence. If the Mormons are right, why are these would-be-wise men and Congressional mountebanks continually agitating the question.

If the Mormon doctrine is wrong, we think it would be perfectly safe to trust the correction of the evil to the neutralizing influences of a mixed religion, and the Union Pacific Railroad. We can never change the opinions or doctrines of either an individual or a people by oppressive, invidious, or legislative subterfuges. The Mormons, as a class, are industrious, honest, and, from their stand point, moral. There is certainly less crime committed against their laws in Salt Lake than any city of its size in the world. They have redeemed the wilderness and made it blossom as the rose, and have transformed the wastelands into one of the handsomest and best built cities in the Union. They have no poor-houses and less paupers than we know of. There is not a bagnio in the whole city. If all this good results from Brigham's rule, without any visible attendant evils, it would be advisable for us to move out of our glass houses before we fling stones at Mormon evils and denounce polygamy on account of its immoral teachings.—Omaha Evening Times.