

ous; but not until one of their number was very seriously injured by the ring-leader of the mob, who was also wounded with a pistol shot, and was afterwards held to bail in \$3,000 for the assault he made on the officer.

The work of confiscation continued until the liquor in about every establishment for the sale of it, in the place, was seized, the officers, while so engaged, being cheered by the women, and factory girls.

One thing in connection with the affair is noteworthy,—namely, the City Marshal of Lowell, was on hand with all the force at his command, ready to aid the officers if they needed assistance. How different their course to that of some nearer home! They were on hand to execute the law, and arrest the law breakers; but there are some in authority in this section, who, if their whole course is anything to judge by, would rather assist the unruly element in promoting disorder, and in defying law, than take a legitimate course. If some of these worthies had been in Lowell at the above date, and exercised the same authority there as here, the rum sellers and the rowdies would most likely have been the victors, and law would, for the time, have been defeated; for they, or the class to which they belong, openly counsel defiance to the law and its representatives here. But this class, on account of their meanness and evil deeds, have been glad to make themselves scarce, in other portions of the country; and, give them rope enough, they will do the same thing here before long.

MR. GLADSTONE, it will be remembered, recently effected the triumph of his scheme for the abolition of the purchase system in the British army, in a most extraordinary manner. The bill had passed the lower house, but was rejected most positively by the upper. The triumph of the measure, however, was determined upon, at any price, and finding the Lords obdurate the Minister induced the Queen to use her prerogative, in a manner which has seldom if ever been resorted to, and she revoked the royal warrant which originally made the system lawful,—a step which virtually gave the finishing stroke to the House of Lords as a part and portion of the British system of government, and at the same time deprived the aristocratic class of that which they have so long possessed,—namely the full control of every place of trust and emolument in the army.

This ruse, being fraught with such momentous consequences, has, of course, decreased the number of Mr. Gladstone's friends among the aristocracy, and they have got up a saying, which they attribute to the late Lord Palmerston, that he "would first ruin the constitution and then die in a madhouse." The triumph of his army non-purchase project, having deprived the aristocracy of a portion of their ill-gotten prerogatives, it may naturally be expected that the British Constitution has received its death blow; and as Mr. Gladstone's health is declining, the consummation of the prophecy, and his fall from power and advent to bedlam, will be eagerly awaited. When the aristocracy and the Constitution are gone, what next? Time will soon tell, for the tenure of both, according to present appearance, is bound to be brief; and, however great the changes that may take place, the condition of the masses of the people, morally, socially and politically, if it change at all, must be improved!

THE Coolie trade is now assuming vast proportions, and the horrors and barbarity with which it is attended are scarcely less than those which rendered the slave trade so notorious, and led to its suppression by the strong arm of force.

The attention of the powers to whose exertions the suppression of the slave trade is due, is being gradually awakened to the enormity of the Coolie trade, and a recent decision, rendered by Chief Justice Smale, at Hong Kong may lead to a speedy suppression of this abominable traffic.

The Captain and crew of the Coolie ship *Novelle Penelope* were murdered not long since, in a mutiny, by the cargo of Coolies, when out at sea. One of the unfortunate mutineers who was arrested, was named Kavak A. Sing, and an application was recently made to Judge Smale, of Hong Kong, for his release on a writ of *habeas corpus*. After listening to an able argument in favor of the petition, and carefully investigating the matter, Chief Justice Smale granted the writ, and ordered the release of the prisoner. In his ruling the Chief

Justice decided that the Coolie trade is a slave trade, that vessels engaged in it are engaged in piracy, that coolies confined in such ships are not liable to punishment for any means they may employ to gain their freedom, and that the seizure of the vessel and the killing of the crew, if necessary to accomplish that object, are justified by the English law.

Such a judgment will be endorsed by the enlightened and humane portion of Christendom; and it is expected that it will also be endorsed by the governments of the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. If it should, the Coolie trade is doomed, for the cruisers of the various powers will serve coolie traders as slavers were formerly served, and the abominable traffic will be speedily put an end to.

"MORMONISM" and Utah affairs do not furnish near so many texts for our brethren of the editorial fraternity now as formerly; in fact, it is rarely that one picks up an exchange, at least among the leading and influential papers of the country, which contains a "leader" on "Mormonism." Probably editors and newspaper managers begin to incline to the opinion that despite their fulminations and prophecies, "Mormonism" will live, and is capable of holding its own and taking care of itself. This, is certainly, the conclusion that the enlightened and liberal portion of the profession will eventually arrive at, if they have not already; and as for the opinions and conclusions of the remainder, whatever their character, they are immaterial.

Among our exchanges this morning, however, we find two or three editorials on "Mormonism," so that we may conclude that Utah, her people and their acts and doings are not altogether obsolete subjects. This is consoling, for no one likes to be completely forgotten by his friends. Among the papers to which we allude are the Cincinnati *Times* and *Chronicle* of the 8th inst., and the Chicago *Evening Post* of the 9th. The *Times* and *Chronicle* founds its comments on the short report, which appeared in the News a week or two ago, of the labors in Scandinavia of Elder William W. Cluff, and it thinks that the speedy prospect of the dissolution of "Mormonism" is not as flattering, after all, while converts to the faith are being made so rapidly.

The *Post* takes altogether a different view. It says that new converts to the faith are so scarce as to command large premiums; and that owing to the great influx of "gentiles" and their "permanent opposition," the system, ("Mormonism") is dying out at the roots, is past the help of special applications, and can not long survive.

The burden of the *Post's* song is the same as that sung by the opponents of "Mormonism" for the past forty years; by this time they ought to be ashamed of the folly of it. But it is amusing to see the difference in the views of our contemporaries; and while the wisemen of the east clash so materially, there must be something at fault with their inspiration. As they devote a portion of their space to the Saints, they are evidently interested in the welfare of Zion, hence we propose, in a fraternal spirit, to post them up a little in reference to her welfare and progress; and we think they cannot dispute that, being a resident of headquarters, we are in a position to understand, as well as, or better than they, what we are writing about when Zion is the subject of editorial comment.

To begin with, we beg that they will dismiss any anxiety they may feel on her account, for at present she and her people are prosperous, and their future prospects were never better; in fact, that elegant quotation from one of our American classics, Josh Billings, or Mark Twain, we forget which, "all is lovely and the goose hangs high" was never more appropriately used, to express a happy and prosperous state of affairs, than it might be at the present time in reference to Utah and the people who have made her what she is. The Saints, as a body, are contented, united, prosperous and virtuous, and are so attached to their holy religion, knowing as they do, that it alone has made them what they are, that they are unanimously resolved to cling to it, having proven its inestimable worth. It is true that circumstances help to make a scabby sheep, here and there, show himself and leave the flock; but the loss of a negative is always a positive gain, so that this is but an indication of thrift and prosperity.

There is one thing, especially, upon which we desire to disabuse the editorial mind, and that is in relation to

the influx of gentiles. Editors persistently refer to that as a sure sign that the downfall of Zion, or Mormonism is near; but there is no subject upon which they make a greater mistake. It is quite true that there is a considerable number now in Utah, who, by the anti-Mormon press, are styled "gentiles;" and they may be divided into three classes, two of which are very eager in their search for the precious metals,—the bait that drew them hither. Many of them, however, care so little about anybody's religious views, that so long as they possess the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness it is all the same to them whether they live in a community of Mormons or Methodists. Others of these two classes may be somewhat interested in religion and differ therein with "Mormons;" but while doing so they will frankly admit that though the people of Utah may be peculiar in their religious notions and practices they are the best people to be found, that in their midst the rights of others are strictly honored, and that life, property and virtue are more respected in their midst than in any other portion of the country.

There are still others among the non-Mormon residents, who are rabid Mormon haters; they are not among the new comers, but they, or the most of them, are well known here as political hacks and tricksters, whose only means of living is by preying upon and stirring up strife among the respectable and unsuspecting members of the community. No matter where this class live they would be found only among the dissolute and vile; but they are such a small minority here, and their influence is so trifling, that if "Mormonism" is never undermined or has its existence imperilled unless by their agency, its end will never be. Yet they and their agencies are the ones who do the howling and who threaten; but although their yelping is continually heard, the impotency of the curs from whom it proceeds is perfectly understood. They are like a certain domestic animal mentioned by an ancient fabulist, which, once upon a time, clothed himself in a lion's skin; his brayings were heard afar off, but nobody was scared, for they knew it was only an ass.

This is a very brief statement, and as truthful as brief; and we are sure will be endorsed secretly, by the class we last referred to; and we doubt not will be sufficient to allay any apprehension that may be felt by our brethren of the quill for Zion's welfare, prospects and progress.

Correspondence.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, 11th August, 1871.

Editor *Evening News*:—Possibly no one point in the Rocky Mountain country, presents so many features, likely to attract attention as does this. Originally a centre of volcanic eruption, it has gradually been transformed into a most remarkable, natural phenomenon. Directly on the line of emigration, long used by the people migrating from the Atlantic to the Pacific States, it became known to the world years ago, as one of the oasis spots, on the long, weary march that the gold seeker had to pass over to reach the Eldorado of his dreams; and in the mound above, our camp, a few lonely heaps of earth show the resting place of some weary travelers, who laid down life, ere the golden prospect was realized.

Within a few steps of the camp fire, a limpid, sparkling stream of pure soda water, bubbles and gurgles up from the bottom of a rocky basin, frothing and foaming over the rim, empties into Soda Creek, scarcely less acid than the spring itself. The water from this spring is as purely soda water, of the finest taste, as any ever produced from a soda fountain, by the most expert caterer. Slightly impregnated with iron, it possesses medical qualities, claimed to be of the first class. For dyspepsia and kindred diseases it must certainly prove a sovereign balm. The taste of the first cupful does not strike pleasantly, but with each succeeding draught the taste accommodates itself to the water, and soon the desire for it as a means of quenching thirst, and as a delicious drink, causes frequent visits to the rim of this natural soda fountain. Seated around it may be found at almost all hours of the day, persons utilizing the springs for health, resident citizens of Soda, or tired, dusty stock drovers, passing over the emigrant trail. The supply of water seems in-

exhaustible for all ordinary purposes, and is used by the citizens at the table instead of the water from the pure cold springs or wells. Children appear to relish it highly, and for children teething or affected with cholera infantum, canker, etc., the water must prove highly beneficial. If the good mothers of Salt Lake City could but be furnished with this water to give to their children, our sexton's report, I am satisfied, would be visibly lessened.

Following up the stream, one mile distant, we find another beautiful soda spring, with less iron and more acid; a short distance further, still another, boiling up above the surface, sparkling, limpid, clear as crystal, in dimensions 8x25 feet. It presents a most beautiful appearance, and the water is of the finest taste imaginable. Surrounding it are springs of the strangest character. Within a few feet, a dark filthy looking mass of water boils and seethes, back and forth, in an equally filthy looking earthen boiling pot, smelling strongly of sulphur and copperas. It presents a marked contrast to the pure soda water alongside of it; but still I am satisfied that this filthy mass of water, rapidly passing through some natural chemical process, is purified and transformed into the soda water so highly relished, and but a few feet distant. Near the foot of the spring, the dead bodies of birds, insects and animals attract the attention, and, on a more minute examination, we find that through small holes and crevices in the dried bed of an extinct spring, there escapes a gas that instantly kills the smaller birds, animals and insects that come in contact with it, and which possesses an odor partaking of carbon, and which would undoubtedly prove fatal to human life, if brought in too close contact. Following up the stream still higher, the number of springs increases rapidly in size and volume until the entire bed and head of the stream is one boiling, frothy mass of soda water, not so strong as the stream below, but still possessing strong indications of the existence of acid. A beautiful spring of clear, pure water runs from under a bluff and mingles with the water of Soda Creek, partially freshening but not by any means improving the taste. The bed of the creek is a soft deposit of clay.

Three miles to the north-east are found the Formation springs, so strongly possessed of the power of petrification, that twigs, leaves, spears of grass, and anything that can or will receive incrustation soon becomes enveloped around with a stone coat, producing splendid specimens of petrification. The water changes its channel so often, through the rapidity of the incrustations, that the face of the country, many acres in extent, is covered with this remarkable deposit, which can be gathered by the load, on every hand. A cave of inferior dimensions, formed by incrustations, adds to the attraction. Here the most perfect specimens of petrified leaves, and blades of grass can be found at every step. Three miles further, around the base of the mountain, we find Sulphur Lake. I have a vivid remembrance of hearing, in my youthful days, a worthy Methodist divine describe the future abiding place of all sinners, and I could not but think that this place had a smell much like the description sounded; oozing out of the bed of a marshy lake, a stream of sulphur so strong, that the stench is almost unbearable. It empties into a low flat beyond, and eventually, by evaporation, forms beds and bars of sulphur, so pure that it easily ignites, and burns with a bluish flame, emitting a smell that is certainly genuine sulphur. Our camp, sixty rods away, was rendered almost untenable by the sulphuric stench arising from the lake. Hundreds of wagon loads of this sulphur can be gathered up here with a shovel. This certainly must become valuable in the future.

Below the city, two mounds have been thrown up by the action of the water, from extinct and partially extinct springs. From the top of one of these, flows cold and tepid water, within a few feet of each other, and a splendid bathing establishment could be organized here that would prove an additional feature of attraction. Two miles down the river, a remarkable spring, called the Steamboat spring, boils out of the rock, and with a whizzing, hissing noise, not unlike the escape of steam from a safety valve, mingles with the river water below. The water is hot, and possesses an acid taste, strongly impregnated with lime. These are the principal points of attraction, while there are many minor points, such as the 90 per cent. soda springs, the floating meadows, etc., that all combined render Soda Springs a very remarkable place.