

# DESERET NEWS: WEEKLY.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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## THE RED MAN.

THE rehash of the annual report of an anticipated general Indian war appears to have passed off, like so many of its predecessors, in talk, not even showing anything so substantial as smoke. The fact is the Indians are not unacquainted with the advantages of peace—they seldom if ever go to war until they get mad over some real or fancied wrong, and even with abuse it is not an easy thing to get all the Indians on the continent mad at once, let it be tried as hard as it may be.

Although termed savages, and many of them savage enough by nature and in practice, yet there are in them capabilities of far better things, and in few instances are they wholly beyond redemption to a more excellent way than that comprised in the popular idea of Indian life—laziness, filthiness, predatoriality, incorrigible nomadism, treachery, and merciless cruelty.

Those semi-civilized tribes, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, and Creeks have been lately sitting in grand council at Okmulgee, in the Indian Territory. The two former tribes were represented by the best men of their nation, many of them able, wealthy, and possessed of much culture. The Cincinnati Times says of them—

The most interesting feature of this Territorial Council is the splendid specimens of the race which are sent there by the Cherokees and Choctaws. The Ross family, Amos Downing, Joseph Vann, Major Scale, and a half-dozen other Cherokees, are men that any nation ought to be proud of—generous, kindly, and possessed of wealth, intelligence, and great ability. Among the Choctaw delegation are Laflore, Folsom, and McKinney, and, Indians though they be, there are not three better lawyers west of the Missouri. Campbell Laflore resides in the Choctaw Nation, but has a legal practice in the Federal Courts so large as to demand his unceasing attention. To his legal knowledge he adds great scholarly attainments and the manners of a gentleman. McKinney is one of the most brilliant speakers in the West, and a musician of no mean order.

The council, among other things, considered the Modoc war and the cases of Satanta and Big Tree. The treachery of the Modocs was vehemently and unanimously condemned. In regard to the two imprisoned chiefs, the opinion was that the government was acting injudiciously and in bad faith, in not fulfilling that part of the contract which required the release of the two chiefs and their return to their own nation, provided the Kiowas would release all captive prisoners, return all stolen horses and mules, move on to their reservation, and live quietly and in peace. This the Kiowas have done, and they and the Okmulgee council and Superintendent Hoag censure the government for failure to perform its part of the contract.

As to the Modocs, their little game appears to be effectually spoiled. Captain Jack and his famous braves being prisoners in the hands of the United States troops. Jack is reported insane. Of course if his insanity is successful, he will escape the extreme penalty of the law, but most likely not otherwise. At this juncture we may be excused for recurring to some facetious remarks, which recently appeared in the Territorial Enterprise, concerning Captain Jack and the Modocs, henceforth, in connection with their impregnable lava bed, famous in song and story. Here is an extract from the Enterprise—

If there is any one thing more than another that gratifies our national pride it is the knowledge that the Modocs are Americans. The blood of the Six Nations courses through the veins of the best families of New England, and they are as proud of the strain as was Randolph of his descent from Pocahontas. From present appearances it will be a tall feather in the cap of the frontiersman of Oregon and California to show in after years that his grandfather was a "squaw man" on the borders of Klamath Lake and a descendant of a Modoc. We are beginning to think the Modoc blood a little the bluest in the land, and that the miserable failure of our troops in and around the lava beds is in a measure compensated for in the general scale of national military glory by the achievements of Captain Jack and his followers. We hug these savages to our hearts as the last representatives of a ferocious aboriginal chivalry which tinges with romance and grandeur the deeds of Philip, Black Hawk and Tecumseh.

There are but thirty Modocs left, and as they have for two months baffled the best military talent on the coast, they are entitled to consideration. They should not be killed. A great nation cannot afford to

vent its concentrated wrath and power upon so small a band of savages. Their blood is too valuable to be wasted in atonement for anything. They should be called in by peace commissioners, and begged to take in marriage the fairest daughters in the land, that their valor may become a national inheritance. We seem to want a little of it now.

## MORE LIGHT.

WONDERS never cease. From England we have had of late several inventive suggestions concerning cheaper light and heat for illumination and culinary purposes; for instance, the water and air gases. Now we hear of remarkable experiments in another direction, but looking to similar results as regards cheap light and heat. Electricity is the agent this time, and extraordinary things are related of the doings of this powerful and subtle agent. Experiments have been made recently in London which promise to revolutionize the existing method of lighting cities. Such is the judgment of scientific people who witnessed the experiments, which were more particularly made with reference to the illumination of streets and public places, although the principle involved is applicable to the lighting of private houses. The light produced is described as being "white as the moon and apparently as intense as the sun." A light, estimated as fully equal to that of seven thousand candles, was thrown upon the street. The light is constant, the current produced being unintermittent, and the heat evolved from the apparatus is intense.

But light and heat are not the only utilities resulting from the experiments. The inventor proposes to produce chemically pure copper at the cost of ordinary commercial copper, sodium and potassium at less than half the present prices, aluminum at eight or nine dollars a pound instead of twenty, and various other rare metals at prices which will make them articles of common commerce and ordinary use. He also declares, and English scientists appear to believe, that the invention will save, in the purification of iron ore, the ordinary work of thirty men and two-thirds of the coal, also reduce the time to a minimum, and the total expense to less than one-fifth of the present figures. The machine, it is stated, "will purify two tons of pig iron in eighteen minutes at a saving of two-thirds the coal."

These are statements so remarkable that they are almost startling, and if they can be realized, or if anything approaching to realization of them can be effected, the inventor will have his name inscribed on the scroll of fame with Watt, Arkwright, and other distinguished worthies, whose discoveries and their results have thoroughly revolutionized various departments of human activity, and widely extended man's control over the elements. Light and heat economically at command are two of the greatest necessities of the advanced stage of civilization to which the foremost nations have attained, and the certain and economical control of electricity for those purposes would be one of the grandest triumphs of science. The elements are full of wondrous uses for the benefit of man as fast as he can attain to sufficient knowledge to avail himself of them.

## THE HELP QUESTION.

THIS vexed help or "servant gal" question is always breaking out somewhere. Last it is agitating Philadelphia, and the newspapers of the Quaker City are "full" of it. All the discussers of the question appear to be unanimous on one point—that the demand exceeds the supply. Same here. Then why not go to work to create a supply for the demand? How to do this is the grand question, and upon this question agreement is difficult, very. On a small scale special importations from Europe have proved satisfactory, but for how long? The answer is feared. Shortly the trim, active, handy servant girl will find some ardent youth soliciting her hand in marriage, except she live in Massachusetts, where the ladies think of soliciting the hands of the gentlemen. For a "help," who knows how to keep a house in order with her own hands and is willing to do it, promises to make a far better wife than the lazy, Grecian-banded young lady who deems it a disgrace to wash the dishes or sweep the house, even when she is capable of

those accomplishments. Of all "poor things" for a man to take to wife, the poorest is the young girl who has been brought up to dress herself to the eyes and never to "soil her hands" with household work, because her parents have a little money. A smart, clean, neat, lively, energetic, and industrious "servant gal" is worth a thousand of the lolling, yawning, "finicky," pasty cheeked, expensive, useless dolls of "young ladies," who know how to do nothing worthy of an intelligent being.

If the demand cannot be supplied, then cut short the demand. If you cannot obtain a certain thing, then don't want to obtain it. Do without it. If you want a good servant, and can't do better, be your own servant, and be independent of others. Depend upon it, this latter method is not without its advantages, some of them great ones too. If you become your own servant, you will know what it is to be a servant, and you could hardly wish for a better mistress than your own self. You can make as little work as possible for your servant to do, you can do it when and how you like, you can do it exactly to your own mind, you can speak in the kindest of tones to yourself, you can pay yourself the highest and best kind of wages, so far as you are able, and spend them all yourself, you can go out and come in and retire to and arise from rest when you please, and in short, as we have shown, you can not only be your own servant, but your own mistress as well. This is a most delightful and independent kind of life, and, what is more, it is within reach of every healthy woman, high or low, rich or poor. The only wonder is, that so few people seem to be enamored of it. Because people are not enamored of it, goes up this distressful cry for "help" from others, who are almost as slow to come forward to be servants of others as others are to be their own servants.

One of the Philadelphia papers suggests that the rising generation of young American girls of the middle class will have to be fully instructed in domestic work. That is good, so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It tends to the distinction of caste, so hateful to the American mind. For when it is understood that the middle class girls are to be helps or servants, who will want to belong to the middle class? Every enterprising girl will be anxious to get out of it, and as but few could get into the higher class they must needs sink to the lower, which possibly many of them would do in missing the position aimed at in their ambitious striving, and then the last end of such would be worse than the first. No young girl would be forward to advertise herself as belonging to the middle class by offering herself as a servant. That is not exactly the way.

Another paper suggests that the difficulty would be solved if a dozen wealthy reigning belles of the period could be persuaded to make household fashionable, as then all the middle class belles and others would rush pell-mell into the kitchen to follow the fashion. That is all very well, but fashion is proverbially fickle, and the reign of a fashion of that kind would be likely to be one of the briefest, and after it was gone by the situation would become more hopeless than ever.

There are two things connected with this help question, which would relieve it amazingly. The first is that every girl, not of the middle class only, but of every class, high, highest, middle, low, and lowest, ought to be properly instructed in household labor, so that she could, if need be, perform any portion thereof, whether cooking, setting the table, washing, ironing, scouring the floor, or anything else, creditably and expeditiously. This would not only materially reduce the demand for help, but would enable many a family, who could well enough afford to hire help, to get along without distress in the accidental absence of help from whatever cause. Besides, a girl who was perfectly at home in kitchen and dining-room accomplishments, need not be ignorant of drawing-room accomplishments, and with the former she would be infinitely more acceptable as a wife to a husband than if she were highly accomplished in the drawing-room, but miserably deficient and ignorant in those things which pertain to the material comfort and happiness of the household.

It is a much more valuable accomplishment, and far more satis-

fying to a hungry husband, for his wife to be competent to prepare and set him a choice and inviting dinner or supper, than for her to have the knack of being the most dressy lady in the ball-room, or to be a facile thrummer on the piano. A husband gets hungry two or three times a day, and his linen needs the skilful application of soap and water two or three times a week, but he can manage without seeing a dance or hearing a piano for a much longer time than any of those, and without endangering either his health or his temper.

The second thing is, that it is a vital mistake to suppose that labor, any kind of useful labor, is degrading, that servitude is a badge of inferiority and therefore should be universally shunned, so far as is possible. On the contrary, the only honorable thing in the world is useful labor, and the most noble of all labor is labor for the benefit of others. Labor therefore, instead of being a sign of degradation, is really the only patent of nobility. There is no excellence, either of character or other attainment, without labor. "He that is greatest among you, let him be servant of all." This has the highest authority. "Ich dien," "I serve," is a motto proudly maintained among European nobility.

It is no disgrace, it is a creditable thing, a thing to be proud of, for man or woman, of whatever rank, to serve others, even for wages. To shrink from labor is disgraceful, and he or she that will not work should not eat, though many such do, and of the fat of the land too.

Domestic service, or any kind of service, should be considered honorable. When well performed the performer is entitled to the respect due to a gentleman or lady, to the consideration due to a brother or sister, and moreover to the wages or pay which the labor performed is honestly worth, without deduction or depreciation of any kind. It is really no disgrace for a girl to engage in the domestic service of others, in order to maintain herself comfortably, and in that position, if she fulfills her duties properly, if she does her work well, she is as worthy of respect as the young lady in silk in the parlor, and so far as real worth is concerned, perhaps much more so. Herein is where the grand reformation is needed. Let labor be considered honorable, let the non-laborer be considered degraded, let everybody learn to labor, let everybody be expected to labor, let the laborer be as well respected and as well paid as he or she ought to be; and then the "help" question will be satisfactorily solved, nobody will be ashamed to labor, and few will shrink from it, even in the domestic service of others when advisable to so engage themselves. Faithfulness in labor is also a prime requisite, which every laborer ought to bring to his or her work, and without which the laborer is worthy neither of respect nor of pay.

## LITERATURE FINANCIALLY CONSIDERED.

To many people, though not greatly in Utah, literary pursuits possess a wonderful fascination, and some people think that to become an author or a writer for the press is to find oneself at once on the highway to fortune. "Junius," in the New York Graphic, shows that this idea is a very great mistake, and that the pursuit of literature, chosen for itself alone and not for the money which it may bring, will be more likely to prevent bitter disappointment. Says "Junius"—

Since scribbling has become the means of purchasing bread and butter, the profits of ink have been greatly exaggerated. To write has come to be regarded by the inexperienced as the direct road to fortune. Men who discover themselves generally incapable, determine to prove their capacity by the pursuit of literature. (They may pursue it till Doomsday, without the least fear of catching it.) Women who have an ambition to shine in the world, or who are thrown on their own resources, speak of adopting literature as if it were a street Arab. Neither the men nor the women seem to harbor the slightest suspicion that authorship requires anything more than will. They may have heard that it demands talent, if not genius, wide culture, long training, certainly severe application and labor, even though all the rest be given. But they believe it not. They know better. Such is the talk of the trade—the pretense of the prosperous. Any one in their judgment can write, if he or she is so disposed; if he have a mind to. Ay, there's the rub! But the mind is very seldom theirs. The conceit, the ignorance, the egotism are theirs; the mind is wanting.

"If I can't get a decent salary for selling dry goods," I heard a young man say once; "I'll go out of the business. I'll do something else. Why, confound it, if no-

thing better offers, I'll write for the magazines."

With these words, he looked up at me, as if expecting admiration and pity—admiration for his spirit of self-sacrifice; pity for his prospective degradation.

"I wouldn't do ought so rash," I remarked. "I have tried the desperate resource you proposed; and, believe me, it doesn't pay. Never write for the magazines while arsenic is so cheap, and there is so much water in the Hudson."

He must have taken my advice. At least, partially. He may have written for, but he never was printed in, the magazines. It is harmless enough to write, but this thing of printing is very serious.

Nobody, as I have discovered, thinks so much about writing, or has such an exaggerated idea of its ease and compensation, as they who have never written. They are the unsung cats that have no fear of the fire. They look at ink without trembling; they view the printed pages without the remotest conception of its labor. They have visions of waking up some morning and finding themselves famous. Lounging on the sidewalk, they think to reach the stars. Turning a borrowed idea in their vacant brain, they expect to startle the world with its expression. Vain delusions all! The genuine ink fiend, if he ever had them, dispelled them early.

The simple fact is, that, as a trade, literature is the poorest in civilization. As a profession, it is eminently respectable, and, like many other respectabilities, accompanied by an attenuated income.

The authors in this country who have made any money worth speaking of, are distinguished by their paucity. Those who are most eminent, unquestionably the best, have earned the least.

"Junius" then shows how the great lights of American literature contrive to make both ends meet. Ralph Waldo Emerson has not made by his books over \$30,000. Nathaniel Hawthorne made \$2,000 to \$3,000 each of such works as the "Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is independent, but he is a careful manager, and his muse has not brought him much beyond \$50,000. James Russell Lowell is indebted to other sources than literature for his comfortable income. William Cullen Bryant's wealth comes from the N. Y. Evening Post, of which he is one of the principal proprietors. Oliver Wendell Holmes does not need to look for his bread in the inkstand. John G. Whittier has stirred precious few thousands from the pockets of his publishers. William D. Howells has \$5,000 as editor of the Atlantic. His books have not fetched him much. George William Curtis has \$10,000 a year from Harpers for work on their Weekly, Monthly, and Bazar. Bayard Taylor has been lucky, but his best income is Tribune dividends. Dr. Holland made money when part owner of the Springfield Republican. He has a large interest in Scribner's Monthly, and \$10,000 salary as Superintendent of Public Schools. Thomas Wentworth Higginson takes two months to write a magazine article, and seldom earns by writing more than \$2,500 a year. James Parton makes from all sources about \$5,000 a year. George H. Boker has a private fortune. Edmund Clarence Stedman looks to Wall Street to make both ends meet. Richard Henry Stoddard to the Department of Docks, Herman Melville to the Custom House. Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitman), Bret Harte and Mark Twain get what they can out of their literary comicalities.

"Junius" thus concludes his disquisition—

In truth, all literary men who have a bias in favor of living must live by other means than pure literature. To earn \$5,000 a year is the maximum for the best of us, and this requires a wear of nerves and strain of brain that may not be long endured.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY recently was—"Captain Jack, how shall we catch him?" The great question now is—"Now that Uncle Sam has caught the Modoc elephant, what shall he do with it?"

An Eastern genius, Yankee, no doubt all over, as per to-day's dispatches, offers to show Jack through the country and give the government \$1,000 a day for the privilege.

CONFLICTING.—The papers are making a great fuss about the Nast-y artist just now. Some say that he is poor, some that he is rich, some that he doesn't want office, and others that he is severely disappointed because Grant has not given him a good fat office for pitching into poor Greeley so effectually.

—The Cincinnati Times says, stuffed clubs or wooden ones is not so much the question as whether a policeman should unnecessarily beat a drunken man's head to a jelly.