

WEDDED.

Some quick and bitter words we said,
And then we parted. How the sun
Swam through a sullen sea of gray!
A chill fell on the Summer's day,
Life's best and happiest hours were done;
Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways,
And spake no word and made no moan;
She braided up her floating hair,
That I had always called so fair,
As though she scorned my loving tone;
My word of praise.

And I? I matched her scorn with scorn,
I flung her with all my heart,
Until we chanced to meet one day;
She turned her pretty head away,
I saw two pleading tears drop start,
Lo! love was born.

Some fond, repentant word I said,
She answered only with a sigh;
But when I took her hands in mine,
A radiant glory, half divine,
Flooded the earth and filled the sky,
Now we are wed!

LIGHT.
The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—Spectator.

TERRIBLE MINING ACCIDENT.

A man by the name of John Killen, working in the Consolidated Virginia mine, was instantly killed at eleven o'clock last night, under the following circumstances: The men were changing shifts at the time, and the cage, on which Killen and a number of other miners had embarked, was hoisted up the middle compartment. On stepping off the cage Killen, instead of turning to the left and passing out of the hoisting works, wheeled around to the right and walked into the north compartment. He fell with lightning rapidity to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 1200 feet, striking upon the top of a cage filled with men. Those who were on the cage at the time describe the concussion as being of the most frightful character. The unfortunate man was literally mashed into a jelly. His head was torn from his body, and the various bones of his arms, trunk and legs were shattered into innumerable fragments. His stoutly made shoes were torn into shreds. The iron bonnet of the cage was considerably broken and bent by the collision. It is thought that at the time the accident occurred the man was bewildered so that he did not know which way he was going. As soon as possible the remains were gathered up by piecemeal and wrapped up in a blanket, after which they were brought up out of the mine and conveyed to the undertaking establishment of Mr. Andrews on South C Street, preparatory to interment. —*Gold-Hill News, Dec. 15.*

A BALLOON STORY.

A curious story comes from across the ocean of a shapeless bundle of rags found recently in a tree-top in the South African colony of Natal. It proved to be one of the missing balloons which floated out of Paris during the siege with a freight of letters and dispatches—orders from the Government of National Defense to its Generals in the field, and messages of love and cheer, of sorrow and complaint from the suffering citizens to their friends outside. If the Government had no better way than this of reaching its commanders, it is perhaps not surprising that the military operations of France occasionally lacked consistency. It has been suggested that the contents of this aerial mail may have an important bearing upon the trial of Bazaine; but a question which will interest the public far more than the purport of the letters is how the balloon should have found its way from France to the southern extremity of Africa. Natal is over 5,000 miles from Paris in a direction almost due south. We should like to know what Prof. Wise's easterly current was doing while the air-ship made his extraordinary voyage.

Quiz remarks that when he tries to pay \$150 debts with \$100 assets he is compelled to demand an elastic currency.

Confessions of a Mormon.

[BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Among the Thousand and One Nights which I have spent in my examination of the different religious bodies in London, there is one community which has hitherto dodged me like a will-o'-the-wisp. It is that of the Latter-day Saints. Some seats have coyly stood aloof like an aged wallflower in a ball room, only to own the soft impeachment at last that they really liked to be taken notice of, though they did talk of "rude men" at first, and somewhat too effusively state their wish to "blush unseen." But Mormonism was determined not to be "done." So was I, however, and I have here to record my victory. I have interviewed an elder too fresh from Utah to be proof against my wiles. I have been face to face with a gentleman redolent of the air of the Great Salt Lake. I know—if not all about spiritual wives—a great deal more than I did a day or two since; and, with the impetuosity of a tyro, I hasten to un-bosom. My ideas may be crude, for the Book of Mormon and the principles of nineteenth century polygamy are not to be assimilated with a hop, skip, and a jump; but they have at least the merit of freshness. I have the latest intelligence from Utah. My knowledge has been long delayed, but it is posted up to the present time at all events.

Two or three Sundays ago I saw by an advertisement in the newspapers that the Saints were going to hold a conference in Limehouse. Bishops and elders from the Salt Lake were to preside; and immediately, as Melancholy did the youth in Gray's elegy, I "marked them for my own." The Sunday of course, was wet—all the Sundays were, just about the end of October and the beginning of November—and Limehouse was not exactly the most enticing quarter of the metropolis to tempt one's steps on a Sabbath eve; but I would go if I had to swim the distance. A fatigued passenger in the omnibus—gorgeous with Brummagem jewelry and fragrant with rose hair-oil, remarked that the rain put him in mind of the eve of the deluge. Limehouse was sludgy beyond a doubt, and the City churches seemed to be drawing, if possible, smaller congregations than usual as we paddled our weary way along amid the clanging bells that Sunday evening. After a long and most amphibious journey, we got to our destination, which was some public hall whose high-flown title I had forgotten. This was the rendezvous, for the time being, of the Saints; and in I went, with that boldness which I have gained by much frequenting strange places of worship. Time was when I used to hang about modestly at the door, half hoping that one of the faithful, seeing my state of heathen darkness, would step out and ask me in. But I did not hesitate that evening, or at least only for a moment.

Some twelve or fourteen gentlemen were arranged in a semicircle on the stage, sitting in chairs like a troupe of pious Christy Minstrels, and they kept on making speeches one after the other, none of which attracted me in the least, because they all shirked the question which was uppermost in my mind, and I fancy is uppermost in the mind of most of the unregenerate, in reference to Mormonism. They spoke of their persecutions, and how it was sufficient to say of a man "he's a Mormon" to exile him from the pale of respect. They invited the East-enders to come out to Utah and prosper. They told us they had "emigrated" 150 from London last year—and really that was all. The rest might have been the utterances of anything, from Evangelicals down to Jumpers; there was nothing distinctive. And yet it was with light heart that I went home again and read President Smith's "Answers to Questions, including the Revelation on Celestial Marriage," which I bought in the Hall for fourpence-halfpenny, and devoured as well as the light of the railway carriage would let me. Light-hearted, I say, because I had got the address of Elder Burton, President of the London Conference. I had run my Latter-day Saints to earth at last.

I wrote to this same Elder Burton, and asked an interview, which he graciously accorded me, and of which I need scarcely say, I gladly availed myself. I found Bishop's-grove, Islington, where he resided, a little unepiscopal *coul-de-sac* close to Dalston Junction. The

was dark when I entered, so that I could only see that it was a female who let me in. She deposited me at once in a cozy front parlor, and saying, "Brother Burton, a gentleman," vanished down the stairs or into the back parlor—I have no notion which. Elder Burton, whom I recognized again, had another gentleman [Mr. Squires] with him, who I soon found had that very day arrived from Utah, where he held no less a post than that of barber to Brigham Young himself. I was delighted. I was actually in presence of one who had shaven the President's saintly face! We proceeded to business at once. Elder Burton asked me to state what was the principal question in my mind in reference to the body; and I flatter myself I blushed becomingly as I simpered "the ladies." I wanted to ask about "celestial marriage," respecting which I got no information at the Limehouse Conference. In fact, I told him that I failed to gain any distinctive idea of his tenets there. "Was not that," said the elder, who was a grave and sedate, but Yankee to the marrow, "because you came with your mind running on one idea, and you took no notice of anything else?" I thought the elder's explanation very probably correct; and he then begged me to notice, as a preliminary fact, that polygamy was no rationale of the ill-repute of Mormonism. Persecution preceded the custom, and was, so said the elder, due to the fact that the Saints revived primitive Christianity—that one uniform claim of all the sects. "You try and revive the teaching of Christ in your Church," said Elder Burton, "and you'll be persecuted just as we were in the States." The barber—whom I am obliged to designate thus, for I never learnt his name—here cut in with a chronological remark to clinch me. The doctrine of polygamy was not publicly proclaimed until 1852. It was believed in before, but not formulated till then, and Smith was "martyred" in 1844. "So you see it couldn't have been plurality that brought us into disrepute. No; it was primitive Christianity."

Our trio was here enlarged by the entrance of an exceedingly imposing gentleman (B. W. Carrington) in a dress suit of resplendent black, and hair to match beautifully oiled and parted down the middle. Whether it was the contrast of the small parlour I know not, but he seemed to me seven feet high. He was quite of a different calibre from the others. Elder Burton was, as I have said, "elderly" in point of gravity rather than of age. The tonsorial gentleman looked—well, looked like a barber who had thrived on the President's head and chin; but the new-comer was evidently a "personage." I am as ignorant now as I was then of his name or rank, and this very ignorance, combined with his sleek attire and pale, close-shaven face, will make him ever an object of mystery to me. He was every inch a gentleman though, and thoroughly posted up in the principles of the sect, saying little while the elder or the barber was talking, but always coming in to floor me when I fancied I had got them up in a corner. For instance, I conceded that polygamy was permitted in the Old Testament, but not in the New. "Will you put your finger on a text which condemns it for any class of men?" asked the elder, and I quoted the words, "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." The elder and the barber (I wish I knew his name) was silent; but, after a brief pause, the gentleman in black smiled sweetly, and showed me his ivory teeth as he said, "Yes, one at least; but it does not say he must not have more than one." I collapsed for the time being. The case of the Levirate Elder Burton thought rather in favor of polygamy than against it, as it was scarcely probable all the seven brothers were bachelors. I asked him when and how he thought polygamy died out, and he said in the first century of Christianity, and through the corrupt example of Rome, where monogamy and its attendant evils prevailed. In reference to the extent of practical polygamy in Utah, they told me that scarcely one-tenth of the people availed themselves of it, though fully holding the doctrine. "That doctrine," said Elder Burton, "is due, not to the cause generally supposed, but simply to the desire to raise up a righteous seed, and also to provide for the excess of females over males, which is Nature's own argument in favor of polygamy."

—the low motive usually as-

signed the real one, polygamy would be the most expensive way of carrying it out." I assented to that, and also to the terrible prevalence of what is technically termed the "social evil" in monogamic countries. "Indeed," added the elder, "if concupiscence be the object of marriage, we consider the person so contracting it to be in danger of condemnation. We hand such a man over to the devil."

Then it was that I asked the most delicate question of all, which I felt I must ask or die. Did either of the gentlemen I had the honor of addressing enjoy a plurality of domestic bliss? The elder was silent; the resplendent gentleman in black answered not; but the barber, with an air of triumph, replied that he had two establishments, and a very large family in each. "In Utah, sir, a man is proud to say he has a large number of children. He is ashamed to say the reverse." "And the blessing of the Lord," rejoined the elder, "rests on the saints in proportion to the largeness of their families." I could not help thinking of a story Mr. Henry Russell used to tell before he sang "A good time coming." He was singing it once, and when he came to the verse

Every child I shall be a stay,
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has—
Wait a little longer!

a working man got up and interrupted the performance by saying, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Russell, but could you give one some idea of when this is likely to take place?" Evidently that gentleman had a quiver full, which would have secured him favor both human and divine in Utah.

From this we passed to general topics, most of which I found pretty well covered by the pamphlet I purchased at Limehouse, namely, "The Rise, Progress, and Travels (sic) of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, including the Revelation on Celestial Marriage." In the latter I find a distinct revelation appertaining to Emma Smith, the first wife of the saintly Joseph. She was to "receive all that should be given to my servant Joseph," and "mine handmaid Emma Smith was to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else." I insinuated in the politest manner, that it might be very nice for Joseph, but did Emma, as a rule, like it? How did the ladies stand the practice of plurality? Well, said the elder, they had their "little feelings," but then they were educated up to it. The barber was silent; and I could not repress an irreverent thought as to whether he ever had his hair combed by either of his dual belongings. There were fewer cases for the divorce court in Utah than in monogamic countries, I was informed. In fact, the Salt Lake country was a polygamous paradise, if all were true. There were 70,000 square miles of territory, with 113,000 population. That was indeed a contrast to our crowded acres in England. "And as for religious toleration, why, if you or any other minister, no matter of what body, were to come to Salt Lake City, we would give you a hall with an audience of 10,000 or 12,000, and the finest organ in the world, with leave to have what service you liked, and to preach to the people as you liked." "Well, I'll think it over," I said, as I rose to go. "But I don't think you will do much good if you do preach," said the gentleman in black. I quite agreed with him, and told him so. As a recognition of his superior qualifications, I asked him why he did not break ground at the West-end of town; whereupon, and only for one moment he waxed warm, and said, "Will you find me a respectable public hall where I can break ground? I have tried for three years, and cannot find a place." This, he said, was religious toleration in England. I really was surprised at this, for I should have thought anybody could get a hall in London—"for a consideration." —*London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 21.*

—The best remedy for a bad cold is to eat nothing at meals but a piece of toast, drink freely of cold water, walk twice a day till you are in a gentle perspiration, and go to bed very early. —*Ec.*

—The grand fraternity of the bulbous-nosed and pimply-faced will please muse upon the fact, that the coffin in which an old whiskey-sampler was buried some time ago, at Fort Kearney, was taken up the other day and found to be literally filled with snakes.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Oct. 23.

The Gold Coast for a distance of seventy miles inland is inhabited by the Fantees and other allied tribes such as the Akims, Assins, Wassaws, &c. Beyond these stretches the country of the Ashantees. Since the year 1807 the Ashantees have been continually invading and ravaging the country of the Fantees, and have had many disputes with the English. The Ashantees claimed fines and payments from the Governor and people of Cape Coast Castle upon the ground that Ashantees had been ill-treated there, and that fugitives from Ashantee had sought refuge there. Several missions were sent from Cape Coast to Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, to endeavor to arrange these matters, and to establish regulations for the protection of the trade between them and for the peaceable settlement of all disputes that might arise. These negotiations came to nothing, and in 1824 the Ashantees invaded the Fantee territory and marched upon Cape Coast. Governor Macarthey marched out to meet them with a West India regiment and some native levies. The latter fled, and the troops, after defending themselves as long as their ammunition lasted, were all killed with their officers, and Sir Charles Macarthey's head is at present at Coomassie. There were some other fights, with varying results, and after ravaging the whole territory outside the guns of Cape Coast Castle, the Ashantees retired to their own country. Two years later, in 1826, the Ashantees again invaded the country, but were beaten back by the natives, led by two or three British officers. In 1831 peace was made, the King of Ashantee giving hostages as a proof of his good intentions, and renouncing solemnly all claim to sovereignty over the coast tribes.

Peace now reigned on the coast for many years. In 1844 the Fantees and kindred tribes entered into a solemn treaty with the British, acknowledging their supremacy and receiving their jurisdiction. Britain in return extending her protection to them in case of invasion. In 1848 Gov. Wingate went to Coomassie and had a friendly interview with the King of Ashantee; but four years later the Ashantees bribed several of the protected tribes to revolt against Great Britain, and promised their assistance. The Ashantees crossed the Prah, which is the boundary river, but fell back upon being met with a resolute front. There was then peace until 1863, when the Ashantees again invaded, burned villages, and carried off thousands of Fantees as slaves. The British Governor advanced with a West India regiment as far as the Prah, but the fever struck them all down, and the survivors fell back to Cape Coast. There was now a short peace, and events took place which have to some extent conduced to the present war. The Dutch had, from old time, held various forts upon the coast side by side with those of the English. One of these was Elmina, eight miles only from this town. From time immemorial the tribes near Elmina have been hostile to the Fantees. In 1867 an Ashantee chief with a considerable force marched through the Fantee country plundering and burning as usual, and then, being pressed by the Fantees, took refuge in Elmina, where the inhabitants had long been allies of the Ashantees. The Fantees accordingly blockaded Elmina. The Ashantee general in the north enticed two German and two French missionaries across the Volta, and dragged them away to Coomassie. This was in 1870. Skirmishes continued during these three years, the Ashantees sending help to the Elminas and the Fantees, keeping up a fitful blockade of the tribes of that place.

In 1870 the Dutch proposed to cede Elmina and other forts to Great Britain in exchange for some places in the Indies. The British government declined to take any forts unless the natives were willing to accept the British as their protectors instead of the Dutch; nor would they take any forts on which the Ashantees had any sort of claim, for the King of Ashantee had written to the British government to say that Elmina had always paid tribute to him. This the Dutch altogether denied.